

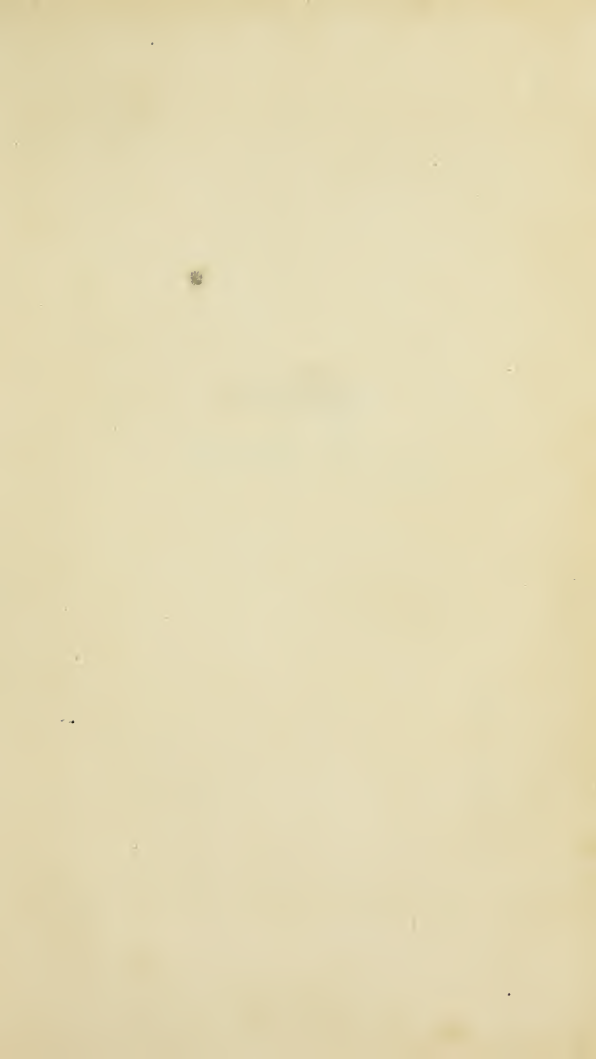


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THE AMAZON,

THE CABINET

OF

LITERARY GEMS.

EDITED BY

BERNARD BOWRING, Esq.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Amazon. By Malcolm Campbell Esq.	1
Isidore and Bertrand	9
The Lady Amabel. By a Younger Son	17
Birth-day Verses	25
The Cataract. By R. K. Douglas	26
An East Indian Adventure	35
The Bachelor. By Malcolm Campbell Esq.	48
A Night's Adventure	61
An Old Woman's Story	77
Laws of Nature	91
The Victim. By the Rev. John Lawson	92
Past and Present. By Malcolm Campbell Esq.	94
Fox the Quaker	108
On the Pleasures and Advantages of Intellectual Pursuits	109
Awkward Dilemma	112
Royal Nuptials	113
Frederick the Great	130
A Tale of Pentland. By the Ettrick Shepherd	131
Conscientious Courier	148
New Year's Eve	149
A Friend in Need	150
The Repentant Husband. By Malcolm Campbell Esq.	151
Annie Leslie, an Irish Story. By Mrs. S. C. Hall	158

13633

	Page.
Rembrant's Work-shop	190
The Bride, a Tale of the Times of Maria Theresa .	193
Government of the Temper. By Mrs. Chapone .	202
A Last Friend	204
The Prince and the Gentleman, a Tale of Windsor Castle	205
The Rival Cousins, a Sicilian Story	211
Dead and Living	236
A "Diner sur l'Herbe." By W. M. Tarrt, Esq. .	237
Portrait Painting. By Hartley Coleridge	244
Orphan Protector	249
The Mordaunts, a True Story of fifty years since. By Miss Mitford	250
A Tale of Seville	259
The Ventriloquist of Marseilles	276
The Shipwreck	296
School-boy Friendship	302
A Sarcastic Temper. By Dr. Johnson	303
The Truce of Virtue	307
The Runaway, a Juvenile Reminiscence	308
Abernethy.	319

THE AMAZON.

“ Were I a man, a prince, a next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being woman I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune’s pageant.”

WITHOUT contending the point, whether there are in South America, or in any other part of the new or the old world, such women as are fabled at least to inhabit Amazonia; whose persons, for the weaker sex, are perfectly gigantic, and whose strength and courage, nay fierceness and fury, surpass all the qualities bearing these names among men: it may be remarked, without scruple, that there are women to be found in every generation of British history, whose manners entitle them to the fabulous name: whose husbands, to say nothing of other male companions, *stand* in constant dread of their displeasure—to *sit* in their presence is a privilege they feel to be denied them, or have not the resolution to claim.

Of the Thracian Amazons of antiquity, who formed the memorable army of the virgin queen Penthesilia, and were led by her, under the protection of their dazzling armour and their moon-like shields, against the disciplined troops of Greece, under Theseus, it does not enter into the purpose of this story to speak, beyond the mention of their grand and bold undertaking and their triumphant victory. Military

prowess and patriotic zeal in every instance are entitled to some honour. In a dear country's cause, a woman's courage may be allowed to soar far above her sex; though, perhaps, it can scarcely ever rise above her strength, when real danger to what she loves calls forth its utmost efforts.

It is somewhat humiliating to descend from the lofty elevation of such amazons as these, to the low level of the one about to be described. Her rank in society, at a time when social rank was held in greater estimation than it is at present, or ever will be again, was not to be despised, but rather envied; but as the poet says—

“Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.”

so we may say—

Tyrants are tyrants still though perch'd on Alps.

It would take more time than can at present be spared to frame a line answering to the pyramid part of the quotation; we therefore pass on the amazonian subject of the story. She was of the reign of George the First, of a wealthy and honourable family, and took care to marry *him* among her numerous suitors whom she thought she stood the best chance of ruling to her heart's content. Not that she chose a man of straw, to knock about as she pleased, without resistance; or one of no mind and no heart, who would never stimulate her passion by provocation, or her vengeance by offence: but she thought she had succeeded in selecting one with sufficient spirit to give active employment to her own greater energy, and yet of sufficient tameness to submit when that energy faltered, and she became weary of contention.

For some months, if not a year or so, she exulted in all the luxury of a perfect triumph. He was complaisant to a proverb. Amidst the torrent and whirlwind of her passion, he did not venture a word of resistance or reproof; but he poured into her ear, at every little interval that her ear was capable of receiving it, such a stream of flattery, that obtained for him, indeed, no recompence of thanks, but still kept her fury somewhat dignified, and prevented her master passion from disgracing itself by mean epithets and vulgar abuse. The reader may, perhaps, be amused with a few samples of his talent in returning good for evil, and in spoiling the proverb—"A *soft* answer turneth away wrath," by interpreting the principal word in a weak and bad sense.

Complaisance has been said to mean, "Address aiming at pleasing by disreputable means." If so the complaisance of our amazon's husband partook from the first very much of the nature of downright flattery. She would sometimes throw out her arms in a manner which indicated, that their next change of position might inflict on him some personal injury: and then, instead of withdrawing to a safe distance, or placing himself in a defensive attitude, he would take her hands, one in each of his own, and with a pressure of affection, accompanied by a look and a word or two of tenderness, entreat her to take a walk or ride with him in the park.

She was of foreign extraction, and spoke the English language with a German accent. When her amazonian fury rose to the greatest height, this accent was exceeding broad, and had all the harshness of her native tongue about it. Then he would exclaim that, much as he had always admired her pronunciation before, it was now superior to that of British natives!

Purchasing little for his own amusement or use, he never

came home without something likely to be acceptable to her. For her amusement he kept monkeys, doves, gold and silver fish, vases of every size, shape, and quality ; busts, antiquities innumerable, and whatever was likely to give her occupation, and divert her from her passions and himself. When they rode, or walked, or sailed out together, he would often say,—“ Do you observe how the eyes of every gentleman are upon you ? if any one in this multitude has cause to be jealous, surely it is I.” Then, in a sudden fit of haughtiness, as though she would realise his apprehensions, she used to command him to depart to some of his own proper society, while she flirted with a knot of gentlemen who were giving significant hints of a wish for her company. On returning to him, or resuming their carriage or boat to be conveyed home, instead of a word of resentment, he would say—“ In the company I joined the conversation turned on the finest woman to be seen this evening in the promenade, when they all began and ended with the praise of you.”

Had this woman been of sense enough to see through the hollowness of such flattery, she might with some reason have avenged the insult, either by a proud contempt of the flatterer, or an entire abandonment of his society : but, such was her love of praise, combined with her strength of passion, that, while she courted the one with the most inviting and approving smiles, she wielded the other with a fury strangely proportioned to her success. In fact, the more he flattered the greater abuse she poured on him, till his life became a burden, and he resolved at all hazards to change her temper or his own condition.

He found separation, for many reasons, impracticable ; and to continue with her in a general state of silence, agreeing to differ, and holding none but general intercourse, was equally impossible. He therefore consulted a friend,

and was advised to adopt a system of retaliation. He resolved upon it, and commenced his new undertaking without delay. The phæton was at the door at the usual hour of the morning, when, to her surprise, he took the reins, which she had always before held, and drove off in a dignified silence. She had scarcely time to interpose with an inquiry why he acted thus (which her overpowering wonder thrice stifled as it rose upon her tongue), when he drew up at the door of his friend with such abruptness as almost to throw the horses on their haunches and his lady on her face. The servant was commanded to bring his master to the door, and the following dialogue, loud enough for every one to hear, took place:—

“Have you parted with the horse which threw your lady?”

“I have not.”

“You certainly don’t wish to keep a steed that has been fatal to your wife, and I am therefore come to offer you your own terms for it.”

“I shall keep it myself, for I purpose marrying again.”

“I am sorry for it, as I wished above all things to purchase it.”

Let the reader judge of the fury of the amazon on hearing this from her hitherto obsequious husband; especially when he called his own servant to drive his mistress home, that he might stay to prevail, if possible, with his friend to dispose of the horse.

On her return, the whole fury of her outrageous tongue was let loose on the offender; who, however, had armed himself with corresponding weapons for his defence. He allowed her to exhaust her stock of abusive epithets, and then with better temper, and provoking energy and firmness, answered in the words of Petruchio:—

“ Think you a little din can daunt my ears ?
Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea puff’d up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard loud ordnance in the field ?
And heav’ns artillery thundering in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clanque ?
And do you tell me of a woman’s tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer’s fire ?”

This system of retaliation commenced with some promise of success ; but experience is necessary to render us strong as well as wise, firm and persevering as well as skilful and prudent ; and the amazon’s strength, having long had this advantage, increased, or appeared to increase, with the resistance and provocation it received. Her husband calculated, wrongly, that he, whose talent lay not in the violent and abusive, might overcome her, with whom violence and abuse were not only the elements in which she seemed to breathe most freely, but her very breath itself. Neither his nature, nor his studies, nor his habits, nor his conscience, were favourable to any long continuance of such a course. It was a mode of meeting her fury which he found required the private cultivation of vindictive feeling, with him a very difficult task, effectually to keep it up in her company. He, therefore, soon resolved on another change of conduct towards her, and, if that did not succeed, to change his condition altogether, by leaving her.

Having tried obsequiousness and retaliation, he now

thought he would make an experiment of enduring her furious sallies, (which had by recent resistance become more furious and more frequent than ever), with an air of calm and quiet raillery, sufficiently tempered to shew that he was neither vindictive nor unhappy, yet sufficiently keen to give a wounding restraint to some of her worst assaults. He was early furnished with an opportunity. He had left his riding gloves on the table in her private room, and she no sooner beheld them than he was commanded into her presence. The ingenuity of her attack is worth recording.

“ I thought the throwing down of one glove was the token of a challenge, and that then it was thrown on the ground in defence of a lady, instead of on a table in her own room to provoke her: what mean you by this conduct? Remove the dirty handcuffs without a moment’s delay!”

He smiled as he entered the room, and the cheerfulness of his countenance increased with the fury of her looks and words. In answer to her command to remove the gloves, he promised to do so when he had finished a book he was intent on reading through.

“ What is the important subject,” she asked “ that must interfere a moment with my commands?”

“ Its title, madam,” he answered, “ is ‘ *A Woman’s Patience.*’ Suppose you sit down” he added, “ and let me read a page or two on a virtue you must find so valuable under the delay of your wishes and commands.”

The manner in which this was uttered, rather than the matter itself, produced an effect upon her which he had never before perceived, and which encouraged him henceforward to adopt this mode of meeting every part of her characteristic and offensive behaviour. In a short

time he had the happiness of considerably abating the violence of her temper, by avoiding the extremes of tame submission and resolute retaliation, and by reasoning with her as a philosopher of temper would reason with his pupils.

What then is the advice to husbands and wives, and all others, springing out of this descriptive tale?

If you find that you have a hastiness of temper, which breaks out into indiscreet and violent sallies, and rough and abusive expressions, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call in consideration and calmness to your aid. Labour ever to get the command of your countenance so well, that evil emotions may not be read in it. On the other hand let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery make you recede one jot from any point which reason and prudence have led you to pursue. A yielding timid meekness is always abused; while a violent hasty resistance is always injurious: but a calm and firm temper under provocation will always succeed—even with a wife.

ISIDORE AND BERTRAND,

OR

THE ACQUITTAL.



NEARLY thirty years ago two young soldiers belonging to the French army, commanded by General Buonaparte, were crossing over a pass at the foot of Mont Beave, on their way to the village of C——. The names of these young men were Isidore Marcel, and Bertrand le Bruyere.

“That is a very pretty girl below,” said Bertrand to his companion. They had thrown themselves down on the green grass, beneath a group of spreading trees, which threw a pleasant shadow over their steep and rocky path.

“Girl, did you say?” said Isidore. “I see a young and lovely mother, seated upon a mule, and I see a great heavy boy, much too heavy for her to carry. “Here young fellow,” he cried, to a youth who was rather shoving than lifting the infant into the arms of the young woman, “let me lift up the chubby brat, he is too heavy for you; and for you, too, I am sure,” he added, looking up very smilingly, and a little tenderly, into her face.

“Thank you, thank you,” said the young woman, as she received the infant from Isidore. As she said this she bent her face over the baby, and the youth, her companion, having taken the bridle in his hand, led the mule forward.

* * * * *

“You did not tell us you were Simon St. Morin’s

daughter," said Isidore, some hours afterwards, to the smiling maiden beside him.

"Simply because you did not ask me," replied Nina. "Do you think I go about the country, stopping every young man I meet, and saying, I am Nina St. Morin, the daughter of Simon St. Morin of C——?"

"And we, at least I, took you for a married woman; and that heavy child for your infant."

"And cannot one carry one's sister's child home to its mother without being married?" replied Nina, archly.

* * * * *

Nina was sitting at her little parlour-window; it was her *jour de fête*, or saint's day, that day in the year which is celebrated in her country as birthdays are by some persons in England. Nina was dressed, of course, in her best attire. A gown of the darkest green, laced and tied with ribbands of pale rose colour, her shining hair plaited also with ribbands, in long braids, and a chaplet of bluets (the beautiful but common blue corn-flower) placed at the back of her head.

"That is pretty enough, that chaplet of bluets!" said Bertrand, who made his appearance at the outside of the window.

"Do you remember, Nina," he continued, "that I taught you to make these very corn-flower wreaths? How well you have remembered my lessons! You made this, did you not, on purpose to give me a pleasant surprise to-day?"

"Oh no," she replied, very artlessly looking up in her cousin's face, "Oh no, I cannot take the credit to myself, Isidore wove that wreath of bluets."

The moment these words were spoken, Nina shut her

eyes and shrunk back with terror; for if a fiend had stared at her, he could not have frowned more horribly than Bertrand did. Roughly he tore the garlands from her hair, and stamped them under his feet; and then, when he had done so, his rage suddenly left him. Horror-struck at his own mad violence, he threw himself at her feet, and, with the tears streaming down his face, he entreated her to forgive, and, if possible, to forget his unmanly, brutal violence.

Deeply as Bertrand was shocked for the time, such scenes were repeated more than once. At first Nina was disposed to refuse to see Bertrand, except in the presence of others; but, on consideration, she thought it better to use all her influence with him, and persuade him to give up the suit that he was now so constantly pressing. She dreaded to tell him that she had listened favourably to the addresses of his friend. From Isidore, also, it was her constant endeavour to conceal the conduct of Bertrand; for she feared, from what she had seen of Isidore, that if provoked in any way, he would also discover the same ungovernable passions.

She had one comfort, in looking forward to the return of the two young men to their regiments, for she knew that Bertrand had been ordered to join his corps at Boulogne, while Isidore was to return to the neighbourhood of Milan.

Only two days before the departure of the young men, poor Nina was doomed to see her worst fears almost realized. Bertrand had returned with her father from a visit to Chamberry some hours before she had looked for him. He had found her with Isidore, and she had little doubt, from the expression of his countenance as he turned away, that he now regarded Isidore as his successful rival.

It was past midnight, and Nina heard footsteps in the chamber above her, which Bertrand occupied. She listened with breathless attention, and heard the door of Bertrand's chamber softly opened. She had unclosed her own door, so as to open a crevice just sufficient for her to look through, before his step was heard upon the stair; but she had almost sunk powerless to the ground when she beheld Bertrand slowly descending, his face deadly pale, his eyes glaring with infernal passions, and a naked glittering weapon in his hand. He had scarcely reached the door of his rival, when Nina was at his side—at his feet—he struggled with her; but though very feebly, her bosom was wounded—merely scratched with the knife,—yet she prevailed: she drew him gently and silently away, and she disengaged the horrid weapon from his grasp. And now Nina felt inspired with new strength: she opened the door of the house, and stopped not till they had reached the chapel. For awhile she had no strength to speak, and for awhile Bertrand continued pacing the whole length of the chapel with hasty step and furious mien, and more than once he moved towards the door, but there he was always stopped, for there—her soft white arm passed through the staples by which the doors were barred, her pale sweet face turned meekly towards him—stood Nina strong in a spirit which he could not resist. At last he stopped before her, and fixing his eyes full on her face, he said, “On one condition I obey you, and swear not to lift my hand against his life.”

“Name it, name it,” she exclaimed eagerly.

“That from this moment you solemnly swear, never to receive the vows of Isidore Marcel—never to become his wife.”

"Is it your only condition," she asked faintly; "is there no heavenly pity in your heart?"

"That is my condition," he repeated, in a voice still more deep, still more horribly determined. Nina took his hand, and walking at once to the altar, she kneeled down upon the stone pavement, and with a distinct yet feeble voice, she took the oath required. She was again silent for many minutes, not having risen from her knees; but the effect of her silent prayer was soon evident.

"Linger here awhile, my dear cousin," she said at length, in a voice tender and soothing. "When quite alone with Him, against whom you have most deeply offended, humble your proud spirit to the dust; pour out your whole soul in fervent prayer, that he who said 'peace and be still,' to the tempest and the raging billows, and there was a great calm,—that He may pardon you, and send into your heart the only peace that will ever calm your dark and dreadful passions."

With light but cautious steps Nina was returning; she was about to enter the little grove of aged birch trees before the house; but she paused for a moment, and looked back upon the chapel. Again she turned to enter the birch wood, and, at that instant, her own name was distinctly pronounced in a low voice, which she now distinguished to be that of Isidore. Nina did not reply; once she caught his hand in hers, and clung to it, and then her fingers relaxed their hold, her eyes closed—she sunk lifeless on the ground.

Isidore raised the poor girl into his arms, and advanced towards the house. There he stopped, intending to carry Nina to her chamber, and then proceed in search of Bertrand; but when he looked down upon her pale and

lovely face, the thought that if he then gave her from his arms, she might be parted from him for ever, passed like madness through his brain.

At once he determined to bear her away to some unknown and distant retreat, and there, trusting to her affection for him, to prevail on her to become his wife before any further impediment could be thrown in the way of their union.

With long and rapid strides Isidore ascended the mountains at the back of the village, and he paused not till he had already proceeded several miles.

He now discovered that Nina was still in an insensible state, and he saw, for the first time, that the folds of her dress were glued together, over her bosom, by clotted blood, yet damp, for his hands had been stained by it in carrying her. Deeply touched by her pitiable condition, but not knowing what to do for her relief, he placed her gently upon the soft grass, and there she gradually revived. Isidore then went, and returned soon after, with his cap full of clear water. Nina was gone. Long and fruitless was the search he made,—he only lost himself in the pathless solitudes. At length it occurred to him that she might have returned to her father's house, and, with no little difficulty, he retraced his steps to the village of C——.

Soon after Simon St. Morin arose that morning, he heard that his daughter was missing. Her vacant chamber, and the knife, yet wet with blood, found upon her bed, and known by every one to be the knife of Bertrand, turned many suspicions against the wretched man. The officers of justice were bearing him away to prison, when Isidore, pale and haggard, his hands stained with blood, made his appearance.

The prisoner raised his head when he heard Isidore enquiring for Nina, and then shouted, with a look of savage exultation, "There, there is the real murderer: if you would avenge the poor undone girl,—lose no time in securing him."

There was a little deliberation, and then the officers of justice sprung forward and arrested Isidore. The two comrades were borne away together to the same prison, to be tried for the murder of Nina St. Morin.

* * * * *

The trial was nearly concluded—evidence had been brought forward so conclusive, on almost every point, that the judge was about to pronounce sentence of death against both the prisoners, when a low whispering was heard in the crowd. Soon after an opening was made, and an old and venerable man, the minister of the little parish of V——, in the mountains, advanced, and conversed for some few minutes with the judge. The old clergyman retired, but almost immediately appeared again, walking slowly and sorrowfully at the foot of what appeared to be a kind of litter. It was closely covered with the folds of a dark cloth, and carried by four men, who set it down in the very midst of the open space before the judge. There was a breathless silence throughout the whole assembly, as the old clergyman drew forth a scroll of paper, which he presented to the judge.

"Circumstances have occurred within the last hour," said the judge, addressing himself to the court, "that enable me to acquit the prisoners now before you of the imputed murder of Nina St. Morin. She herself signed this paper only last night. The said Nina has, however, sent even a surer witness that she was not murdered."
——Here the judge paused for a short time, while the

two prisoners were brought, by his command, from the bar, and placed one on either side of the covered litter.—“She,” continued the judge, “has not only been desirous to satisfy the ends of justice, but to stop for ever the dreadful strife of two persons who were once devoted friends,—she would solemnly bring before them the effect of their unbridled and horrible passions. Remove that cloth,” he said to the men who bore the litter. It was entirely withdrawn, and the form and features of a young and beautiful maiden were revealed. Young and beautiful they still appeared, though fixed in the fearful and pallid stiffness of death. The arms were crossed meekly over the bosom, and a smile was upon the small and beautifully shaped lips. “Here you are required,” said the judge, turning to the two young men, who stood motionless as the corpse before them,—“here you are required by the last, the dying request of her who loved you both,—here to embrace, even over the lifeless remains of her, whose pure kind heart was broken by your wicked and violent strife.”



THE LADY AMABEL,

BY A YOUNGER SON.

“ A green-eyed monster !
Which mocks the food it preys on,”
SHAKSPEARE

“ Pshaw ! dying for love is a very stale affair,” I murmured to myself after the cogitation of a whole hour—a longer period by six-sevenths than I had ever bestowed on any one subject in my life before. “ To be sure, she did tell me that she could never love another—that I was the mainspring of her existence, and the day-dream of her imagination ; but then, perhaps, young ladies write these pretty sentences in their copy books by way of practice, and so have them by heart. She gave me, too, a lock of her hair, and a broken sandal ; and sent me *sub rosa* two little triangular *billet doux* on pink paper, sealed with the impress of a ‘forget-me-not.’ Well, the hair I can throw into the fire ; I can tie my own shoe with the ribbon ; and the pink paper will do to light my candle ; this will be, at all events, much better than dying for love ; and so, lady Amabel—and so—” and I stood near the fire, and took from its envelope a tress of the sunniest hair in the world, “here goes your first love-gift !” I held my hand just over the bright blaze, but it would not do ; so I drew it back, and refolded the golden curl. “ Idiot !” I exclaimed, a moment after ; “ what is she to me, that I should preserve so worthless a gift ?” That was

all very true ; but just as I asked myself the question, I remembered the moment at which the present was made. It was on a fine evening in summer ; the sun had just set, and the lady Amabel was lingering on the marble terrace of her father's garden, watching the decay of his crimson light ; lovely parasites were clinging to the balustrades of that proud terrace, waving their perfumed tendrils to the breeze, and twining as gracefully about the pale marble as light tresses over the pure brow of beauty ; costly exotics, carefully arranged on sculptured pedestals, were flinging out their luxurious odours, and glowing in all their rare and foreign beauty ; but there was one pure English flower on that gay terrace brighter and more beautiful than all—the young and lovely lady Amabel !—She blushed when I joined her, and murmured something about “the night air” and “a chill from the lake ;” but I only replied by pointing first to the crimson clouds, which had not yet wholly disappeared, and then to the fine piece of water which lay like a mirror under the bright sky, without a ripple upon its bosom. My silent answer won a smile from the young beauty ; and it signifies not by what arguments I prevailed on her to linger yet another hour in the night air, near a wide lake, running all risks of ague and influenza ; suffice it that she did so, and that ere I kissed her fairy hand on my departure, that very little lock of hair which I had just resolved to commit to the flames was won and worn, and we were vowed to each other in much the same style and by much the same sentences, that young ladies and gentlemen in similar circumstances are accustomed to exchange oaths and hearts, before they know the nature of the one or the value of the other. I was fresh from Oxford ; she was yet under the *surveillance* of a French

governess, all flounces and fidget; but we never either of us doubted for an instant our own capability of acting most judiciously and wisely in this as well as every other relation of life. The lady Amabel was a perfect Peri, with hair like gold, eyes like amethysts, the form of a sylph, and the voice of a syren. What could man desire more? On my side, I had six good feet in height, white teeth, and shoulders like a life-guardsmen. The lady Amabel was penniless, if she married against the consent of the sturdy old baron her father; and I possessed, as a younger son, the splendid provision of three hundred a-year; but we scorned to think of these things, and so we plighted our vows, exchanged hair locks, and made ourselves charmingly sentimental, as in all such cases it is the bounden duty of lovers to do. Thus I became possessed of the golden tress whose destruction I had contemplated; the recollection melted me, so I put it back again into my pocket book, and drew forth the bit of ribbon. "*This*, at all events, I will keep no longer!" I again ejaculated, as I looked at the slight satin which had once encompassed the most delicate ancle in Britain; the circle was so small (for the ribbon was creased where it had been tied), that it might almost have seemed to have been measured for the foot of a fairy; and then I thought of the taper fingers which had twisted that tie, and I remembered—bewitching recollection!—the moment when the slender string gave way. It was at a festival given by the baron to celebrate the lady Amabel's fifteenth birthday. I was beside her in the dance; her hand was in mine; and we were just springing forward to join the revellers, when the treacherous ribbon broke; I stooped for the now useless sandal, and I won a blush and a smile when I put it into my bosom. As I thought of this, I began involuntarily to whistle the air of that old English dance, and

while in the act of so doing, I all unconsciously put the ribbon back again, side by side, with the lock of hair. Nothing now remained to destroy but the little triangular *billet-doux*, the pretty, poetical, pink, perfume-breathing messengers of Dan Cupid. I opened the first to read it for the last time. How beautifully it was written!—how delicately folded! I thought of the rapture with which I had received it; the heart-bound with which I had dis-embarrassed its acute angles, with a feeling almost as acute as themselves! These were sweet memories! And if the writing was admirable, was not the style a thousand times more so? She told me—but no—I will not say what she told me, for that were scarcely worthy of a *preux chevalier*; but certain it is, that *if I have* a weak point, it is loving to be flattered by a pretty woman; and with such a feeling it is not wonderful that I refolded the notes carefully and cautiously, and placed them beside their old companions in the pocket-book. “Nevertheless,” was my next apostrophe, “I will not die for love like a beardless boy; I will forget her!” and with this doughty resolution I took up my hat, and strolled forth in the direction of the baron’s fine old place, St. Peter’s priory. The house, which was of great extent, was seated on a lovely eminence, whence it commanded a vast extent of park, finely diversified by wood and water; at the distance of about a couple of miles, a range of romantic and grassy hills sheltered the domain from the rude northern winds, while to the southward the ornamented grounds sloped softly down to the beautiful lake already mentioned, and then spread far away in thick masses of underwood, bright green patches of turf, or gay wastes of yellow almond-scented furze, overshadowed by fine old trees. The building itself was ancient, heavy, and monastic; betraying its origin at the first glimpse. The

chapel-tower still stood, square and dark, unchanged, save in having been shorn of its freestone cross by the Protestant zeal of an ancestor of the present baron. The small and narrow windows of the main building still opened as diminutively along the dark face of the walls as they had done ere the second Henry wrenched the far-famed priory from the pious fathers of St. Peter's, to reward his brave and courtly follower with the spoil; and even the original outline of the pile had been faithfully preserved. Roof rose above roof; refectory, and butlery, dormitory and parlour, might be traced on the exterior with nearly as much precision as within the building. Nearer the house the trees thickened; and extensive clumps, and ancient avenues of oak, beech, and elm, obscured at intervals the noonday sun, while the feathery acacia, and the fan-like foliage of the chestnut, quivered in the light, and gave cheerfulness to the scene; a winding walk stretched through these fine old woods from the south-east entrance of the Priory to the border of the lake, where, on a summer evening, the playful fish bounded above the wave for an instant, and then fell back, their burnished scales glittering like silver; while the stately swans swept like water-kings over the ripple. Towards this lovely spot I bent my steps with the heroic resolution of forgetting the fair being, who, should she obey the dictates of her proud father's will, would one day be its mistress. I resolved to think of her no more, for she had strolled through the Priory grounds for three successive evenings on the arm of Sir Marmaduke Mackintosh; she had sung a Polish duet with Count Potasowsky, and danced a cotillion with a Cantab. There was no bearing this! It was a sweet evening when I sauntered towards the Priory. I had been invited to join the revellers by the old baron, but the lady Amabel was

silent, and I consequently declined; nevertheless, I felt it as no breach of the contract into which I had entered with my pride, to while away an hour in the old woods, resolving to forget my faithless mistress, and hearkening to the nightingales. I grew weary of this, and then I paid a visit to the deer park, and loitered away another half hour among the herd; still the time appeared unusually, provokingly long; and I next turned my steps toward the lake. As I approached I remarked that the noble pair of swans which I had once loved because they were favourites of the lady Amabel, were rapidly making their way to the opposite bank, and on looking in that direction, I saw seated upon the turf at the edge of the lake, Mistress Blanche, the favoured attendant of the baron's daughter. I had no cause of quarrel with the pretty Mistress Blanche, and I consequently followed the pathway to give her "good even," as was my wont; she was a gentle, blue-eyed girl, with a smile like moonlight, and a voice like her mistress's—low and musical; I never saw her look prettier; she had a vessel beside her, in which she had brought food for the proud birds which were now awaiting her offering; she blushed when she saw me, and yet, not as though she appropriated to herself the fact of my presence; it was a sort of blush by proxy for her lady—at least I thought so. I threw myself on the turf beside her, and tossed aside my hat. I know not why, but I felt flushed and fevered. The shepherd of the baron was driving home his flocks, and the short, quick bark of his anxious and active dog fell sadly on my ear. I believe I sighed. The gentle Mistress Blanche sighed also—of *that* at least I am sure. In two minutes she spoke of her lady, and the Scotch knight, and the foreign count, and of her lord the baron, who hated all outlandish people from beyond seas; and

the pretty Blanche hated them too, and marvelled that her lady could endure their smiles, and their foreign ways, and their frightful mustachios. Then she ventured a doubt whether her lady did in truth favour them in her heart, for she had been sadder than her wont for a week past, and had sighed when Blanche was unlacing her bodice, and unbraiding her hair—ay, and sometimes even wept; though she was blythe enough at the hall or at the banquet, and had, moreover, chidden her anxious tirewoman when she deemed herself less carefully, or less becomingly dressed than she was used to be; yet Blanche was sure that the chiding did not come from her lady's heart, but only from the restlessness of her spirit; and she told me all this with a sigh and a smile, as though she thought that the riddle might be easily read by one who had an interest in its solution. I pressed my hand on my waistcoat pocket to assure myself that my pocket-book and its enclosures were safe, and then I rose to depart. I was arrested by an involuntary "Oh! Mr. Reginald" in a low tone, half entreaty, half reproach; but I was proof against even *that*, and without having once uttered the name of her mistress, I said softly, "Good even, pretty Mistress Blanche," and left her.

I had to traverse a considerable portion of the Priory park, ere I reached the gate which opened on my father's grounds; and as I sped on my way, musing on the half enigmatical confidence of the *soubrette*; looking, I doubt not, as grave and haughty as the baron himself, I came suddenly on the courtly company which I had refused to join; they were seated in a beautiful glade, hemmed in on all sides by stately trees: a banquet was spread on the soft, green turf, and the revellers were reclining in groups, conversing, singing, or hearkening to the music of some

wind-instruments, stationed far away among the woods, and only heard at intervals, when the breeze came freighted with their breathings up the glade. Instinctively I looked around for the lady Amabel, but she was not there. The Polish count was sweeping the strings of his guitar, as he lay listlessly along the greensward; the Scotch knight was teaching a dark-eyed beauty to distinguish his clan tartan, and to pronounce his gathering cry: others were there also, the beautiful and the brave, the flower and the pride of the country, but the lady Amabel, was not among them. Even as I looked around, the stately baron beckoned me to his side; he murmured a few words in my ear—surely he spoke in music—I had never heard such sounds before! and then, without waiting for my reply, he motioned with his hand towards the thickest part of the wood. I obeyed the implied command. I plunged amid the leafy wilderness with the speed of thought; there, seated beneath a tree, far from the light-hearted revellers, I found the lady Amabel: roses were in her hair, but there were tears upon her cheeks; her small hand glittered with gems, but it held a lock of dark, curling hair, on which she was looking with tenderness and sorrow. In an instant I was by her side—at her feet—I forgot the count and his guitar, the knight and his tartan. I thought only of Amabel, my own Amabel, who had won from her proud father a promise which my stern hateful jealousy had well nigh rendered useless. She had wept and sorrowed, for had not my coldness endured throughout a long, long week? Might it not have been eternal?

The count had played his last bolero, and the dark-eyed beauty had almost succeeded in learning Gaëlic from the Scotch knight, ere we again joined the revellers; and when

we did so I neither envied the one of his mustachios, nor the other his clan. St. Peter's Priory has since that evening rung with a bridal peal, and its new master has now forgotten the precise amount of the income of "A Younger Son."

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

GOOD-MORROW to the golden Morning
Good-morrow to the world's delight
I'm come to bless thy life's beginning,
That hath made my own so bright.

I have brought no flowers, Dearest!
Summer lies upon her bier;
It was when all sweets were over,
Thou wert born to bless the year.

But I bring thee jewels, Fairest!
In thy bonny locks to shine;
And, if love seem in their glances,
They have learn'd that look of mine.

THE CATARACT.

BY R. K. DOUGLAS.

AMONG the objects of curiosity to which the attention of the traveller, through the west part of Perthshire, is directed, is a fall, or rather series of falls, formed by the little river Devon—"the clear-winding Devon" of Burns--the loftiest of which is termed the "Caldron Linn," and a bridge, that stretches its "wearisome, but needful length" over the same stream, and which, from the noise and turmoil of the waters, that tear and bellow like a chafed lion, some forty feet below it, is called the "Rumbling Bridge." The Rumbling Bridge no longer exists, or rather, I should say, it is no longer accessible; and the manner in which this has been brought about is not a little indicative of the calculating genius of the people of the "north countrie." Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the road, a wild and rugged and neglected mountain path, after toiling up the precipitous bank, dived down again almost perpendicularly, until it reached the bridge; and, that once passed, a similar ascent and descent awaited the traveller before he could reach what was, comparatively speaking, level ground. The bridge itself was, or is (I shall explain this ambiguity by and bye) one

"Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they met."

The height of the time-worn and tottering parapet had never exceeded eighteen inches; and when a way-farer,

whether on horse-back or in a carriage, halted on the crown of the sharply-turned arch, and beheld, within a foot on each side, the fence that mocked his fears with the semblance of protection, and looked to the wild and tangled banks and dark dripping masses of rock beetling over, and almost shutting out the light, and listened to the stream that roared beneath him in darkness all but utter, and this apparatus of terror accompanied, as it at all times was, by a strong blast of wind sweeping down the narrow and tortuous funnel through which the waters poured—he must have possessed an imagination of the dullest, and a head of the hardest materials, if he did not feel the grandeur and giddiness of the scene.

When the present secure and convenient fabric, which joins the highway from Crieff to Stirling with the hill-road to Cleish and Dunfermline, was erected, the thrifty engineer, instead of hunting about for a more suitable point of projection, wisely considered that it would save expense to build the new bridge above the old. The abutments of the latter serving as a foundation for those of the former, and the old arch was used as a *point d'appui* for the frame-work of its successor. The new bridge, in consequence, struts, in all the pride of upstart greatness, above the humble and hidden friend to whom it owes its support; and it is only by clambering down the bank for a considerable way, that a glimpse can be caught of the *real* Rumbling Bridge hanging in unapproached obscurity, some twenty feet below the structure that now usurps its name. When the long and dreary nights of winter begin to settle down upon the Ochils, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets have, it is said, not unfrequently seen strange forms flitting about the untrodden road-way, and perching on the crumbling parapets; and

uneearthly voices have been heard passing down the stream by more than one be-lated shepherd ; but whether these are illusions of the fancy merely, or whether they are the real pranks of the water kelpies that, time immemorial, have held their revels round the falls and in the “ wields” of the Devon, I shall not take upon me to decide.—To return to the Caldron Linn. Down these falls a stray cow or sheep is now and then accidentally hurried ; and in no case has it happened that the animal has not been found at the foot of the hill, broken, and bleeding, and lifeless, from dashing against the sides of the fearful rift, in its descent. Human beings have also stumbled into the stream, and with one very singular and providential exception their fate has been similar.

One fine summer day, Mr. H. (the person of whom I speak is, I believe, still alive) was wandering down the rugged banks below the “ Rumbling Bridge,” along with an older and more staid companion. Mr. H. was then a very young man, full of the vigour, activity, and joyousness of his years, and possessing all the fearlessness and dexterity of a mountaineer ; in person somewhat about the middle size, and slightly but compactly formed. The stream had been swollen by a recent “ spate,” and the roaring of the cataract was like a continuous peal of thunder. Both parties were anxious to obtain a full view of the fall, but the nature of the ground rendered it a matter of considerable difficulty. They were creeping cautiously along the giddy and over-hanging bank, when Mr. H. perceived, at some distance below the spot where he hung, half suspended by the roots and branches of the brushwood, a flat projecting piece of rock, within a few yards of the verge of the Linn ; and pointing it out to his companion, and beckoning him to follow, he

began to move downward in that direction. His more considerate friend endeavoured, by his jestures, to make him desist,—to communicate by any other means was impossible,—rather from a general apprehension of danger, than from any anticipation of what was to follow. The admonition, however, as admonitions addressed to youth usually are, was received with a laugh of ridicule at the timidity in which it was supposed to originate, and only served to confirm the climber's purpose. In a few seconds he reach a spot immediately above the point he aimed at, and dropped lightly down; but no sooner had his foot pressed the stone, than, to the unspeakable horror of his companion, whose eye followed his progress with mingled terror and admiration, it trembled, loosened, and fell from beneath him! The unhappy young man grasped convulsively at the root of a bush immediately over his head, and had it been sufficiently strong, he would still have escaped; but root, and bush, and turf, gave way together under his weight, and he fell into the water a very few feet above the fall. Once, and once only, his eye met that of his friend as he rose above the surface; the next instant sped over the cataract, like an arrow shot by a vigorous arm, and disappeared amid the clouds of spray, and the roaring billows of the pool below. The companion of the unfortunate young gentleman, although convinced, as he afterwards declared, that he should never again behold him alive, did not for a moment delay to embrace what he conceived to be the only chance of saving him. He climbed, or rather ran, directly up the bank, a feat which nothing—but the excitation of the moment would have emboldened him to attempt—indeed he never was able very clearly to state how he accomplished it—and shouted an alarm to the farm-house close by. The cry was

heard, and he was immediately joined by three or four of the inmates, who, seeing him alone easily guessed what had happened; and the whole, without question asked or answered, rushed down the steep road that led to the point where the Devon enters the plain. Here, in a little bending, scooped out by the eddy of the stream, was usually landed whatever floating body happened from accident to pass over the falls. As they approached the cove, the first of the party, a strong and active shepherd, perceived a hat floating on the surface, and plunged into the water, from an idea that it was the body of the drowned youth. He was soon undeceived; and wading out with the hat in his hand, in a suppressed tone of voice, said to the rest who were now at his side, "He is in some of the Linn-pots—we must seek up the water."—"He had fallen with the bit whin in his hand, it is like," said another, pointing to the furze, which, with the sod still in part attached to it, had slowly circled round until it was arrested by the water-worn pebbles that strewed the bottom of the shallow pool.

I must now return to young Mr. H. Before he recovered his recollection, after the plunge into the water, he was hurried, as I have described, over the fall, and found himself, after sinking in what seemed a bottomless abyss, whirling round with fearful and dizzy rapidity. Luckily he could swim a little, and from an instinctive desire to prolong life, he struck out with his hands and feet, and endeavoured to gain the edge of the whirlpool. To his astonishment, when his breath, and strength, and hope, were just departing, he found he had succeeded in reaching a spot where the waters were comparatively still, and where the depth was not above a few feet. The bottom, on which he had found a resting-place, was however, of the loosest and most

yielding nature. It was, indeed, a mere ridge of sand and pebbles, that had come down from the fall, and which in that spot, and in it alone, the diminished agitation of the water had allowed to subside. On the crown of the ridge, Mr. H. had by accident stopped; and his momentary feeling of joyful surprise was followed by the bitterness of agony, when he found, after remaining for a second, the mound on which he stood gradually slipping away from beneath him. He looked upward, as the blast swept aside the dense cloud of spray, and saw afar off the line of the clear blue sky, with the light fleecy clouds swiftly sweeping over it, and caught a glimpse of the edge of the bank, with the trees and bushes bending in the breeze, and the birds flitting across the chasm, whose black and frowning and slippery sides rose to a height that seemed interminable. Behind, and touching him, was the whirlpool, from which he had with so much difficulty escaped; and beyond it rushed down, like a solid wall, the waters of the Linn, over which he had been tumbled; while in front roared other falls, whose height he knew not, and which nothing but a miracle could enable him to pass and live. He saw all this; and he felt, at the same moment, that but a few minutes could elapse ere he must see them no more; yet he determined to struggle with his fate to the last. At first he endeavoured, by altering his position, to stay his feet from slipping; but a very few trials convinced him, that to shift at all only accelerated his sinking, and that his best chance lay in remaining as stationary as possible. Still, however, he sank to the breast—the shoulders—the neck. A thought now seized him, that seemed even more bitter than the death that was trembling over him. Had he sped over the falls his body would at least have been recovered by his friends—it would have been composed by kindly hands—pious

tears would have dropped over it—a mother's lips would have pressed his cold cheek—troops of kinsfolk and neighbours would have accompanied him to his last dwelling-place—the blessed sun would have looked down upon his grave, and the wind of his native hills would have swept over it; but now, the bottom of the whirlpool was to be his burial-place, and his bones were to bleach for ever in the torrent of the Caldron Linn! His mind began to give way under these dismal fancies. Amidst the roaring of the waters, he heard shrill, and unnatural howlings. The superstitions of his childhood came across him; and he thought, while he listened to those terrible voices, that he heard the demons of the stream rejoicing over their anticipated victim; and in the fantastic forms of the frowning rocks, as the wreaths of spray passed over them, his imagination pictured the lurid aspect and goggling eyes of the water kelpie glaring upon him, and its rifted jaws opened to devour him. His soul was wound up to agony beyond endurance. He struggled to free himself from the gravel in which he had sunk, but his struggles only sank him deeper; the water rose to his lips,—he gasped for air and it came not;—another second, and his sufferings would have ceased for ever. But the same Power which had guided him over the fall, and snatched him from the whirlpool, was still watching over him.

As the party that were searching, not for their companion, but for his body (for not one of them supposed it possible that he should ever be seen alive again), the same young man who had plunged into the stream, as he sprung from rock to rock, along the dizzy brink of the chasm, with the sharpened eye which a shepherd's life never fails to bestow, his vision rendered doubly acute by the excited state of his feelings, perceived a dark stationary speck in the water,

which a moment's inspection convinced him to be the head and shoulders of a human being. "Ropes! ropes!" he shouted to his companions; "he is alive; I see him standing at the foot of the Linn." The binding-ropes from a couple of hay-wagons were knotted, and handed to him, and the upper extremity being firmly secured to the trunk of one of the twisted birches, at the top of the bank, the adventurous shepherd slid down with the other in his hand, until the overhanging rock forbade farther descent; those at the top hollowing, in the mean time, to attract the attention of their half-drowned friend, with what effect I have already stated.

No noise, indeed, that they could make, would have been sufficient; but, luckily, the wet and dripping hat, which the shepherd had fished up from the cove, was still grasped in his hand; he dropped it into the water, and the wind at that moment lulling, and the spray clearing away, it fell immediately before the object whose attention it was designed to attract. Roused by the sudden splash, he turned his despairing eyes upwards, and beholding the rope his friend was endeavouring to steady, he raised his arms, and by a vigorous spring, contrived to catch hold of it. There was still, however, much between him and safety. From the surface of the water to where the shepherd had propped himself was fully twenty feet; the rock jutted over the stream, so that while drawn up, young H. had to hang suspended by his hands, the power of which was nearly lost, from the time he had been immersed in the river. He was swung backwards and forwards at a fearful rate by the wind, and not unfrequently struck with violence against the points of the rock. The rope also rubbed against the sharp edge of the precipice, and ran a momentary risk of being cut through. By great care, and greater

good fortune, he at length approached the top of the rock ; and his humble friend, whose encouraging voice had nerved him in his dangerous ascent, stooping down, caught the wrist of the exhausted youth firmly in his grasp, and placed him at his side. In another instant they were both in the midst of the group at the top.

Young H. sickened and fainted as soon as he was placed once more on the grassy bank. He was conveyed to the farm-house, where he was put to bed ; whence he arose, after a few hours of heavy sleep, without any other symptoms of suffering than extreme weakness, from which youth, and a healthful constitution, in the course of a few days, completely relieved him. For many years after, however, his sleep was occasionally disturbed with dreams of rocks and rushing waters ; and even in his waking moments, a convulsive shudder would not unfrequently pass over him, when he thought of the Caldron Linn.

PAGANINI.

PAGANINI allows no one to touch his violin : having, in his travels been requested that favour by some person, who, after having examined it, was preparing to destroy it, when the Signor prevented him ; and then determined never to trust it in the hands of any person whatever. It is a genuine Guernerius, and he has had three thousand guineas offered for it.

AN EAST INDIAN ADVENTURE;

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

REGINALD HAMMOND, the subject of this narrative, was the only son of an English merchant, who had spent the greater part of his life at Oporto, as the resident partner of an eminent commercial house, established in London. His mother, a Portuguese lady of an obscure family, but enlightened and accomplished, far beyond the usual measure of her countrywomen, unhappily died at the critical period when her son had just completed his education. He had passed about four years at one of the Portuguese universities, where, as in some of our own northern colleges, he had learned a little of every thing, and not too much of any thing. In one point, however, his acquirements were universally admitted and admired. Under the joint tuition of an accomplished mother and a well-educated father, he wrote and spoke the English and Portuguese languages with such an equality of perfection, that it was impossible to say which of the two countries seemed to possess the best right to claim him as a native.

The death of Mrs. Hammond operated most disastrously on the fortune of her husband, whose mind, at first debilitated by intense sorrow, recovered its energy only to demonstrate that it had lost its soundness and sobriety. He entered into several new commercial speculations with such a reckless contempt of calculation and of consequences, that in a very short time his affairs became embarrassed, his health

ruined, and he died, in almost entire destitution, about the time that his son had completed his twenty-first year. Though Mr. Hammond had always professed the protestant faith, he was faithfully attended during his last illness, by a learned and pious catholic priest, a near relation of his wife's family, who had long been fixed in a small cure at Castrodairo. To this reverend person, though nearly as poor as himself, the dying parent solemnly committed the care of his son, and the trust was cheerfully and honestly accepted.

At the house of father Lamego, to which that reverend person immediately removed, with his charge, after the death of the English merchant, the young man appeared to labour under great depression of spirits, which the monotony of his new residence, not a little aggravated. The good father was anxious to divert his melancholy, but knew not well how to procure the means. In searching his library, however, for that purpose, he found a large collection of Moorish and Spanish romances, and these he immediately produced for the young man's amusement. Nothing could more effectually have answered the purpose. His heart, compounded of the joint materials of Portuguese inflammability and English enthusiasm, became deeply and permanently smitten with the grandeur of the chivalric heroes, and like another Don Quixote, he felt impatient to set off in quest of adventures. Father Lamego was concerned to see that his object had been carried so much farther than he intended. He had secretly destined young Hammond for his own profession; and he now undertook the difficult task of substituting the enthusiasm of religion for the love of glory. "The Christian faith," said he, "is the only principle of true magnanimity; that faith, which most wisely as well as benevolently, holds in light estimation the

heroic virtues; and, unlike the great ones of earth, bestow its promises on the poor, and its rewards on the wretched. This alone is that real greatness which can, in any degree, render man the image of his Maker." But these truly sublime doctrines wrought no change on the youthful heart glowing with the love of action, and smit with the passion for adventure.

Finding his pupil thus unmanageable, father Lamego felt the necessity of submitting to circumstances. He wrote, therefore, to some friends in Lisbon, describing the propensities of his young charge, and requesting them to look out for some employment suitable to his disposition. A short time elapsed before he received any answer to these applications. At length, he was informed, that Don Francisco Idanha, with whom, in youth, he had been acquainted at the university of Salamanca, had been appointed to the important post of Governor of *Goa*, with an important military command, and that in his suite there was a vacancy for a respectable young man who understood drawing and music. Most fortunately for young Hammond, he played on the Spanish guitar like *Almodavar*, who then formed the delight of the court of Lisbon—and knew also a little of drawing. These qualifications, being modestly exaggerated by the worthy priest to his quondam friend, procured at once an engagement for our young adventurer, to his inexpressible delight. To form part of a military expedition to the East; to visit, under such auspices, the shores of Asia, the primeval nurse of gods and heroes, and the cradle of the human race, afforded full scope to the wildest reveries of imagination.

The good father exhausted his scanty resources in the equipment of his beloved ward; and having been furnished with all that was thought necessary, by his kind guardian, and with much more of ghostly admonition and fatherly

counsel than he himself thought necessary, the young man departed for the capital in the highest exultation of spirits. He was received by the old General with as much cordiality as was becoming his own dignity and the situation of his dependant. The following day he was introduced by Don Francisco, to his only daughter, Senorita Madelina, who, having been some years motherless, had determined to accompany her father on this expedition. The preparations being completed, the fleet, which consisted of several ships of the line, with a suitable number of transports and a considerable body of troops, left the Tagus with a favourable wind.

In a few days, such of the passengers as were unseasoned to the sea, were totally recovered from the languor and discomposure of their new position; and as the weather was fine, the usual resources of a long voyage began to be in requisition. Amongst these, music usually holds the first rank, as a solace equally delightful to both sexes, and adapted to the circumstances of their situation. The General's daughter was blessed by nature with a fine voice, but from some peculiar circumstance, not necessary to be related, it had been left almost wholly uncultivated; and Reginald soon found, that it was one of the expected duties of his situation to supply the deficiency. That so experienced a man as the General should thus bring a young woman of perilous age, and teeming with the susceptibilities of her youth and climate, into juxtaposition with an attractive young man, may appear somewhat strange; but it must be recollected that Reginald was a protestant and the son of a merchant. For the daughter of a Portuguese Grandee to bestow a glance of favour on such a being would be a depravity as monstrous as though she were to fall in love with a negro or an ouran-outang;—such a possibility was

of course never contemplated. No such sense of incongruity, however, existed on the other side, and Reginald, whose eagerness to be falling in love was as morbid and as violent as romance-reading ever generated, soon found that the General's daughter exactly suited his purpose. She was young, soft, languishing, and sufficiently handsome to pass for irresistible in a situation where there were no rivals, and consequently no invidious comparison. In a short time they were mutually and deeply smitten, but according to the received phraseology used in such cases, they were unconscious of the soft impression, and '*knew not that 'twas love.*' They knew, however, enough to have an instinctive sense of the necessity of concealing what they felt; and as the reserve on the lady's side, was of course the more rigid of the two, Reginald began to be convinced that he was nourishing a hopeless passion.

Full of this persuasion one night, after the lovers had been for some hours delighting themselves and enrapturing the good General with their bewitching strains, the young man retired to his "narrow bed" to ponder on the course which it became him to pursue. He debated the matter with himself according to the received rules of chivalry. In that code, courage, honour, friendship, and love, comprise the whole circle of human duties; all these, he perceived, forbade the attempt to seduce the affections of the only child of his benefactor. He then began to think on the means of subduing his ill-starred passion, but the very possibility of such an event would disgrace the dignity of his heroic constancy. As there was therefore, no chance of destroying his inextinguishable love the next necessary step in the process of his affair was to destroy himself. He deliberated much on the magnificent exit of the Brutuses and the Catos, and had just worked himself up to the deed,

and come to the resolution of throwing himself into the sea, when Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy on this grave subject (which his father had taught him) occurred to his mind. "To take arms against a *sea* of trouble" he thought might be done in some better way, than encountering the *sea* itself. A third way was open to him, which it is surprising that his course of studies had not sooner pointed out. This was to raise himself to the level of his august mistress, and to deserve her favours by heroic deeds. For this decision he found many grave authorities. He recollected innumerable instances of ignoble youths, who by splendid achievements, had deserved first their spurs, and then their mistresses—perhaps a princess, in despite of adverse fate. The course of events offered an opportunity of realising this brilliant vision much sooner than he expected.

On their approaching the coast of Malabar, the weather which had hitherto been favourable, suddenly changed; and a violent gale of wind from the north-west, which lasted several days, drove them far out of their direct course. After many ineffectual attempts to get to the northward, several ships of the fleet, amongst which was that of the General in Chief, were obliged to take refuge in a small port in the Mysore, more than a hundred leagues to the south of Goa. Here, however, they met with a very kind reception; and in a few days, Don Idanha and his daughter, who had suffered much from the storm, had recovered their health and spirits. The weather having moderated, they were preparing to prosecute their voyage, when some inhabitants of the place, with whom they had formed an acquaintance, strongly recommended them to visit some curious ruins of a subterranean temple, which were distant not more than ten or twelve miles, and which, it was said, would afford them a very high gratification. The young lady, who had

been reading some books of Indian Antiquities, was eager for the excursion.

Accordingly the General, with Reginald, and about a dozen gentlemen of the expedition, together with a crowd of guides and Indian attendants, set forward at an early hour. They took with them all necessary materials for dining *al fresco*, but were especially cautioned not to halt near thickets, or jungles, which might afford concealment for wild beasts. After slightly surveying the ruins, which rather disappointed their expectations, they set off on their return; and as the sun approached the meridian, and the heat became insupportable, they began to look out for a resting place. After travelling a few miles they observed, in the midst of an immense plain, a small group of tufted trees, free from underwood, which exactly suited their purpose. Unhappily they did not observe that there was, at the distance of not more than one hundred yards from their halting place, a deep pit or hollow, filled with short wood, which, not rising above the level of the adjacent plain, attracted no notice, except on a near approach.

The company had just seated themselves at their repast, and were beginning to indulge in the hilarity which is usually felt after recently landing from a long sea voyage, when a monstrous tiger issued from this hiding place, and cautiously approached the unsuspecting group. When within a few yards, some Hindoos got sight of him, and set up a yell of terror, but it was too late. Before any of them could rise from their seats, he seized the unfortunate General, who happened to be sitting a little apart, by the shoulder, and darted with him across the plain with the speed of a tornado. The gentlemen leaped on their feet, and gazed on the terrified spectacle with amazement and

consternation, whilst the young lady, uttering a scream of terror, sank down insensible.

It happened most fortunately that young Hammond had performed this little journey on a fine Arabian horse, which he had borrowed from his Indian host. The rest of the company had preferred the use of palanquins, as a better protection from the heat. The horse was now tied to an adjacent tree; Reginald instantly ran to him, seized a sword that lay on the ground, flung himself on his back, and without a moment's hesitation set off at full speed after the ferocious beast. As the General was a man of considerable bulk and stature, the Tiger, notwithstanding his prodigious strength and swiftness, was necessarily a little encumbered by his prey, and his pursuer visibly gained on him. At length they saw him range up along-side of the enemy, and for some moments they seemed to strive, neck to neck, like two English racers. They were now at such a distance that they could only be seen by the help of pocket telescopes—but at this fearful instant, Reginald threw his sword aloft, and struck the tiger with all his might across one of the hind legs, in the hope of disabling him by cutting the sinews. The tiger uttered a roar which shook the air like distant thunder, and immediately dropped his prey on the ground. For a moment he looked attentively at his flying assailant and at the lacerated victim lying helpless beneath his jaws, as if uncertain which to prefer. At length the vengefulness of his savage nature seemed to get the better, and he darted after his enemy with a speed increased by his freedom from impediment. Reginald, in the mean time had gained a distance of perhaps somewhat more than one hundred yards of his deadly adversary. A second chase now ensued, more fearfully interesting, if possible, than the former.

The pursued was flying for his life, the pursuer for vengeance. The company at the halting place watched the contest with an anxiety which suspended their breath. In less than a minute, one of the young men who had a telescope at his eye declared that the tiger was gaining on the young horseman. A minute after the rest of the company, confessed, with trembling, that he spoke but too truly, and the fate of Reginald Hammond was considered as sealed. The next moment however, the same clear-sighted young man declared that he saw the tiger losing ground, and, before his remark was well finished, the deadly savage actually fell to the earth with a frightful roar. In a few minutes Reginald and his horse, both of them nearly sinking with terror and fatigue, arrived at the halting place.

As soon as it was perceived that Don Idanha had been dropped by the tiger, a few of the officers, attended by several of the Hindoos, instantly set off to his assistance, and making a circuit, soon arrived at the spot, when they found the old gentleman in a state of insensibility from terror and loss of blood. He was immediately put into a palanquin, and with all possible tenderness, conveyed to his quarters in the port where the expedition was detained.

In the mean time the rest of the party, Reginald included, set forward towards the spot where his late formidable pursuer lay sprawling on the sand. On arriving within musket shot, one of the Seapoys, who was a good marksman, fired a shot which seemed to take effect, as the tiger jumped on his legs, and ran a few steps towards the assailant, to the great terror of the party; but his power was gone, and he quickly sank down. A few shots more dispatched him. On reaching the body, which they still approached with extreme caution, they were astonished at his monstrous size

and prodigious limbs. Reginald's stroke had been well aimed, though not quite effectual. The sinews were so nearly cut through, that a short run had been sufficient to disable him.

It will easily be believed, that all the medical officers exerted themselves to the utmost in behalf of a commander-in-chief so universally beloved as Don Idanha. On arriving at the port, the most prompt assistance was immediately afforded him; but his wounds were found to be very serious. The tusks of the furious animal had pierced to the bone on both sides of the shoulder; but thanks to the old General's *embonpoint*, the bone itself was not crushed. The fever, however, was very high; and it was some days before any one but his medical attendants could be permitted to see him. In the mean time, he was constantly raving about his deliverer, and demanding to see him, which was constantly refused; every kind of agitation being very dangerous. At length, the fever having considerably abated, it was considered that the patient might suffer more from the irritation of prolonged opposition, than from the interview so passionately desired; and it was promised that Reginald should be admitted the next morning.

When the young man entered the apartment, the old gentleman was sitting up in bed, considerably recovered. He stretched out his arms to his young hero; and according to his natural temperament, tried to be facetious; but it would not do. The tears stood in his eyes, though he tried to suppress his emotion. Reginald looked on trembling, for he saw that the crisis of his fate was at hand. "I am not," began the old gentleman, "as thou well knowest, a man of many words; but I must do something to express my gratitude; and if I cannot find means of doing so, my heart will burst." The youth was beginning to declare that

he owed him no obligation; but the General impatiently interrupted him. "Young man," said he, "the thing is too serious to be treated in the style of common-place compliment. Nothing you can say will alter the real nature of things: what can I do for you? But alas!" continued he, "why do I ask such a question? My designs may be magnificent, but my powers are, indeed, very small. My young friend," said he, "vast as are your claims upon me, my means of acknowledgment are few and slight. I have but one thing on earth which is worth a young man's acceptance; and that," added he, hesitatingly, "is my daughter." The colour rushed into Reginald's face; he trembled in every joint; and threw himself at the old General's feet. "O," cried he, "she is every thing to me. The whole world has nothing to offer in comparison with such a prize—all that I have done for you; the servitude and devotion of a whole life"—"Softly, good friend," said the old Don; "I have, indeed, thought of such a thing; and with a father's partiality have fancied that she alone was able to pay off my immeasurable debt of gratitude; but the difficulties are great, and perhaps insurmountable. In the first place, she must come to thee almost a beggar"—Reginald was again beginning his protestations—"For Heaven's sake, boy," resumed the old gentleman, "do not interrupt me. I have, indeed, a pretty estate in the Alentejo, but that is entailed, and will not come to her till after my death. Thou would'st have little to live upon but thy two *lucrative* appointments of draughtsman to this precious government of Goa, and dragoman to the English strangers. But this is not the worst; I have always hated the French for being such knaves, and the Portuguese for being such fools: and I hate the English not less for being heretics." "But," said Reginald, with vehemence, "I am neither Frenchman, Englishman, nor heretic. 'Tis true,

my father was an Englishman and a heretic, but my mother was a Spaniard; I was born in Portugal, and converted by father Lamego, three months before I embarked."

"Speakest thou the truth?" cried Don Francisco, starting up in his bed. "I have in my pocket, the good father's attestation to the truth of what I have affirmed."

"Enough," said the old General. "Go to my daughter, and try if thou canst gain her consent. I do not recollect to have even forced the inclinations, even of a brute; and I certainly shall not begin with her." "I have her consent also in my pocket," replied Reginald.

"Thou art indeed an impudent young knave," said Don Idanha laughingly; but added after a pause, "I have for some time suspected that something was going on between you." "No, on my honour," replied the youth, solemnly, "it is only since your unfortunate accident that Donna Madelina, induced doubtless by the gratitude of filial affection, has shewn me any particular marks of favour." "Well," said the old gentleman, "and pray, my good friend, how do you propose to live in this land of privations? Be so good as to expound to me the catalogue of your ways and means." "I ventured to presume," said the young man, modestly, "that he who was so fortunate as to marry the only daughter of Don Francisco Idanha, younger son of a grandee of Spain, Governor of the forts of Elpoonah and Mandapoor, and Commander-in-chief of the king of Portugal's forces in the east, need not be very anxious on the subject of fortune." "I must confess," said the Don, "that you do presume at a tolerable rate; but suppose I was to waive this point, what am I to think of a young fellow who has thus become a renegade to his national faith, and could change his religion, as easily as his residence, at the suggestion of an old priest." "Pardon me, Sir," said Reginald; "the change to which you

allude cannot boast the dignity of a conversion. It was initiation, rather than alteration. When I went to reside with father Lamego, my mind was a complete '*tabula rasa*' on that momentous subject. In the narrow scheme of my education, the great question of religion had been designedly omitted. My father and mother professing different creeds; strenuous in their respective faith, were beginning to disagree on that important point, when my father proposed a compromise. 'Let the boy,' said he, 'be kept apart from these discussions till he is of mature age to choose for himself. The principal differences in the two religions arise from the adventitious tenets which dissent or disputation have affixed to each. They are both collateral branches of the great Christian Tree, under the protecting shade of which can alone be found peace in this world, and salvation in the next. Let my son, in the fulness of time, select which of the two shall appear to him better adapted to the great ends of piety and virtue, that are alike the object of each; and in the meantime, teach him only a few simple forms of devotion and the immutable maxims of a holy and christian life.'

"To this fair and rational proposal my mother could offer no objection. In this condition I was found by father Lamego, and my present profession of faith is the result of his instructions."

"Enough," said the old Don, "I have nothing more to say, for I perceive that whatever objections I may raise, you are ready with a refutation. So *vade in pacem*! I condemn you to the blessing of living on love and five hundred dollars a year; in addition perhaps, to the scraps that fall from the Governor's table." "An ample abundance!" cried Reginald, with rapture, "With such a gift and on such conditions, the world has not an additional blessing to bestow!"

THE BACHELOR.

Lo! with a bachelor how things miscarry!
 What must he do? transform himself and marry.

IN the present age of benevolent speculation, when a new form of charity no sooner starts up before the fancy, then a meeting is called at Exeter hall or the London tavern, to try its effect on other minds, and give it shape, and name, and diffusion, it is somewhat surprising that the numerous and increasing class of the unmarried of both sexes has gained so little philanthropic attention. Perhaps the cause, though not the reason, of this neglect may be found in the little attention which the comfort of private life generally receive, compared with that which is bestowed, and too often wasted, on schemes for public advantage. The class, or rather the two classes, of the unmarried have not hitherto been estimated of great importance in society; but, if individual happiness must constitute the man, they are classes which should have and hold their proportionate weight in the balance of charity.

There is one marked difference between the unmarried of the male and the female class, much in favour of the former, and to which, perhaps, may be ascribed somewhat of the superior importance which the bachelors assume, if they do not acquire, above those we too unceremoniously call old maids. The former possess, what the latter most deplorably want, a common, definite, undeviating designation in society—the same designation, in fact, that belongs

to all others of their sex and age. When you meet with unmarried females of years materially beyond the marriageable point, you know not how to address them. Most unwilling are you to confound them with nations by giving them a national title; and equally averse are you to subject them to ridicule by continuing one which is no longer suited to their age and appearance. Gallantry and politeness have, however, contrived to retain the latter title to a period much beyond all propriety, and which would be unpardonable were it not sanctioned, and sometimes demanded, by the very ladies themselves who are most in danger of suffering the consequent reproach. Who that has visited much has not been astonished as well as disappointed, when the drawing room door was thrown open, to hear the names of Miss Gardiner and Miss Carpenter announced, evidently at their own desire; when upon them entering and answering to their names they are found elderly ladies of seventy, or ancient ladies bordering upon fourscore! Supposing them or others thus introduced not so far advanced, their age is often found at variance with their title, while their title conjures up a momentary vision which their appearance completely dispels.

From this inconvenience not only are bachelors generally speaking exempt, but they escape it the more as they become older. A bachelor, in the primary sense of the term, may sometimes lack a definite title. He may have seen years enough to receive with propriety the common prefix; but being still a bachelor, and not expected long to remain such, that prefix may not yet with general consent be assigned him—at least without itself having the qualifying prefix of *young*. But let him disappoint society by continuing in single blessedness, and the farther he advances, the more he claims and receives the honourable

title or *master*—preceded, we grant, by the adjective *old*, as grey hairs are here and there upon him. Even this, however, is not to distinguish him *as* a bachelor, still less to degrade him below married or widowed tribes of the same sex and standing.

It is one of this grade of bachelors to which the present narrative alludes. His date was, at least, as far back as the last generation. He descended from Scottish ancestors, and they of every known race were, like himself, distinguished for blending the eccentric with the amiable, and much that pertained to the fancy with quite as ample a portion of judicious thinking and benevolent feeling. Like every other north Briton, he always spoke well of his native country; but unlike every other real patriot, he never wished, at least never attempted, to return to that country. He might be considered as belonging to a class of English gentry now almost extinct, having merged into that from which it was then with difficulty distinguished—the class comprehending the diversities of the mercantile world. Our upper class of traders, generally called merchants, contains, in point of education and manners, very nearly those who then were called country gentlemen.

As he drew near sixty years of age, the unmarried among his female friends began to despair; which they would have done ten years before, had they known the pledge he had given to his near relations, never to burden himself or impoverish them by taking a wife. Fond of quaint remark and cheerful conversation, he now began to render the affair one of his most frequent and even mirthful themes, and to assign reasons for his state which at an earlier period of life might have been met with serious arguments and facts almost sufficient to overturn them. One very common remark, especially to strangers, was this—"They

tell me that by remaining as I am I have lost many superior pleasures; but they never hint at the multitude of painful incidents I have escaped."

A stranger once present, when, for the fiftieth time, this remark was made, ventured to conclude that he referred chiefly to the disputes that occurred between married gentlemen and ladies. "Not at all, Sir"—he answered—"Not at all"—to the surprise of every one present. I allude to something very different from this: to be plain with you, something the very opposite to this. Domestic disputes never made any great impression upon me—certainly never had any thing to do with my resolution to continue single. So far as the mutual behaviour of husbands and wives is concerned, I confess they are generally too fond of each other to please me."

"Is it possible?" asked the stranger, with astonishment evidently shared by the whole company—"for persons so nearly allied to love each other too much?"

"There you mistake me again"—the bachelor replied—evidently not displeased that he *was* mistaken, because it enabled him to prolong the dispute, and diversify his own remarks on the subject. "There you mistake me again"—he repeated, according to his custom of uttering almost every thing twice. "I did not say that husbands and wives loved each other too much; but that they were often too fond of each other. Their very alliance proves or ought to prove that each loves the other better than any other object in the world; but fondness I have generally found to be a different thing from love. That mutual friendship and confidence which we call love is an inward and excellent principle, at which I can never be offended; but that fond shew of it, and which for aught I know, may be its mere substi-

tute as often as its genuine manifestation, is something with which I never can be pleased."

The company had now arrived by a circuitous route, in which the bachelor delighted, at the true meaning of his remark. But the reason of a thing is often very different from its interpretation, and of much greater importance. A little private reflection will generally find out the latter; but for the former you must mostly be indebted to another's wisdom. Here the bachelor was again at home, waiting to assign his reason for introducing the subject, whether in answer to inquiry, or in relief of a pause of solicitude and silence.

The stranger broke the silence by asking, why the fondness of a happy couple at all disconcerted him? The bachelor rejoiced in the question, because he had an answer ready which ensured him the victory. "Whether a couple," he answered, "who are so fond in company are really happy, or can be so when they are left with no company but themselves, is a question with me and many others: but let that pass. Is it possible, Sir, that I can ever be pleased with conduct so pointed and personal?" "Pointed and personal!" exclaimed several voices at once.

Nothing daunted, the bachelor repeated the charge, and then proceeded thus to explain himself. "I will take the lady first, Sir, not only as generally entitled to precedence, but as committing in the present case the first and greatest offence. Does not every act of fondness for her husband indirectly hint, nay, openly avow, that I am not the object of any woman's preference? And then her husband, does not he declare by a return of such open fondness that I have no object on which to lavish my tenderest and best affections! Such conduct, I admit, is not quite so personally offensive as that of a young gentleman, whom we

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J. M. Wright

David R. Barclay

THE OFFENDED BACHELOR.

once elected secretary to our debating society. I was on a committee of three, of which he was one, to determine on a series of subjects for our winter's discussion, when he had the effrontery to propose, and in my own house too, that one of the subjects should be this question. '*Can that gentleman be a good member of society who remains unmarried at the age of forty?*' I leave you to judge of the indignation with which I left the room, and resolved that either he or I should leave the institution!"

"But is not the conclusion which you draw from the fondness of a married pair, and which fondness, when expressed in your presence, so much offends you, still taken for granted?" asked the stranger.

"Certainly it is," the bachelor replied, "and so are a thousand things taken for granted without offence, which would like that be highly offensive if publicly declared. You are a young man of some personal attraction, and as you passed on to this house you took no notice of a homely young woman who was looking at you from her father's window. Now in silently passing her you gave no offence, though your conduct implied that whenever you chose to marry she would not be the object of your preference. But if you had halted to tell her so in words or by some significant action, would she not then have been offended, and with sufficient reason?"

Another of the company now accosted the bachelor with the question whether conjugal love might not as lawfully and inoffensively be displayed, as a superior house, and beautiful grounds, and costly furniture, and a sumptuous table?

Here the ingenuity of the bachelor was put to the test; yet it promptly and perfectly triumphed. "I admit, Sir," he answered, "that these things not only are to be seen,

but that visitors are often invited, for them to be displayed and admired ; nay, that silence in their praise is sometimes rebuked by the proud inquiry—‘Don’t you think I must have expended a pretty fortune about this place? yet, if I am even invited more for the shew than through hospitality and friendship, I am not so much offended as in the other case. The display may be mortifying to us who have no similar greatness to exhibit ; but this offence admits of much relief. I may be informed by the architectural beauties of the mansion—refreshed by the cool avenues of the grove—pleased with the fine taste of the furniture—and more than pleased with the exquisite delicacy of the banquet. But what palliative like the least of these can I find in the display of married fondness? what do I see or feel but an unredeemed, unqualified insult?’

This discussion took place, as every reader must judge, in a party guiltless of the offensive conduct of which the bachelor complained. There were, indeed, husbands and wives present ; but they were well known to him, to each other, and to the rest of the company ; and were so far from disapproving of the theme, that they had urged him to introduce it—unaware, however, of the peculiar train of argument to which it would lead him. As he grew warm in his last remark, a wish was expressed that the subject of conversation might be changed—that the custom of thrusting children on the attention of adult visitors might be discussed. Had it been wished that he should, by a new topic, recover his usual evenness of temper, this was not the most suitable suggestion that could have been made ; but it will have at least one advantage, in giving our readers a more full insight into the bachelor’s peculiar character and creed. He commenced this discussion with more than his ordinary warmth.

“When I consider how little of a rarity children are—that every city, town, and village, every street, lane, and alley, swarms with them—that the poorest people commonly have them in the greatest abundance—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least some of these bargains—that they often turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents—I am utterly at a loss to account for the frequent pride that the latter assume in having them. Granting that they only force them upon our attention when young, still their very commonness should teach their parents a different course. A young phoenix or two I should like to see, because they are seldom to be found; but let no parents think of delighting me with the sight of children.”

Here a father present, who had taken the bachelor's side, on the former question, entered the lists against him in defence of children. “We were all children once,” he said, “and I may properly ask what we should have been now, if then, we had been thus rigorously barred out of circles of intelligence and friendship like this? like Peter the wild boy, we might have been able to whistle through the woods, and feed on beech-nuts and blackberries; but for the polish our civilization has received, if not for our civilization itself, we are indebted to an early introduction to genteel society.”

“Between an introduction of their children to society, and the forwardness which I censured in their parents,” answered the bachelor, “there is wide distinction. I blame nothing but the assuming, ostentatious, unnecessary forcing of children on our attention to be admired, and the demand thus made upon us for a tribute of gold, frankincense, and myrrh—once, I devoutly admit, offered literally, and with the greatest propriety, to an infant.”

“Now you refer to Scripture,” said the father, “let me do the same, and remind you of the prophet’s words—‘As arrows in the hand of a giant, even so are young children: happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.’”

“So say I,” replied the bachelor, “happy may you be with your full quiver of them; but then don’t discharge the contents of your quiver upon us who have no weapon to defend ourselves. Your acquaintance with scripture should have taught you that children are there often associated with angels; and, to prove that I have no aversion to them, it is my opinion that they should be left, much more than they are, to the communion of angels, their more appropriate companions. I look upon many of their silent and solitary smiles as a sort of celestial converse which they are carrying on with angelic spirits, and that their parents are improperly disturbing them, by letting them be brought into the company of earthly and mortal beings!”

At least this remarkable turn in the bachelor’s speech restored the good humour of the few parents present, and gave them patience to listen to something not quite so welcome. It was drawn forth by a young man of the company quoting, with a supercilious smile, the common proverb,—‘Love me, love my dog,’—which was manifestly the full extent of his knowledge of proverbs or any thing else. The bachelor now forgot his angels, and the mild temper in which he had referred to them. Resolving to chastise the Sancho of the company, as he afterwards called him, he took up the proverb and gave the following comment upon it. “Taking the musty proverb literally, I confess I do not approve of it, since many a dog almost adored by its owner, may be so snarlish towards strangers, as to become not only offensive but intolerable. When,

however, this proverb is applied to the subject of children, it is still more objectionable. You may contrive to love a dog, or an inferior thing to a dog, for the sake of its owner, because it may not only remind you of him, but be in itself of an indifferent nature, and capable of receiving whatever character your fancy may give it. Not so with children; they have a real character, and an essential being of their own: they are amiable or unamiable in themselves, and must be loved or not as their peculiar qualities commend themselves to your affections or stand in opposition to them."

"Well, I confess," said an elderly lady, "that the tenderness and sweetness of children always charm one, and I never wish to be out of their company."

"Madam," replied the bachelor with great emphasis, "you have touched the very string that vibrates with my own feelings. Children are indeed attractive, and there is something truly charming in their tender age and playful looks and motions: but on this very account I consider them as entitled, on their own footing, to our attention, and not to be looked upon as mere appendages to their parents, to be admired for their sake. What must be the consequence of this absurd principle in reference to the children of parents for whom you have no regard? Let them be ever so amiable and enchanting in themselves, and your dislike of those who brought them forth must lead you to despise their progeny. No! place children of all families on their own ground—give them to understand that their acceptance in society depends on their own good qualities—make every father and mother sensible of this rule by your strict observance of it—and I will engage that every fresh generation shall be a real improvement on the preceding one."

Thus the conversation on children closed; and, with the brief outline of another subject of discussion, our descriptive portrait of the bachelor must be left, though in a very unfinished state, to produce its own effect upon the reader's mind. It was a subject to which he attached greater importance than he had done to either of the preceding ones, because in this new theme he himself was more immediately the object of approval or dislike. Tokens of applause had followed his last remarks on children, which led to a conversation, by no means ungrateful to his ear, on the agreeable variety of sentiment that the presence of a gentleman like him in company created. For some time the conversation was diffusive, and almost every one had a remark to utter in favour of the general opinion. Sancho, 'the young man of one proverb,' as he was now intitled, was silent; but every other individual, female as well as male, was ready with a meed of praise; and, when all had presented their offerings of compliment on the bachelor's sagacity and wisdom, a pause of silence intimated that he was expected again to edify them.

"Of course a being like myself," he said, "can gain admission to society like this only by special favour, and can keep it only by the same privilege: and then, my tenure is very precarious, and any important change in a family may issue in my expulsion, or a reluctant toleration of me the little time I have to live. I will illustrate what I mean by a story of myself.—

"I was friendly, very friendly, with a gentleman who has now a large family, long before his marriage, for he married late, and often said he never would marry at all, if he could be sure of my society till his death. Not a day passed but we were together. At length he took a wife, who signified that no bachelor must be at the wedding, and that she never

visited at the house of one who bore that reproachable character. Still the husband hoped that so old and faithful a friend would continue to be well received at his house. In a month, however, she took care to remind him that I did not come into the house on her side—that is, I did not sneak into the family in her train, but knew the way long before she did. In six weeks she added another intimation, that I had better be advised to let my visits be like those of angels to mortals on earth—

——“Few and far between.”

“The good man mentioned these things to me without delay, with tears that he was obliged to mention them at all. But this was a small thing compared with the next injunction he received, and was obliged to lose no time in delivering to me. Would you believe, ladies and gentlemen, that she insisted on its having been presumptuous for the good man, her husband, to form any friendship without first consulting her! and this was to be his final communication to me, who had been his friend, his tried and faithful friend, even before she was born!”

“But this has not been a sample of the general treatment you have received from your wedded friends,”——the lady of the house remarked.

“Most assuredly not, madam,” he answered, “and I rejoice that it is perfectly in contrast with the treatment I receive in your family. But, may I tell you, there are many intermediate modes of treating me, and with some of them you will be amused. When I have a regular ticket of admission, I am strangely dealt with; and I suspect that in some cases I am invited, and urged to accept the invitation, that I may afresh undergo this ordeal. In one

family, I can scarcely speak but all around me laugh : not with wonder at any sublimity in what I say ; nor with delight because it gives them pleasure ; but with a sort of stare which seems to say—‘ what an odd man he is, and what oddities he utters ! In another family, the husband, who once deferred to me as to an oracle, now appears to think me old fashioned—fit for the by gone days of his bachelorship, but not able to add to his stock of modern ideas ; especially in the presence of ladies, or in any thing which concerns them. In a third family, the wife has plainly accustomed herself to wonder in my absence at what her husband could possibly see in me to admire. Nay, in my presence, she has once or twice, when I have done speaking, said to him—‘ My dear, I thought you described your friend as a wit ! The same lady afterwards deigned to consult me, but it was evidently in the end to *insult* me. I was constrained to remonstrate with her on the subject of consultation, when she took the opportunity of remarking that her husband had often spoken of me before their marriage, and from what he said, she had formed a very different opinion of me to what she was constrained to form now she knew me !”

At this moment supper was announced, and an end was put to the writer’s opportunity of hearing more for the present of this eccentric but amiable and enlightened BACHELOR.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

DURING the protectorate of Cromwell, Joel Rede, as enthusiastic a wight as ever issued from the British Isles, had been indulging his wandering propensities in various regions of Europe. With an odd, wild-looking little person, a stout blackthorn in his hand, cut from the hedge of his father's orchard, and his knapsack on his back, he had traversed France and Spain; had indulged innumerable classic reveries in Italy; had, more recently, paced the shores of its northern lakes; rhapsodized in Val D'Arno, where Milton, not long before, had walked, and collected imagery for his scenery of Eden; had thence diverged into Switzerland, and, as the year was drawing to a close, was directing his steps towards Vienna.

It was November. He was now in the midst of the mountainous forests of Bavaria. The woods and heaths had assumed all the richness of their autumnal hues. The sky above was bright as crystal; the turf beneath his feet was dry as at midsummer; the wilds through which he was journeying were silent and solitary, and Joel was full of enjoyment. He was one of those well-meaning, but eccentric beings, that, with the kindest feelings towards every living thing, yet hold themselves loose from the bonds of society. He wanted no kindred mind to participate in the operations and emotions of his own; he had no object in filling his heart with a multitude of solemn and sub-

lime images, but the immediate delight they afforded; and, at night, he entered a hut, an inn, or whatsoever place of rest presented itself,—passed a few hours of lively intercourse with the persons among whom he happened to be thrown,—laughed, chatted, gave way to a flow of exuberant spirits, and departed without a reflection that he would never see one of those beings again.

As I observed, the open clearness of the season had induced Joel to linger in the forests through which he was passing; but, suddenly, the weather changed; strong winds began to sweep, howling and sighing, through the woods, and to whirl the already loosed leaves in eddying torrents around him; and heavy showers of gusty rain beat in his face. These plain facts startled him from his trance, as he lay at the foot of an old tree, gazing with fixed eyes on a stream that foamed and dashed vigorously down the steep before him; and, springing to his feet, he looked around at the signs of the sky, and marched briskly forward. What was the next town, or the distance to it, he scarcely knew, for he often left these things to Providence; but he found the day, influenced by the alteration of the weather, rapidly closing, and himself in a narrow valley between woody rocks that kept winding and ascending in a manner that appeared interminable. It speedily grew dark; the track became invisible; the clouds vanished from the face of heaven; a multitude of stars shone out, and a keen, frosty gale announced the sudden arrival of winter.

Our wanderer, with all his experience, became alarmed. In summer he could have awaited, with pleasure, the return of morning; but in the intense cold and darkness, exposed to the visitations of the wolf and bear,—at a perfect loss which way to direct his steps, he was struck

with consternation. There was no alternative, however, but to push on in the most probable direction: and, stumbling over stumps and stones, he proceeded in a state of mental and bodily anguish, inconceivable. At length, to his exquisite joy, he saw a light;—it appeared at a great distance, but stationary; and, advancing towards it, after some hours of tremendous exertion,—after surmounting rocks, descending valleys, passing through dense masses of wood wrapped in the thickest gloom, he stood on a lofty height, crowned with a pine forest.

The light now shone twinkling just before him; it appeared to issue from some lofty window; but, as he carefully approached, he was astounded with the roar of waters somewhere far below him; and the wind, sweeping chill and gustily, convinced him that he was on the brink of some awful precipice. It was indispensable, however, to approach the light, if possible; he therefore subdued his terror as well as he could, and feeling his way with his stick, moved step by step, as a blind man explores his track. It was singular:—his path was still on the smooth and solid rock; beneath him sounded the dash of descending torrents; yet he could not conceive the existence of a bridge in such a situation. He moved on, and presently was stopped by a strong gate, as of an ancient castle. He knocked, and was answered by the simultaneous bark of a dozen hounds. Presently he heard a hoarse voice commanding them to silence, and, a minute afterwards, the same voice demanded at the gate who he was. He replied, a poor traveller who had lost his way. “The devil you are!” said the voice, in a tone of mingled gruffness and astonishment. “Lost your way! In the name of all hobgoblins, how did you find it here?” “That is more than I can tell,” answered Joel; “but, in the name of all good angels—nay, for God’s sake, let me in

for the night !” “Stand there a moment,” replied the voice ; and, in about ten minutes more, he found himself scanned by the flare of a torch, from the loophole above the gate ; soon after, the huge gate opened, was locked behind him, and he found himself following his unknown guide. A minute more, and another door flung open, dashed upon his eyes a flood of light that perfectly blinded him. As his vision gradually accommodated itself to the glare, he beheld himself in one of the strangest scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. He was, apparently, in the vast hall of an old castle ; a wood fire blazed up the wide, open chimney ; and a numerous group of men, women, and children, stood gazing on him in evident astonishment. The wild, rough figures of the men dressed in hunter-style ; the dogs on the hearth ; the arms disposed on all sides, impressed Joel with an instantaneous persuasion that he had fallen into a nest of freebooters. Beside the arms and dresses of the men, the only furniture of the room consisted of a large plank for a table, and various logs and rude benches for seats. The table was furnished with apparatus for supper, and a huge joint of venison was roasting at the fire. The greatest astonishment was exhibited on the countenances of the whole group at the appearance of the stranger, and various interrogatories were put to him to ascertain first, by what means he had arrived there, and then, who and what he was. When he stated that he had been led by a light, the whole crew turned, with one accord, the most dark and furious looks upon one of the women, who confessed that, her husband being out, she had placed a light in the tower for his guidance. The display of fierce countenances, and the burst of horrid words which ensued, perfectly petrified Joel, and revealed to him, at once, the truth of his first impressions. The poor woman, half dead

with fear, stole away to extinguish the light ; and the chief, with surly hospitality, invited Joel to take a seat by the fire. Here he was further questioned as to the whence, whither, and objects of his journey. To these inquiries, he gave such an explanation as immediately cleared their gloomy brows ; and in return, they gave him such a description of the path by which he had reached their retreat, as filled him with horrible amazement.

Supper was now served up, and, as the horns of stout ale and good wine of Wurtzburgh went round, a freer spirit began to breathe amongst them. Joel, with his easy accommodation to circumstances, related many of his travels and adventures, and showed them so much of himself, that every fear of future evil from him seemed to vanish from their hearts. As the liquor warmed their bosoms, they began to avow freely the nature of their occupations, and to boast of the pleasures of the free life of the forest. Joel, while listening to these details, contemplated with increasing interest the various figures and countenances about him, and longed, in his soul, for the power of putting upon canvass so extraordinary a picture as they presented. There was one individual, however, picturesque and striking as were the whole, who drew his eye continually from the rest. He was a tall, stout man, of a dark complexion ; his hair as black as ink ; his features finely shaped ; a high, broad brow ; an aquiline nose ; but the colour of his skin was sallow and deathly ; and his eyes, red, wild, and generally half closed, but glancing out, now and then, with a quick, fierce flash, and again retiring beneath their lowering lids. He sat beneath the wide chimney ; his arms crossed on his bosom ; his face turned towards the ground ; and his whole air full of gloom and desperation. He looked, to Joel's eyes, formed for the most terrible of assassins. He whispered to

the captain, "I should like to know something of that man." "So should I," he replied; "he has been here some months, but I know nothing more than that he is a man ready to do what no one else dare undertake. Let us try him. "I say, Conrad," he added, turning to the man, pray let us hear something of your life. Here you live amongst us, and we open our hearts to you wide as daylight, but you keep yours close as death."

This address produced a most striking effect upon the person to whom it was directed, and upon all present. A sudden curiosity lit up the faces of every one. The man himself seemed to have received a violent shock; a dark shade fell over his features,—a deadly pallor seized them; which was as speedily succeeded by a sullen, sanguine suffusion of colour, and a flashing of his fiery eye, that was perfectly appalling. For some minutes he gazed earnestly upon the ground in silence; his whole frame seemed rigid with a convulsive agony which he strove to subdue. Then, starting up, with clenched hands, and a voice that seemed to sound in its hoarse hollowness from the very bottom of his heaving chest, he exclaimed, "Do you wish to know my life? You shall! What is there which should not be told? Why should I shrink from any pang, any ridicule which the lowest creature might desire to fling upon me? I will speak!—and if there be any who dare to taunt me, so be it. I am a Jew!" "A Jew!" echoed twenty voices of amazement. "A Jew! who feasts on the wild boar?" "I have said it! Why should I regard the foolish superstitions of Jew or Gentile? I am their victim. They have assailed me,—stripped me of every thing;—mocked,—cast me out from the face of men;—driven me to desperation—to blood—to agony;—why should I cling to them? But listen.

“My father left me with little wealth ; but with a mind and constitution full of ardour and perseverance. I devoted myself to the habits of trade, according with the spirit of my nation. I soon acquired a comfortable property in Vienna, my native city. I married ; had children growing up around me, and looked forward to the joy of seeing them all fixed in some degree of the world’s favour before my death.

“Returning from a long journey, I had scarcely seated myself in my house, when I was seized with a sudden shivering, and sank into insensibility. When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself bound, in darkness, and experienced a motion, as if in the act of being carried from one place to another. The idea flashed upon my mind that I was supposed to be dead, and that they were actually bearing me to the grave. The thought filled me with a horrible agony. I gave a loud yell of despairing anguish, and struggled with all the might of my being. At once, I felt a terrible shock—a momentary stupor—and, recovering, I beheld the light of day. It was as I had imagined—the sound of my cry, the perception of my struggle had startled my bearers ;—they precipitated the coffin to the earth, and fled. The fall had burst open my detested prison ;—with the energy of mingled vexation and joy, I succeeded in disengaging my limbs from the grave clothes, and arose. What a scene was before me ! It was the evening of a winter day. The ground was hard with frost, and sprinkled with a slight layer of snow ; beside me I beheld the grave which was to have received me, gaping wide, with all its red and crumbling bones and fresh earth. The sharp air pierced me as I stood in my white burial dress ; and I trembled through every joint with cold and agitation. I turned towards the city, and in the distance

beheld my affrighted friends watching my motions, and ready again to take flight at my approach. I lifted my hand, and hailed them; but what I meant as a means to draw them towards me, only caused them to fly in a shrieking and promiscuous crowd. They who a few days before clung round me as an object of affection,—they who regarded my friendship as one of the blessings of their lives, now, from some mysterious notion of my contact with death, rushed away from me with unconquerable terror. Moved as I was with the sense of the dreadful danger I had escaped—with alternate horror and gratulation—having in this strange guise to enter the city, I yet could not help bursting out with laughter at the folly of their terrors.

But my mirth, if mirth such an hysterical excitement may be called, was of short duration. When I entered the city, and passed along in my grave-garments through the crowds of astonished people; and heard the gathering rabble exclaiming that a madman had broken loose; and before me saw my old acquaintance run, and cry, as they ran, “A devil, a devil!” I was filled with anger and indignation. With rapid strides I hastened to hide myself in my own house from this scene of surpassing folly; but what was my astonishment—it was closed!—door and window closed against me! I heard my children screaming and shrieking within; I saw my wife—the wife of my bosom, look out of the window with a countenance disfigured by grief and abhorrent dismay; and bid me begone, as a fiend that had dared to invade the sacred body of her late husband. I stood stupefied with intolerable horror. The whole extent of my misery came rushing upon my brain. I recognized in the words of my wife the belief of my race—a belief in which I had myself firmly participated—that the dead can no more return to the earth—but that such

appearances are only the result of demoniacal agency. It was in vain to attempt to combat that which I now felt too well to be an error. I knew the pertinacity of my people; and I stood at the door of mine own house, an alien to its joys and affections for ever, cursing the accident which had rescued me from a real death. But that death seemed likely yet to be mine. The rabble, incited by the cries and imprecations of the Jews, surrounded me in hundreds; my own relations and friends, like so many furies, began to stone me; and called upon the mob for help. In a few seconds more, I should have been destroyed; but the police came pouring in, and saved me.

It was difficult to convince the magistrates, before whom I was taken, of the nature of the case; but when they had ascertained that such was the firm belief of my race in that country, knowing their obstinacy gave me little hope. They did not however, spare any means of persuading my wife and friends; it was useless. They summoned them before them; and my wife appeared almost dead with the violence of different emotions, but recoiling with horror from my presence. It was in vain I spoke—in vain I implored her to use her senses; she shrank from me as from a fiend, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. There wanted nothing to complete my misery. The worthy magistrates did all they could to comfort me. They gave me clothes and money, and counselled me to quit the city; and to wait in some distant place, for the rectifying influence of time. Alas! there was little solace in all this; but there was no alternative; I knew the tenacity, stubborn as life itself, with which a Hebrew adheres to his opinion. I issued once more into the street,—by night. I once more approached the house which held all that in the world was dear to me;—creatures that were

wearing out their hearts with grief for the loss of him, whom, by a most amazing infatuation, they themselves were spurning from them, to everlasting solitude and unmitigable evil. I stood gazing at it in a fury of passions that have no utterance. I cursed the brittle ties of earthly affections, that could not conquer the foolish delusions of the brain; I cursed the human understanding that, boasting of its power, was thus made the dupe of the most empty chimeras: I cursed God in the bitterness of my torment and fled. The gates were thrown open to me,—I rushed into the country, a homeless, tieless wretch, blasted by a momentary accident, into everlasting hopelessness.

I need not relate the course of my life during the next twelve months, I may not unfold the dry yet ever-burning heart of desolation and despair that I bore with me;—hell, in its fiery vocabulary of pain has no words to embody its fulness;—it is enough that there roamed from place to place, a wretch who, in his torment defied Heaven to add one pang to it. Fool! who can tell the extent of misery with which the spirit is empowered to torture itself. As I mused one day on my strange destiny, a sudden hope arose—perhaps Mabel will relent;—perhaps reason will overcome educational prejudice;—perhaps even now she longs once more to behold me. A hellish fear as rapidly succeeded it—may she not marry?—may she not be married, even now? I sprang from the ground with the deadly pang of that hideous idea, and struck my clenched hand against the tree before me. Even here my torment had not reached its crisis;—I know not by what fatality I coupled that hateful notion with one infinitely more so.

There was a being—a Polish Jew, for whom, of all men, I had, from my first knowledge of him entertained an invincible loathing;—a soft, heavy, bloated creature, with

the yellow and speckled complexion of a frog ; with a thin, pale yellow beard, and with full and blood-streaked eyes, that gloated with excess of grossness and low cunning. The miscreant had seemed impelled by a desire to frequent my presence, as strong as mine was to avoid him. Wherever I went, he persecuted me with his odious aspect—with his more odious stupidity and grovelling notions. He seemed of a nature made to grub in the very dust of life. The meanest views, the vilest schemes, the most sordid wiles perpetually occupied him ; and, in the obtuseness of his mind, he seemed impenetrable to your keenest scorn. In vain did I avoid, in vain did I insult him ;—there he was for ever before me.

How could the abominable idea, that possibly this wretch had married my wife,—had become the arbiter of my children's fortunes, ever enter my head ? But it did, and with it an inextinguishable flame. Goaded by this diabolical imagination, I set off with precipitation to Vienna. Day and night I went along groaning and raving beneath its pauseless torture. Bloody ideas already revelled in my mind, as if the phantasm which my own brain had raised were truth itself. I gloried in the prospect of vengeance, and broke out, at times, with exulting laughter in the solitude of my journey. I rushed on—my undying rage was my nutriment—I reached the city. God of Jacob ! by what mysterious means had the truth been already announced to me ! It was truth ! it was all truth ! That wretch—that bloated compound of all human hatefulness, was the husband of Mabel—the father of my children. I beheld them !—in his sordidness he had removed them from their fair home !—not all the wealth I had left could bribe him to spare it to them. He had carried them into the lowest street—into one of the vilest dens of the whole

city. I beheld them—there—oh!—destruction!—there sate that turgid monster at his sordid meal!—there sate at the same small table, the wasted faded form of my once beautiful wife! Pest on him! By what hellish arts could he have bewitched her to unite herself to a wretch like him! Behind, and in cold, in filth, and rags, sate the children of my love! Death and furies! what did I not daily behold, as in mean disguises I haunted the vicinity of their abode. What pitiful, what degrading, what soul-withering employments did I not see my children doomed to;—what words did I not hear, in hate and tyranny, poured into the ears of my beloved Mabel!

But when I learned from his own mouth—as I overheard him sitting composedly on his hearth, glaring coldly but fiendishly on his victims—that by these cruelties he solaced himself for the contempt I had formerly and for ever shown him,—wretch! it could not last! I haunted him with a rage of vengeance that could not be satiated by a common doom! A thousand times I could have taken his reptile life as he crawled to and fro in the obscurity of his low resorts; but I scorned to suffer him thus to escape from me. But the day came! I saw him set out on a journey to his native country. With the fierce throb of joy which gushes up from the depths of guilty despair, as fire bursts forth in glorious volumes from the sullen heart of hell, I watched him. For days I kept him in view, exulting in my certain vengeance. On he went in the vileness of his speculations. At length, as he rested in the opening of a wood, in the twilight, far from human habitation, I slowly stalked across his path—glared upon him in silence—and disappeared. Then was the first reward of all my watchings! I saw that he recognised me;—I saw the terror that fell upon him; I saw him start up, as I passed beneath the

trees; and, with trembling limbs, and a countenance hideous in its native grossness and its present fear, often looking back, wildly fly on. I pursued him. To me it was something like happiness to be the avenging fiend. I enjoyed the cruel fear that drove him on; and, from day to day, I kept it tremblingly alive. Daylight brought him no safety; night no rest. At length he entered upon a plain towards the end of his journey. Here he walked for a space in ease; for, within the wide horizon, his pursuer was not seen; but, before he reached its boundary, he beheld me dogging his steps, and fled, with a speed which astonished me, to the neighbouring hills. Alarm seized me lest I should loose him: I hurried after, but found him not. I rushed through the mountains with fury;—the thought of his escape was madness: when lo! from the top of a cliff where I stood, I beheld him, seated by the valley stream, five hundred feet below me. The intoxication of the discovery disarmed my vengeance of its prudence. I snatched up a mass of rock that lay beside me; I held it up above the unconscious wretch—I paused—I marked him with a greedy eye—I loosed the stone; a whiz!—a sullen dash!—and he was a battered and shapeless heap!

The triumph was complete. The terrified and tortured wretch was annihilated;—but vainly had I hoped that his destruction would assuage my burning heart. I had added the misery of guilt to that of fortune; and though I attempted to laugh at the bugbear terrors of conscience, they laughed at me,—they fixed their vulture talons still deeper in my soul, and I fled, writhing beneath their insupportable pangs. I had glutted my vengeance; but had I restored my hopes? No! My lot was the same,—a hopeless, ruthless, everlasting lopping of all the branches of peace and affection. That is my life; what I *have* been

I have now told; what I am you see and know." He sate down, exhausted with the vehemence of his awful passions, and a silence of horror and affright filled the whole room. A bed was found in an upper chamber, for Joel; but it was past the power of man to find him sleep. The dreadful images which had been just poured into his mind, haunted him like so many demons; and he lay tossing in a phrenzied impatience, and longing for the day.

But, before daylight, he was surprised to hear a sudden hurrying and commotion in the place. There was a rapid running too and fro; men cursing, women lamenting; and in burst the Captain, exclaiming—we are betrayed! I believe you have nothing to do with it—but there are who think otherwise. I will protect you, if I can; but take these"—throwing upon the bed, whence Joel had started in terror and astonishment, a sword and a brace of pistols—"secure your door, and, if you are attacked, defend your life." He disappeared. Scarcely knowing what he did, Joel threw on his clothes; but, instead of keeping in his room, he seized the arms, and issued forth to ascertain more exactly the state of affairs.

He forced his way to a ruinous tower,—and there what a scene presented itself! In the glimmering dawn he discovered that the strong-hold where he was, stood on a tremendous rock. On three sides the broad waters of the Danube swept its inaccessible and awful precipices; on the fourth a numerous body of soldiers was preparing to force the gate. A desperate and simultaneous battering, as of a legion of hammers, stones and crowbars was heard;—a moment after the gate gave way, and in rushed the eager assailants. A fire of musquetry from a hundred loopholes in the fortress, was kept up with such spirit, that they fell in heaps and confusion through the court. Then

the troop of bandits was seen sallying forth with the velocity and fury of desperation—the tall figure of the Jew conspicuous at their head, hewing his way with a huge axe, like a raging and irresistible demon. A desperate struggle ensued ; when, in the midst of the sanguinary contest, arose a cry of fire ! “ Fire ! fire ! ” shrieked the women throughout the castle. Joel, whose attention had been rivetted on the combatants, now beheld the smoke issuing from the staircase of the turret where he stood. He flew down the winding steps in a phrenzy of despair. All was one scene of suffocating gloom. The stifling smoke, here and there, lit up with red and rolling flames, filled every place. It was death to remain ; it was, perhaps, equally death to go forth ; the only faint hope lay in effecting a surrender to the soldiers. He tried, and succeeded.

When he could a little collect his confounded faculties, he beheld the body of bandits killed, or in custody ; and the women rescued by the soldiers from the flames that now, wild and flickering, flared forth on all sides of the tower. They hastened to retreat ; when lo ! Joel beheld the only escape was by a narrow bridge of loose stones, suspended over a tremendous chasm by which the rock, whereon the castle stood, was rent from the main land. On the centre of this bridge stood the Jew, brandishing his axe with the gesture of an exasperated maniac. A dozen men sprang on to attack him ; but no sooner did they set foot on the fatal bridge, than, striking with his axe the key-stone from its place, they—himself—the whole skeleton fabric plunged headlong together down the hideous gulf ! A murmur of horror broke from the whole troop ; and it was some time before they sufficiently recovered themselves to advance to the spot. It was a dark fissure, some fathoms deep, through

which the river rushed, in a fierce, eddying torrent ;—the Jew and his victims were swept away for ever !

A bridge of the trunks of trees was flung across ; and they marched to the next town. Here Joel, through the testimony of credentials on his own person, was speedily liberated ; and pursued his journey home, half cured of his love of wandering, and perfectly convinced that the Jew was, what his friends had supposed him—a devil incarnate !

SINGULAR BEQUEST.

MR. COWLAND of Chelmsford, has, by his will lately made, directed, that two days after his decease his body shall lie for four successive days, three hours in each day, at his dwelling-house, for such surgical operation as the majority of the resident medical gentlemen may think fit ; with permission for every practitioner in the medical department, residing in this town and vicinity, to attend ; but that no other person shall be allowed to be present at the operations except his relations and his executors. On the last day of the medical and surgical attendance Mr. Cowland directs that they shall carefully place every particle of his mortal remains in a coffin for interment on the following day in the church-yard of Chelmsford, with the usual sacred funeral rites ; and, the better to insure his wishes being carried into effect, he has chosen a surgeon for one of his executors.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

“ Oh slippery state of things. What sudden turns,
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history. To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes.”
Blair's Grave.

IN the little narrative we are now about to present to our readers, there is nought to excite astonishment, or “to rouse the wild emotions of the heart.” It is merely an “unvarnished tale,” calculated to shew the uncertainty of human events, and prove, that not even the most steady practice of virtue, nor the best concerted schemes, are always rewarded by the attainment of our wishes. Our views, however, are not confined within this narrow state of existence. A merciful Creator has granted us the power of looking beyond this sublunary world; and taught us, while enjoying conscious rectitude of heart and mind, to view, according to their real worth, the

“ Glittering vanities of empty greatness;
 The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life.’

Though little infected with the pride of birth, a disorder, said to have been once very prevalent amongst the natives of North Britain, (to which portion of the United Kingdom I have the honour to belong), I will not omit to tell you, our family was one of the most respectable in Scotland, and had

invariably preserved its good name and its independent possessions together, during several succeeding generations. My father was twice married, and had children by each of his wives. Those by the first, were one son, and a daughter who died at an early age. By the second, my brother and myself. As our father's eldest son was sixteen years the senior of my brother, he was married, and in the possession of the paternal property, when Archibald was placed at the High School of Edinburgh, and myself at the most respectable seminary of private education our metropolis then afforded.

Our brother was the guardian of our persons and fortunes ; and as Archibald was inclined to study physic as his future profession, he was, at a proper age, entered at the university, and in due time commenced his practice in the northern capital, with the fairest prospects of celebrity and success. With a heart full of sensibility, generosity and benevolence, his disposition was as amiable as his manners were engaging, and his understanding superior. His feelings were lively, his nature ardent, and his temper hasty : but good sense and sound principles directed all his actions ; and though he joined in the amusements of the world, with all the animation which renders youth interesting, his mind was far above the frivolous pursuits of the giddy, as it resisted the allurements of pleasure, when they tended to the subversion of virtue and religion, or in any manner served to debase the moral character.

At the age of eighteen, I returned from school to the seat of my ancestors, where it was purposed I should remain while under age, or continued in a single state. My fortune was not large ; but it was what in those days was accounted very respectable, as Archibald and myself jointly inherited the portion of our deceased mother, and the provision

attached for our father's younger children. Our brother had no family; for though his wife had borne several children, they partook too largely of the delicacy of her own constitution to remain long inhabitants of this earth. She was a woman of a truly amiable disposition and agreeable manners; but her usually indifferent state of health prevented her mixing much in society; while the nature of her complaints often pressed so severely on her spirits, that she would pass whole days in her chamber, attended only by her husband, who appeared sincerely attached to her, and to anticipate their approaching separation with the liveliest regret and apprehension.

From the great disparity in our ages, and his having always appeared to consider me in the light of a child, I did not enjoy the same confidence with my eldest brother, nor feel for him the same strong affection, as linked me in the bonds of tenderest amity with Archibald, who was only four years older than myself, and from whom I had never been a day separated, until his removal to Edinburgh, where I had still frequent opportunities of seeing him, and strengthening that friendship and similarity of ideas, taste, and inclination, which led us ever to participate in each other's joys and sorrows, and created the most tender affections that ever glowed in the bosoms of a brother and sister.

Though residing at a considerable distance from Edinburgh, I yet enjoyed the frequent pleasure of my beloved brother's company, as there was a magnet in our house, which drew him often thither, in the person of a ward of our elder brother; a young lady nearly related to both our parents, and possessing in her own right a handsome independence, of which, her guardian only nominally charged himself with regulating, until her attainment of the age of twenty-four; at which period, by the will of

her deceased parents, she was to become the sole mistress of herself and ample fortune.

Placed in a situation which could scarcely fail of creating habits of friendship and familiarity, my brother and Miss M'Donald's mutual affection might be said to have grown with their growth. Their attachment was not sought to be concealed from the friends of either ; who, as they advanced in life, concluded the matter would only terminate in a matrimonial engagement. Her father had been the early friend, as well as relative, of ours, and sought the road to fortune in the company's service in India, whence he returned to his native land in possession of a comfortable independence, ere years and a broken constitution precluded the possibility of his enjoying it. Having a small patrimonial estate in our neighbourhood, he repaired its ancient mansion-house, and marrying a lady of genteel connexions, experienced for several years the sweets of independence and domestic peace. At his death, which happened when his daughter was only nine years of age, he bequeathed her the bulk of his fortune ; and her mother being then dead, he consigned her to the guardianship of my elder brother, of whom he entertained a high opinion, and who, he trusted (as he expressed himself upon his death-bed) "would in all respects perform the part of a parent to his beloved Charlotte."

Soon after my return to the country, I renewed a childish attachment with a young officer, of the name of Hamilton, a relation of our family, and the intimate friend of my brother Archibald. He was the only son of a gentleman of easy fortune, who approved his choice ; and at the expiration of the third year after my return home, I became the happy wife of the worthiest of mankind. As my husband's regiment was then quartered at Musselburgh, whither

I accompanied him, I had frequent opportunities of seeing my brother, and the happiness of witnessing the cordiality and confidence which subsisted betwixt the two beings most dear to my affection. This was a period to which I often cast a retrospective view, with mingled sensations of delight and sorrow. But, alas! it was not destined to remain of long duration; “’twas happiness too exquisite to last,” and only served to prove the instability of all our worldly felicities; while the memory of the days that are gone yet shew me, that

“Of joys departed never to return
How painful the remembrance.”

At the end of seven months our regiment was ordered to Ireland, and Archibald accompanied us nearly to Port-Patrick, where we were to cross the channel that divides the kingdoms. He was then in excellent spirits; in the full vigour of life and manly beauty. Fortune smiled upon his present days, and gilded all his opening prospects. His fondly beloved Charlotte had passed the last three months with me; and her affection appeared as sincere as that of her lover. She was beautiful, accomplished, and possessed of the most fascinating manners. Her temper was agreeable, and her vivacity no less so. Admired and followed wherever she appeared, her beauty and fortune drew numberless suitors in her train; but neither admiration nor flattery appeared to move her affection, nor afford the slightest ground for a doubt of her constancy.

On my leaving the vicinity of Edinburgh, she returned to her guardian's, where she still continued to reside, even after the decease of my sister-in-law, who died in less than a year after my departure from Scotland: and the charge of my

brother's domestic concerns were entrusted to an elderly maiden aunt of his, by the mother's side, whose age and decorous behaviour rendered her a sufficient protectress for Miss M'Donald.

This lady, who had nearly reached her grand climacteric, was a woman of an ambitious, proud, artful, and avaricious disposition; whose high opinion of her own talents, and knowledge of the world, could only be equalled by her whims and caprices, and her absurd fondness for her nephew, whose very foibles she extolled as virtues, and on whom she might, in fact, be said to doat with romantic enthusiasm. At her follies and ridiculousness, Charlotte had used to enjoy many a hearty laugh; and her opinion of this woman ever appeared to be the very reverse of favourable. But wonderful are the changes we often find arise in the minds of mortals; and Charlotte soon displayed a striking proof of the versatility of her's, by seeming to behold the person in question through a very different medium. And shortly after her becoming the ostensible directress of my brother's household, she wrote me in such terms of praise of Mrs. Betty's temper, disposition and understanding, that I was astonished at the change; and imagining it was only meant in irony, I replied to her letter with the frankness natural to my disposition, and gave my candid opinion of the character of the lady. This produced another volume of commendations, intermingled with some oblique reflections on the severity and injustice of my observations; but, as I did not consider the subject of sufficient importance to dispute upon, I suffered it to drop, and heard, for some time afterwards, little to remind me such a being was in existence. From my dear brother I often heard during the twelve months which succeeded our leaving Scotland, and his affection for Charlotte seemed even

more than ever ardent and sincere. Love drew the outline of the picture, and a lively imagination completed it, with the most vivid colouring; but who can fix the point of happiness, or say

“To-morrow’s sun shall warmer glow,
And o’er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray.”

Poor Archibald had hitherto basked in the sunshine of prosperity; but the sad reverse was drawing nigh: and even at the moment when he last wrote me of Charlotte’s “unaffected simplicity of heart and manners, her ingenuous frankness, and sweet temper,” misfortune was advancing with rapid pace; treachery and dissimulation were undermining his peace; and the death-blow to his prospects of felicity, on this side of eternity, was wielded by the hand he almost idolized. Alas! the unworthy object of his faithful attachment was indeed a base deceiver; and three months previous to the period fixed on, by her own appointment, for her marriage with my brother, she actually bestowed her hand upon her guardian; and it was afterwards confidently reported, was prompted only so to do from the dread of the consequences likely to follow her familiarities with Mr. M’Leod, who basely triumphed over the feeble virtue of a thoughtless girl, and robbed a brother of his reason and his peace.

From a friend, warmly interested in the fate of Archibald, my husband received the first tidings of his melancholy situation. A fever of the most alarming nature had succeeded his knowledge of his mistress’s desertion and of his brother’s perfidy; and, after many paroxysms of frantic grief, he had sunk into a state of stupefaction, from which the medical

attendants deemed it doubtful whether he ever might recover. "He is the mere wreck of what he was," said our friend, in his letter, "a melancholy spectacle of human misery. Hour after hour he passes in the same state of apathy. He rarely eats; and yet more rarely tastes the blessing of repose. In conversation he cannot be brought to engage, even on the subject of his griefs. Sad, silent, and indifferent to all around him, his sighs are deep and frequent, and convey the most distressing sound to those who hear them. His pale countenance bears not a trace of his wonted animation. His looks are haggard; and tears of anguish often roll in silence over his cheeks, proclaiming the agonizing sensations which distract the noblest soul that ever felt the pressure of misfortune."

Ah! what were the feelings of Hamilton and myself on the perusal of this heart-rending intelligence. I loved my brother with the tenderest affection; I had esteemed Mr. M'Leod; and felt for the perfidious Charlotte the regard of a sister. No less interested in the fate of Archibald was my dear impetuous husband. Naturally of a hasty temper, warm in his friendships, and disdaining even the semblance of dishonour, his heart bled for the fate of my brother; while, equally keen in his resentments, he execrated the authors of his wretchedness.

To fly to his relief was the first wish of his heart; and I was no less anxious to become the soother of our poor sufferer's affliction. But at that time I was not sufficiently recovered from the consequences of having given birth to a still-born child, to quit my room, far less undertake a journey to the capital of Scotland. It was therefore settled, that Hamilton should set out alone, and that as soon as my health admitted of my travelling, I should also hasten to administer comfort to the aching bosom of the ill-fated

victim of ingratitude and baseness. Accordingly, my husband, who readily obtained leave of absence from the commanding officer, commenced his journey; and having scarcely allowed himself an hour's rest upon the way, he in safety reached the metropolis of Scotland, where he found the much regarded object of his anxious solicitude nearly insensible to every thing around him; but who, shortly after his friend's arrival, began to evince an interest in his society, which was considered a favourable omen; and the event justified the physician's expectations, as he gradually, though slowly, regained a portion of health, and reason seemed to be resuming her empire over his mind; though it was evident his cheerfulness was fled for ever, and his recollection of his sorrows too powerful to be subdued, even by the healing hand of time:

“No time could e'er *his* banish'd joys restore,

“For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.”

From the accounts transmitted me by Hamilton, I had the satisfaction to learn that Archibald's condition although still a melancholy one, was gradually bettering. But I could perceive my husband's resentment against the author of his friend's unhappiness was daily increasing; while so conscious was he of the nature of his feelings, that in the last letter I received from him, before my departure from Ireland, he acknowledged it was impossible to govern his ire; and if, as he had heard was their intention, the perfidious pair made their appearance in Edinburgh, he dreaded the warmth of his temper would lead to some act of violence, or at least of insult, if it was his fortune to encounter either. “The effrontery of that vile woman,” added he, “is indeed astonishing: but vanity and want of

feeling, direct her conduct: and to gratify her inordinate love of admiration, and display her bridal finery (which, report says, exceeds any idea that could have been formed of her own extravagance and her husband's folly) she is coming hither; hopeful, no doubt, to become the leading star of fashion in our capital, and silence the reports which have been circulated to the disadvantage of her reputation, by the splendour of her appearance, and the sumptuousness of her entertainments. Do not blame me, Euphemia, should such an event be followed by my forgetting even the respect due to her sex, and bitterly reproaching her with inhumanity and baseness. You know the warmth of my temper, and my friendship for your brother; but you cannot judge of my feelings when I contemplate the wreck he is become, the shade of all that delighted, and rendered him the admiration of whoever had the happiness of knowing him. 'Tis then, my love, that not even the precepts of religion, and forgiveness of our enemies, inculcated in my youth by my respected parents, can allay the tumults in my bosom, or overcome the ardent desire I feel to punish, as they merit, those who blasted every prospect of my friend's felicity, and levelled to the dust one of the noblest works of nature."

This letter which I only received on the eve of my journey, occasioned me considerable uneasiness. I was aware of Hamilton's impetuosity, and trembled for the consequences of a meeting with M'Leod, whose temper was also warm, and rather haughty; his courage invincible: and I was confident his spirit such as could not brook an insult offered to himself, or the woman he had made his wife. In a word, the most terrifying apprehensions took possession of my mind; and in all its increasing gloomy horrors, I experienced the dreadful burthen of that foreboding of impend-

ing evil, which often haunts us for a length of time, ere the fatal blow is struck at our repose. With as much expedition as my yet weak state of health permitted, I performed my journey, attended by a faithful female servant, who had lived many years in our family, and accompanied me to Ireland.

As my eyes first caught a distant view of the city, my heart seemed ready to burst with an indescribable feeling of apprehension and melancholy sadness; and tears I could not repress were rolling down my cheeks, when the sight of my husband's servant, advancing upon horseback towards me arrested my attention; and, breathless with impatience, I stopped the chaise, and demanded tidings of his master. With looks which I never can lose the recollection of, the poor fellow,—who had been despatched to meet me, and by imparting the afflicting intelligence of my husband's situation, prevent the surprise and horror I must necessarily have experienced, had I alighted at my brother's without any knowledge of the sad affair that had happened,—essayed to subdue the feeling of his own distracted mind, and in as concise and least alarming terms as possible, he related the circumstances he was sent to communicate. They were briefly these:—That on the preceding evening, Mr. and Mrs. M'Leod, who had been about a week in Edinburgh, made their appearance at the theatre, where the latter shone in all the splendour of rich and costly bridal paraphernalia. That Hamilton had been prevailed on by a friend to accompany him to the house, as it was the benefit night of a popular and deserving performer; and most unfortunately they took possession of seats in the very box in which the bride and her doting husband had engaged their places. That some time after the callous-hearted Charlotte made

her appearance, undaunted by general gaze, and as she well knew also the many strictures passing on her conduct, which had been freely canvassed in every circle in the city, and with the most unparalleled effrontery, no sooner distinguished Hamilton amongst the persons near her, than extending her hand, in a friendly manner, she accosted him by name, and inquired, with seeming interest and affection, after her dear Euphemia, as she styled the sister of her doating lover. Surprise, contempt, and indignation, by turns arose in the mind of her hearer, who gaining at last the power of utterance, unceremoniously replied so her inquiries, by asking, why, in her anxiety to be informed of the welfare of her former friends, she omitted to name her old acquaintance Archibald, of whose unfortunate situation she had doubtless heard, and, he presumed, regretted, as did all who knew the origin of his misfortunes, or had sufficient patience to reflect upon the barbarous author of his wretchedness. Conscience is a powerful monitor; and unfeeling as Mrs. M'Leod had shewn herself, she was unable to withstand its representations. At first, indeed, she assumed an air of contemptuous indifference to the language of Hamilton, but perceiving there were several persons near who had heard his words, and seemed to look upon her with the scorn she merited, her effrontery gave way; she blushed, hesitated, attempted to smile, and at length burst into an hysterical fit of crying, sobbing, screaming, and displaying a number of Thalian attitudes, to all of which my husband was a pleased spectator, and calmly looked upon her distress, when he beheld M'Leod, who had not till then made his appearance, enter the box; when the cause of her disorder being explained, and Hamilton avowing it was occasioned by his reproaches on her conduct, words, as it may readily be imagined, arose

betwixt the gentlemen, which being followed by a challenge that was instantly accepted, a meeting was appointed at day-break the ensuing morning, when such was the fury which actuated each party, that both were mortally wounded. M'Leod expired while conveying to his apartments; and Hamilton survived but a few days, in agonies indescribable. To the moment of his dissolution he retained his senses, and when able to express his thoughts, evinced the same affectionate solicitude for Archibald, and warm attachment for myself, as had ever been conspicuous in his conduct. As for my poor brother, he was nearly inconsolable, and could scarcely be separated from the body of his friend, when death bereft him of one he had long considered as a brother, and to whom he was united by "bands more firm than nature's brittle tie." But I must draw a veil across the closing scene of my beloved husband's life, for even at this distant period of time, when a lapse of nearly thirty years has served to temper the acuteness of feeling, and reason and religion have contributed to foster that tranquillity of mind which is as desirable a state as mortals can enjoy, the recollection almost overpowers me, and I feel that "memory of past bliss" is unsubdued by time, and creates uneasy pangs which death only can assuage.

By slow degrees my brother regained the use of his intellectual faculties; but a settled melancholy oppressed his mind; and though he resigned to the decrees of fate, his vivacity was lost for ever; and after five years past in wandering over different counties of England, during which time I was constantly his companion, he sunk into the grave, a victim to misfortune, perfidy, and baseness. As neither of my brothers left issue, I came into possession of the whole of the estates which had formerly belonged to

our father ; and I humbly trust, have not been altogether undeserving of the means of benefitting my fellow-mortals, providence having thus placed it in my power.

I am now beginning to experience the “pains and penalties of age ;” but I am thankful to the God of mercies, my health is yet less impaired than that of many of my juniors in life ; for I am able to enjoy the society of those friends who occasionally visit my Highland retirement : and sometimes make excursions to Edinburgh, where I pass a few weeks, and witness the progressive improvement of an orphan niece and nephew of my husband's, whom I have adopted as my children, and in whose future welfare I feel greatly interested. That they will one day become respectable and worthy members of the community, I firmly trust : and that the liberal education I endeavoured to bestow on them, will render them useful, and agreeable to themselves and others, when

“ Ev'ry great event is o'er,
In life's uncertain round ;”

and I am mingling with the dust of those lamented objects of my tenderest affection, whose spirits, I trust, I may be permitted to associate with, in the regions of unfading immortality—

“ To part no more ;
With bliss eternal crown'd.”

Of the unworthy Charlotte little remains to be added. For some time she gave herself up to an excess of despair, which nearly terminated her existence ; from which recovering, she again sought the notice of the world, by repairing to Edinburgh, where she engaged a handsome house, and

endeavoured to render herself an object of notoriety, by plunging into every expensive folly, and opening her doors to all who chose to enter them. But the attempt proved ineffectual. Her conduct rendered her despised by all who were the friends of virtue, and of poor Archibald and Hamilton; and these forming a large portion of the respectable inhabitants of the city, she was ridiculed as an unfeeling, selfish creature; detested as the destroyer of two of the worthiest of mortals; and at length so completely shunned, that in order to drown recollection, and acquire a temporary relief from her accusing conscience, she took to drinking, and in a few years ended her life a martyr to disease, and an object of universal contempt, hatred, and derision.

The vile Mrs. M'Intosh, whose artifices were the principal means of withdrawing Charlotte from virtue and honour, died of a broken heart, soon after her nephew.

LAWS OF NATURE.

"NATURE, Sir, nature," observed a first rate ornament of the hair, while quickly rubbing his hands together in order to dissolve a knob of bear's grease which he held between them, "she defies the power of man to set her laws aside! And rest assured, this grease which has manured and then matured the hair on the bear's back, will perform the self-same office on your head." "He's right, Sir, he's right; quite right, I assure you," said a wag then standing by, "for I well know a friend of mine who was quite bald, and in mistake was sold a pot of goose-grease. This he applied, and in a little time his head was covered o'er and o'er—aye, every bit of it, with feathers."

THE VICTIM,

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN LAWSON,

MISSIONARY AT CALCUTTA.

(Written on the Atlantic Ocean.)

“ I would not enter on my list of friends,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”

Cowper.

My harp of the barbarous deed it shall sing,
Indignant shall swell the short strain ;
The Sea-Gull was seen on her quick glancing wing,—
Her home is the wave of the main.

But the wave of the main, though her pitiless home,
Was treacherous, and wafted a foe ;
For sudden the dark tube of death was its doom,
And the bird on the billow laid low.

And thus, my heart said, are the friends that we trust,
In the season of sorrow and need ;
Their treachery tramples us down in the dust,
And their cruelty laughs at the deed.

How pure was the plumage that whiten'd thy breast,—
Now up and now down on the wave ;
And oft have the gentle winds rock'd thee to rest,
On the mariner's sorrowful grave.

Thou nursling of tempests !—the storm was thy bed,—
Thy pittance the boon of the sea ;
Yet happy thy moments, and thoughtless thy head—
While a scream told thy desolate glee.

How hard was the heart, how relentless the hand,
That murdered the joy of thy grief;
But the pastime of men on the far distant land,
Is—to torture who needs their relief.

The cannibal gluts on the carnage of war,
With a yell and a horrible smile;
And dim through the dusky night seen from afar,
Is the victim's funereal pile.

The negro, from love, and from liberty torn,
Sadly murmurs the prayer of the slave,—
'God pity poor negro that suffers forlorn,
By the hands of the white man so brave.'

But the cannibal wild, from his wildest resort,—
And the buyer and seller of blood,—
And the man that will injure the helpless in sport,—
Shall be judged by the all-seeing God.

Thou Eden, how fair, how unsullied thy shade!
Where innocence haunted the grove;
Oh! when shall that spring, which thy forests array'd,
Softens cruelty's winter to love?

And thus have I hurried the wild note along,
And heedless have wandered astray;
For the lonely bird's fate was the theme of my song,
But I silence the murmuring lay.

PAST AND PRESENT.

If some grave sages, who have slept in death
 A hundred years, once more resum'd their breath ;
 And with it sight, and sense, and curiosity,
 To take a survey of the things that be,
 What would they say ? as back their spirits fled,
 Fill'd by strange sights, with more than mortal dread.
 " From Paradise to earth why were we hurl'd ?
 We never were before in that new world."

THERE is a much nearer connexion between what are considered ancient times, and those in which we live, than is generally imagined. Two or three connecting links only, lie between us and events which have long, by common consent been given over to the antiquarian. The writer of these pages has only just passed his fifty-fifth year ; yet he spent his youth with a grandfather who remembered queen Anne : and what is still more remarkable, a part of his childhood was spent with an old lady who had a handkerchief, which she often shewed him, which her grandfather had dipped in the blood of Charles the First. And yet, in much shorter intervals than the least of these, what rapid and almost entire changes have taken place in the customs and pursuits of society ! Though the ancient and modern are in reality so near each other, as to be separated only by one or two generations, they differ in appearance and manners to such a degree, that a thousand years would seem to have been insufficient to effect so complete a change.

A small but remarkably varied family—strongly united

in important sentiment and by mutual affection, yet differing in certain inferior habits, quite as much as a grandfather of seventy-five and children of the ages of seventeen, twelve, and ten, could be expected to differ—had never been all together in London till the spring of 1834; when they left their sweet abode in a sequestered part of Devonshire, to make an effort, as they said, to enjoy together one London season. They took up their residence in the Adelphi, at a boarding house of some distinction, and proposed remaining three or four months, as their health would seem to admit, and their intended exercises and pursuits might require.

The grandfather was a man of close reading and study, with a sight somewhat impaired, but with faculties as clear and vigorous as in his best days. His only daughter, the mother of the family—whom he always called the child of his age and the stay of his house—was an intelligent and cheerful lady of thirty-five. Her husband, a man of wit and of superior wisdom, was a few years older. Both he and his father-in-law were fond of antiquity; yet equally disposed to do justice to modern history and discovery, and withall addicted to comparisons of the past and present, which were often as humorous and entertaining, especially on the part of the grandfather, as they were sagacious and just.

Arriving at the Adelphi about noon, the first inquiry, after refreshing themselves and adjusting various matters in their respective rooms, related to the hour of dinner; on which of course would turn most of the other engagements of each successive day. To their regret they found it was three hours later than the one they preferred and adopted at home. They were offered an earlier dinner in their own apartment; but for the sake of order, and to see somewhat

of the other inmates of the house, they agreed that they would, for the present, dine at the public table at six o'clock. As they took a comfortable luncheon at two, the conversation turned on the surprising change that six or seven centuries at most, had effected in the dining hour of this country.

"In the eleventh and twelfth centuries" the grandfather said "there were some lines often sung at tables of distinction, which shew what the barons of those days thought on this subject. They were sung in Norman French, but I will repeat them in plain modern English."

" To rise at five, and dine at nine,
To sup at five, and bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine."

"But, my dear father," asked Mrs. Seymour, with her usual vivacity, "are you quite sure that the Norman barons meant, by the *five* and *nine*, the morning or the evening hours? for if they should happen to have intended five in the afternoon to rise, and nine in the evening to dine, then their hours were about in conformity to the ultra fashion of our own day."

"Yes, mamma," said her younger daughter, "and then supping at five and going to bed at nine would be those hours of the next day, and the hours that I fancy are now often taken."

"Down to the time of Henry the eighth, I believe," Mr. Seymour remarked, "our ancestors adhered almost to the early hours of the Norman barons; and it is a remarkable fact, that then shopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers, took their meals at later hours than the nobility and gentry of the land!"

“At the accession of queen Elizabeth”—the grandfather observed “the hour of dinner with people of fortune was as early as eleven: but it should be added that the repast often continued so long as to render the hour of rising from table almost as late as it is now. An anecdote is related of the archbishop of York, that he was dining with his prebendaries, when an Italian gentleman wished to speak with him. The Italian called at twelve, at one, at two, and at three, and still the answer was his grace has not yet done dinner. Disgusted at the holy epicure, the Italian left his business in other hands and returned to his own country. There he met an English gentleman three years after, and asked if he knew the archbishop of York? Perfectly well, was the answer. Then tell me, said the Italian, tell me, I beseech you, whether he has yet done dinner!”

Thus ended the discussion of past and present hours of dining. The day was too fine for the interval to be spent within doors, and therefore the family began their London perambulations, and soon obtained fresh matter on which to exercise their conversational talent and taste at the next leisure hour.

“And why, my dear girl,” said Mrs. Seymour to her eldest daughter, in their dressing room, “did you not purchase the muslin for yourself and your sister, which you seemed to admire? I left you both to your choice, and engaged myself in another purchase that you might exercise it without restraint.”

“Indeed, mamma, we heartily appreciate your kindness,” answered Miss Seymour, “but I also heartily detest the fawning hypocrisy and unblushing falsehood of the man who shewed it to us. We both liked it well enough; but how could we sit or stand to hear any more of his absurdities. He put it into all manner of forms—declared that

not another shop in London had such muslin—assured me that he had purchased five thousand pieces of it that morning for ready money, or he could not offer it so low—and then had the impertinence to say that to none but ladies like us would he make such an offer. I then took my sister by the hand, and we turned away in disgust.”

“What my father will say to the present mode of conducting the business of such a shop,” answered Mrs. Seymour, “I am at a loss to conjecture; but, if this be a sample of modern London shop-keeping, I deplore its deep degeneracy of both moral principle and common sense. Our ancestors would have been perfectly ashamed of it.”

“I hope, dear mamma,” replied her daughter, “you will allow us in future to purchase where females are behind the counter. I hear that some large establishments are adopting this better plan, and that respectable families are encouraging them.”

“If all respectable families had encouraged, or rather insisted on such a plan from the first,” said Mrs. Seymour, “the evil of insulting customers by a regiment of impudent young men, trained to a system of the most egregious lying, would not have reached its present intolerable height. While thousands of females, who would gladly earn an honest and respectable living, are forced into the paths of vice and misery by neglect, these young men are educated only to deceive, and rewarded in proportion to the amount of their dupes. I shall be perfectly willing to comply with your request; nay, I am resolved, myself to seek the shops where my own sex are employed.”

They met the gentlemen and were summoned to dinner almost at the same moment. Nothing of importance occurred during the meal, which was shortened as much as it could be with propriety, for the sake of their attending a

lecture, for which they had tickets, at the Russel Institution. As the carriage proceeded to the place of meeting, the grandfather remarked, "What an astonishing change has taken place in my life in the mode of communicating discoveries of science, as well as in the cleanness and fulness of the discoveries themselves. I shall not anticipate any thing you are likely to hear in the lecture room; but I take this opportunity of congratulating my dear children, of both generations, on the rich mental feast which modern study and art have placed before them. I remember, when I was a boy, being anxious to study general science, and was told by my tutor to read Pope's comparison of the progress of a student, to that of a traveller over the Alps. I read it; and he then asked me whether I thought I should ever complete the journey, and if not, whether I had not better decline beginning it? Certainly I had my fears; but I had also my hopes. I began, and advanced, and you all know what measure of success I have obtained. Now you—the youngest of you—have neither hopes nor fears: yours is all certain plain travelling, on a long, but safe and easy road, and with new and more beautiful prospects opening at every turn and on either hand."

"I rather wonder," said Mr. Seymour, "that a tutor, even of your early days, should have been so ready to discourage an inquiring youth! It would have discovered rather more prudence as well as reading for him to have quoted the fine eulogium of the ancients on Socrates—that he had drawn philosophy from the heavens to reside amongst men."

"But now," said Mrs. Seymour, "we may improve on this eulogium, and say of many of our modern philosophers and tutors, that they have allured her from the libraries of

men, to take up her abode in the school rooms and even in the play rooms of children."

"You may well say this, dear mamma," observed Miss Seymour, "when you look at such an excellent work as 'EVENINGS AT HOME,' and find from the assurance of its enlightened authors that the greater part of the mathematics now taught in the university of Cambridge, may be made level to the capacities of mere boys and girls!"

The grandfather remarked that this opinion was confined to the mathematics of one university. The other national seat of learning had always excelled in the highest branches of that abstruse science, and to that circumstance must be attributed the larger number of able reasoners and eloquent speakers which Oxford had sent forth compared with Cambridge. The family now arrived at the Institution. The next day was Sunday, a day which the family were always in the habit of treating with the respect due to a Divine appointment. Without entering into the nicety of their scruples in the opinion of some, or their laxity in the view of others, it is sufficient to observe that they rendered it at once a day of rest from the secular cares of life, and of devotion according to their view of the demands of the New Testament upon them. In the morning they worshipped at the chapel of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, whom they always held in the highest esteem, while they regretted the excess to which he sometimes carried his pulpit humour. The past and present were here impressed upon their minds, in a comparison, or rather a contrast, of the modern eloquence of the new preacher, with the blunt and often blundering address of the ancient minister of the place. As this was spoken of in returning, the grandfather took the opportunity of remarking that the entire outline of the sermon they had heard, and much of its filling up, was

literally taken from the works of an old divine which he had often read. Miss Seymour, also, observed another peculiarity—two of the tunes sung in the service were those of the well known songs, “Tell me, babbling echo,” and “Water parted from the sea!”

As they sat down to dinner, at a much earlier hour than on the other days of the week, a gentleman near them, who had been at the same chapel, began praising the preacher at the expence of his venerable predecessor. “Rowland Hill,” he said, “with the truest knowledge of human nature, I grant; but not with so true an acquaintance with divine truth, formed his sermons on the Italian model, which I must agree with Voltaire in calling the model of a spiritual comedy.”

The grandfather admitted that the illustrations adopted by the venerable divine were often such as to appear to justify such a charge; but he asserted on the best authority, that “no divine in Christendom would have shrunk with more horror at the thought of being influenced by the same motives as the Roman priests to whom Voltaire alluded. I have heard him protest against the vile spirit of their conduct in terms of indignation, while, perhaps, he incautiously approached too near the letter of it. These were the men, he used to say, that concealed the cross of Christ from the Chinese and other heathens, whom they undertook to convert to christianity, lest, with such an object of meanness, it might give them offence. These were the men who affected disgust at the constant exhibition of a suffering Redeemer, and who therefore, substituted pictures and images of a beautiful virgin in his stead.”

In the course of the week the family had innumerable opportunities of witnessing illustrations of the grandfather's favourite exercise, comparing the present with the past.

A comparison of ancient and modern literature furnished him with an unfailing source of humorous and more grave remark. They had made several valuable additions to their library, especially of complete sets of certain periodical publications, which they had either occasionally read at home, or the very titles of which were perfectly new to them.

“In my early days,” said the grandfather, “there was a small constellation of works of this nature, which shone for some years with great brightness, and were very much admired. Some of them are admired still, and all would be, if fashions and amusements on which many of their papers are founded, had not so completely changed. The *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and the *Tatler*, I believe still please; but the *Adventurer*, the *Connoisseur*, the *World*, and the rest are almost forgotten.”

“You have been able to mention all, or nearly all the periodicals of that day in a minute,” observed Mr. Seymour, “but it would take me almost an hour to read a catalogue of the quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily productions of the periodical press now. Yet, perhaps, we have lost in literary value what we have gained in numerical magnitude, variety of subject, and frequency of publication. At last, there is scarcely above one of each class which is worth reading; and I think we have done well, in our purchase of complete sets, to select the *Athenæum*, the *Mirror*, Leigh Hunt’s *London Journal*, Brewster’s *Cyclopedia*, and the *Saturday Magazine*, in preference to others about which we were in doubt.

One evening cards were offered them, and they were invited by some of the other inmates to join them in a game. Mrs. Seymour undertook to decline the offer for the whole family, while her father availed himself of the fresh oppor-

tunity for introducing his favourite companion. In observing that cards were the common amusement of the ladies of his youth, he candidly admitted the gross exaggeration of certain modern invectives against them on that account. "Why," he asked, "are the ladies of our day less fond of cards than they were? but that literary, and religious, and charitable pursuits have abated the passion as well as occupied their time: and ought we not in justice to infer, that, if the ladies of a former age had been as well taught, and had the same resources in books, and institutions, in facilities, and motives, as the ladies of the present day, they would have been as little disposed to spend their leisure in gaming with pictures, invented for the amusement of an idiot king."

"Talking of cards, and gaming generally," said the grandfather, "but what else is the trade of London than a game, at which he stands the best chance who is most *au fait* in artifice, and he succeeds the most who can cheat in the cleverest manner? So nearly allied are cards and modern trading, that they are come at length to adopt a common language. I this morning, heard an expert tradesman talking of playing his cards well, of watching what was trumps, of dealing into his partner's hands, and turning the tables against their adversaries. What then, is trade? I mean the trade of such men, but a game of whist, in which each party strives to trick and win at the other's expense?"

Another elderly gentleman present, who had listened with great attention to every word, then modestly introduced a remark concerning lotteries, and added "you are fond I perceive, Sir, of contrasting the present with the past, and in this respect we must acknowledge the moderns to have the advantage of us ancients, to whom lotteries were almost as essential as bread and shows to a certain race of the Romans."

“And yet, Sir,” the grandfather answered, “it may have escaped you that the most violent opponents of lotteries were the members of the stock exchange, and the London petition to abolish them was signed by a prodigious majority of that gaming fraternity.”

“And what, at last,” observed Mr. Seymour, “is every large town, especially London, but a huge lottery wheel, constantly revolving, and turning up its blanks and prizes to the eager speculators? If I may change the figure, the metamorphoses of a pantomime are not more wonderful, and scarcely more rapid, than the revolutions of the wheel of fortune—the alterations of the *ups and downs* of life. The poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow. I knew a merchant of Southwark who bought hops in abundance in a cheap season, and doled them out at a dear one. He thought he had realized a fortune when cheapness returned and reduced him to poverty. In fact, the inhabitants of this vast metropolis are all adventurers, whose faces as you pass them will almost tell you the state of their affairs. Are they lengthened? their fortune is bad: are they dilated? it is good: are they contracted? it is doubtful.”

“I am fearful,” observed the elderly stranger, “that these are not the worst charges merited by some dashing traders of London. I once put the question to a lusty cit, whose variety of speculations surprised me, whether he was not fearful that stolen goods might not sometimes find their way into his warehouse? “I might,” he answered, “if I ever became so curious as you are to make inquiry on the subject.” He then told me of a young merchant, who in pursuit of bargains had once nearly lost his life. He heard that at a certain house he might accomplish his purpose, and on entering it at a late hour was conducted into the cellar to converse with a smuggler. The smuggler happened to be asleep on



Drawn by H. Colburn.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

THE SMUGGLERS HAUNT.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

some straw ; and it was perhaps well for him, since every object he beheld was an intimation that he might have been compelled to surrender his money or his life.

“ If I preferred the country for no other reason,” Mrs. Seymour said, “ this would be sufficient to establish my preference—that every aspect is cheerful and healthy, and every one seems contented with his lot. There no one lives or dresses above his station, since, each being known to the whole neighbourhood, such vanity could deceive no one. But in London every man is seeking his fortune—is looking forward to advancement—and generally dresses, if he cannot afford to live, as though he had attained the object of his ambition. In London this may be done with impunity, for there, as Cloten says, ‘ nobody is known but by his clothes.’ ”

A new speaker of the company now claimed attention. He knew some secrets of London trade and traders, which either had escaped the notice, or did not escape the lips of any of the others. “ I wish,” he said, “ the extravagance of chess was the only extravagance to be brought against the people of London. But what think you of such a fact as this, which I know to be true ? A large trader, hitherto confining his residence to the house of business, discovering that his affairs declined and something must be done, took a villa in the country, purchased a handsome horse and chaise, rode down every evening to a late dinner ; in short, made a display of increasing wealth, and the consequence was”——

“ Ruin and bankruptcy, of course,” the grandfather answered.

“ Not so, in this case,” replied the gentleman, “ for it gave the impression of prosperity, which restored his credit, retrieved his losses, and rendered him ultimately rich. But a different fate has awaited many imitators of his conduct ;

and perhaps the fraud has by this time nearly worn itself out."

"In that particular form of deception, it may, Sir," said Mr. Seymour, "but the spirit of display is as rife as ever; nay, it now riots in extravagance which would have been thought within my short remembrance to have been impossible. The sums that are now expended in fitting up the fronts and interior of shops, would in the days of my youth, have been deemed so many little fortunes, and those who could have afforded them would have set up for gentlemen, and not descended to the drudgery and dependence of trade."

"And what would those have done who could not afford them?" asked his father-in-law. "I can tell what they did universally in my earlier days. I am at a loss to know, what with their splendid London shops and country villas, how the magnificent system is supported! Certainly the ridicule which the *connoisseur* and other works bestowed on the country *boxes* of the citizens at that time, would not be applicable to their fine rural abodes now. The very name implied a minuteness of scale and plan, suited to the purpose of retirement a day or two in the week, while the town house was the chief abode: but now the country villas are the family residences, rivalling one another in beauty and taste, while the London house, more magnificent than ever, is at last a mere mass of office, warehouse, and shop."

"You have mentioned more than once, Sir," said a stranger, "the periodical publications of your early days. I am unacquainted with them; but I presume that, like our modern ones, they give an account of the general literature of the age?"

"They do, Sir," the grandfather answered, "but the general literature of that day was meagre in the extreme.

The *world* complains of the superabundance of novels and romances, when scarcely a new one could be obtained in three months! It classes them as those *above* nature, and those *below* it; and, if the account be true, the latter were indeed inferior compositions. Then, as to works of a higher order, Johnson's Dictionary appears conspicuous and all-commanding at the head of every catalogue. In fact, this with about half a dozen other works, make up the whole sum of the greatest bookseller's adventure for one year at least! In this respect let the past and present be compared."

"As you have returned to the subject of books," the elderly stranger observed, "I am constrained to mention with surprise and pleasure, the small sums at which even good editions of the best works are to be procured. For this advantage our thanks are due to a few spirited and independent publishers. The older houses, to their shame, have done all they could to keep up a dear monopoly. They even formed an association, excluding from certain privileges those who sell below their own exorbitant price. They would thus keep up a system as much at variance with their own conduct as with the public good. For do they never sell books at a low, a very low price? After disposing of a few copies of a new work, or a new edition, they sell the remainder at little more than the value of the paper; and then turn round upon those who sell at a low price and adhere to it, and would exclude them from the common privileges of the trade! This is a distinction in favour of the present times for which the past has no precedent."

It turned out that the stranger had been a bookseller, and that he had realized an honourable fortune by dealing with equal liberality to the trade and the public.

A selection only, and that a very brief one, has been made from the conversations of this family and their new friends. The enlightened views they took of every scene that passed before them rendered their visit to London a real pleasure, and they returned to their western retreat better informed, and more observant, grateful, and happy than ever.

FOX THE QUAKER.

PENN says—and his life shows it—that Fox the Quaker, possessed on all occasions the most undoubted courage. Though of an ardent temperament, yet he possessed so much self-command as rarely if ever, to be thrown off his guard by insult and outrage, and he manifested the most forgiving disposition. He was simply dignified, and manly in behaviour; grave, yet affable and pleasant in conversation; and so ready in reply as to continually baffle his most subtle antagonists. One instance may be given:—He was imprisoned in Launceston jail, and brought up for trial before Judge Glyn. He was ordered to take off his hat. Fox inquired what authority there was in law or scripture for this compulsion; at which the judge fell into a passion, and cried, “Take him away, jailor; I’ll ferk him.” Soon after he sent for him again, and on seeing him, exclaimed, “Come, where had they hats, from Moses to Daniel—come, answer me—I have you now!” Fox immediately replied, “The three children were ordered to be thrown into the furnace with their coats, hose, and hats on.” The judge instantly shouted, “Take him away, jailor.”

ON THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES
TO BE DERIVED
FROM INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS.

“The mind that never stray’d from duty’s path,
Has always found it strewed with heavenly flowers;
Nor has its happiness been circumscribed,
But by the bounds of its capacity.”

Swain.

THE human mind is so peculiarly constituted, as to be capable of deriving pleasures from intellectual sources, altogether different from those which had been previously enjoyed by any of its own species. But these pleasures would be comparatively unsatisfying, did it not also possess the property of communicating them to the whole intelligent universe, on certain fixed principles and laws, by which the investigation of mental sciences is conducted, and which will infallibly ensure to the inquirer all the pleasure and advantage enjoyed by its original founder.

That the human mind is in a state of continual progression, is sufficiently demonstrated by the inventions and discoveries in every department of science during the last two centuries. This fact is also proved from the consideration, that that which was once regarded by the most eminent philosophers as the source of their highest satisfaction and delight, now ceases to interest the most ordinary observer of human occurrences. It was reserved for the mighty energies of a Newton’s immortal mind to explode the Aristotelean system of philosophy, and to raise his own on its ruins;

which has an equal tendency to improve the heart, as it enlightens and astonishes the understanding. To this branch of intellectual pursuits we shall confine our observations, holding, as we do *that, knowledge* of paramount importance, which subdues and corrects our most inveterate and corroding passions, refines our pleasures, softens our hearts, ennobles our sentiments, elevates our characters, and qualifies us to discharge those duties which devolve on us as moral and responsible agents, and as rational beings.

A constant habit of reading and reflection will imperceptibly lead us into a comparison of our knowledge and attainments with those of others: the comparison will scarcely ever fail to convince us of the insignificancy of our own acquirements. It will produce that kind of humility which is the best companion in the pursuit of knowledge; it will increase our ardour, awaken our perceptions, and throw a vivid and softening tint around all our investigations; and though our imagination may be less, our reason will be stronger: and should the medium through which we pursue our inquiries appear to obscure our vision, it is only to throw a more effulgent light on the distant object. A mind thus actively employed, though even in the first stage of intellectual pursuit, cannot be without pleasure; it feels no temptation to indulge in the inferior enjoyments of sense, while the inexhaustible treasures of science and philosophy lie unexplored before him, and invites him, with all its unspeakable attractions, to avail himself of their advantages. He perceives the same order and arrangement which pervade the natural, govern alike the moral and intellectual world: he every where recognises the presence of an Omniscient Intelligence, which commands his adoration by its sublimity, and his gratitude by its infinite benevolence: and however low he is constrained by the force of his convictions to rate

himself in the scale of intelligent beings, he feels that he is included in the natural and moral government of God; that every created being, animate or inanimate, is specifically intended to increase his happiness; the infinite variety of flowers, with their diversified colours, fragrance, and foliage, excite the most agreeable sensations on the senses of his sight and smell. These organs are again differently operated on, by contrasting a peaceful and serene woodland scenery with that of the terrific and overflowing cataract; and again, by contrasting the beauties of a mountainous scenery with those of the mighty deep. Another train of pleasing sensations is excited by contrasting the music of the sphere, the war of elements, with the *Æolian* whispers of the playful zephyr. He is again differently operated on by a variety of agreeable sensations, in viewing the feathered tribe arrayed in all the gorgeous pomp of varied beauty: his pleasure is still more heightened as he hears them pour out their grateful lays in all the melody and harmony of song. The knowledge which he thus acquires, that he is agreeably operated on by these external objects of sense, is one proof of the benevolence of the Creator, that HE has not only created with infinite skill all these animate and inanimate objects, but HE has manifested still more wisdom and benevolence in giving him a capacity to enjoy them. This knowledge, then, befits him for the exercise of his moral duties, and these teach him that his gratitude to the great Author of his existence should be commensurate with his capacity of enjoying every object within the grasp of a finite being. As an intelligent being, he knows that, by abusing his capacity, he destroys his enjoyment; and as a moral agent, to debase it by directing it to improper objects, he incurs the most imminent danger of involving himself and others in the eternal displeasure of the great and

benevolent Author of the universe : his folly is only equalled by his impiety and presumption ; he knows that, could he possess the concentrated genius which has ever adorned the intelligent universe, it would not weigh as much as an atom against a myriad of worlds. This sense of his duty and responsibility is one advantage derivable from intellectual pursuits ; and another is, it prepares him to sustain with honour all the stations to which he may be advanced : it will also enable him to detect the sophistry of such as would deceive him ; to estimate properly the efforts of consecrated genius ; to live usefully under the providence of his God ; and to die happily in the faith of His gracious promises.

AWKWARD DILEMMA.

THE tragedy of *King Lear* was got up at Ludlow at a short notice. The gentleman who personated *Gloster* managed to say something like the author, until the scene where *his eyes* are put out, and then he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of the part.

ROYAL NUPTIALS.

MICHAEL FEDOROWITZ, Czar of all the Russias, was son to Philaret, bishop of Rostow ; his mother was a lineal descendant of the ancient sovereigns of Russia. Demetrius, a tyrannical usurper, sent Philaret ambassador to Poland, where he was detained prisoner, under pretence that his countrymen were, not long before, in rebellion against king Uladislaus. This outrage was unquestionably sanctioned by Demetrius ; for he confined the wife of Philaret in a nunnery. But the boyars entertained such a high veneration for the bishop and his spouse, that they unanimously elected their son, Michael Fedorowitz, to be their emperor, though he was not more than fifteen years of age. Philaret, being exchanged for some Polish captives, was by his son appointed patriarch of the church ; and with great wisdom and prosperity assisted the inexperience of the youthful czar in exercising the functions of royalty.

Michael Fedorowitz governed Russia thirty-three years ; and the firmness of his administration, tempered by leniency, established his power ; while happiness and peace, long unknown, endeared him to the people. Desirous of choosing a consort on the ground of personal attachment, the czar gave orders to collect at Moscow a vast number of fat cattle and poultry, and to provide game and fish, to

be frozen and stored, in the commencement of winter, with all other necessities for entertaining a crowd of guests at the palace. At the same time he issued proclamations throughout the empire, inviting, or in other words, commanding all the young and beautiful maidens in his dominions to repair to the court. Michael visited his fair subjects as an easy guest at private parties; or presided at royal feasts and balls for their amusement. When the weather permitted a return to their respective homes, they were dismissed with gifts beseeeming regal munificence; and the lady who was honoured by preference was informed of her elevation by the czar sending to her a superb wedding robe. The lady's name was Strechen. Her father was ploughing his farm when he received the announcement that he was destined to be father-in-law to the emperor.

Alexius succeeded his father Michael; and though unfortunate in his wars with Sweden, he was a prince of eminent genius. He promoted agriculture; introduced silk and linen manufactures; and endeavoured to excite in his boyars a taste for the arts and sciences; giving them an example in his own studies, and patronizing literature, with all the branches of useful knowledge which had travelled to Northern Europe. He instituted and published a code of laws, still referred to in the jurisprudence of Russia; and he greatly improved his army by establishing a regular system of discipline. He chose his first wife in the same manner as his father, and was married in his seventeenth year. In ten years he was a widower; and twenty months had not elapsed, when, before the fairest in his extensive realms were submitted to his election, his affections were fixed upon a beautiful orphan named Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin. This historical *trait d'amour*, which has more the air of romance than of the sober pace appropriate to hymeneal

engagements in real life, is little known out of Russia, unless by foreigners who have made curious inquiries concerning the ancient manners of that singular region.

Alexius purposed to win the heart of an amiable woman for his own sake ; and with this aim laid aside every mark of extrinsic advantages, while he made a circuit some considerable way from Moscow, or visited the middle classes in the city, as an herbalist in search of medicinal plants ; a naturalist anxious to explore the salt-pits of Astracan ; or one of the literati in quest of MSS. of ancient history, said to be preserved in the huts of the boors. Sometimes the czar passed as a trader in morocco leather from Kasan, or a learned teacher belonging to one of the numerous schools established in that country at a very early period. A small band of trusty attendants followed at short distances ; and without confiding his ulterior views, he gathered from them much information concerning the families he visited, and regarding the actual state of his people. Many months rolled on in these incognito peregrinations, and our royal *Calebs in search of a wife* almost despaired of success, when the accomplishment of his most sanguine hopes appeared in the form of transcendent beauty and intellectual graces, seldom known in a barbarous age.

A gentleman, named Matweof, had been often serviceable by furnishing suggestions for the improvement of various schemes adopted by the czar to correct the rugged ignorance of his subjects ; and having returned to Moscow, the sovereign recollected that he ought to bestow on this worthy man of science the distinction of a visit, though his family consisted only of sons. While revolving these thoughts as he walked alone on the banks of the Moskwa, near the city, he saw Matweof within call, and accosted him. After the

first salutations, the czar said, "Matweof, if thou hast no strangers at thy house, I will dine with thee to-day.

"My liege, I have not even my sons at home: they are dispersed to different occupations: I have only my wife and the sweet child of a deceased friend."—"Depend on me as your guest; but mark me, you must not tell even your wife my real name. Let me pass as a merchant."—"A merchant of Kasan, so please your highness?"—"Be it so; and take care to treat me as such only."

Matweof, when overtaken by the czar, was on his way to ask a merchant of Kasan to spend the day with him; and had desired his wife to prepare for his reception. It may be supposed that he deferred this engagement, and the czar was received by Madame Matweof as the expected trader. He was ushered to the dining-hall by Matweof; and his surprise and pleasure were unbounded, when he saw a young and beautiful girl, towering far above the stature of his hostess. "I fancied your ward was a child," said the reputed Merchant of Kasan.—"She is not fifteen," answered the bustling hostess; "and the longer she is tractable to good advice as a child, the wiser must she be when we regard her as a woman. I was good eight years older than she is now, before I gave my vows to Matweof; and till an hour within the change of my condition I was called a child."

The czar employed his eyes more than his ears while Madame Matweof gave him a specimen of the wisdom acquired in her protracted childhood. We shall leave his majesty to admire the blushing Natalia, and try to give the courteous reader some idea of her protectress. Madame Matweof was a low-sized, corpulent person, but very lively and active; and more than commonly addicted to fluency of language, as she piqued herself not a little upon the smat-

tering of knowledge she had acquired on a diversity of topics, during thirty-four years, in domesticating with the most intelligent gentleman in the vast city of Moscow. The courtly stranger paid to her all due attention; yet his eyes frequently reverted to the lovely features of her ward, who, in the simple garb of her own country, dazzled his imagination more than the proudest that, in embroidery, ermine, and jewels, sparkled within the precincts of the Kremlin.

The fine contour of Natalia's face was partly shaded by curling ringlets of pale brown hair, encircled by a wreath of ivy leaves, intermingled with a few garden flowers. The crown of her head was covered by a cap of black velvet, which at the same age probably had been worn by her grandmother, for it was rather threadbare, and the band of gold lace surrounding the middle of this *coiffure*, was evidently tarnished by unsparing time. A short robe of fine white linen, almost after the model of a chemise, with long and wide sleeves, had these drawn up to the shoulders by strips of taffety of the same texture, with a rose-coloured sash, which, compressing the linen robe, shewed the elegance of her waist. The skirts of her linen robe hung down half way over a many-coloured and checquered petticoat, reaching no further than the calf of her leg, and displaying the delicate symmetry of her ancles and feet. The hem of the checquered petticoat had a border of old lace, seemingly coeval with the bandeau on her black velvet cap. Her stockings of bright blue, were topped with circles of rose colour, corresponding to her sash; and her shoes of Kasan leather, were tied with strips of rose coloured taffety. The checquered silk handkerchief on her neck had a faded resemblance to the hues of which the rest of her dress was composed; and three rows of glass beads hung on her

bosom, with an image of St. Nicholas, in silver, of curious antique workmanship, appended to the upper row of beads—this image being apparently the only relic of former affluence undecayed by the altered fortunes of her house. How exquisite must have been the personal and mental attractions which subdued the heart of a mighty potentate accustomed to all the glare of Asiatic magnificence, and now beholding Natalia in a garniture of poverty that his lowest attendant would have disdained to wear!

The czar, according to his masquerade designation, was habited in a loose coat of brown cloth, drawn about his loins by a girdle of rich purple silk. His long and wide trowsers were of orange-coloured Indian cotton; and he wore Kasan leather boots without stockings. A silver-hilted scimeter was suspended by a shoulder-belt of yellow leather on one side; and on the other under his arm, a pouch of lynx skin, fastened by silver clasps, contained his money or other portable valuables. His shirt was nearly shaped like Natalia's chemise robe, and left open at the throat, to allow full scope to his ample beard, a shade darker than Natalia's ringlets. His figure was tall and handsome; and his regular manly features expressed a benevolent yet energetic character.

An old man and woman brought every dish to the door of the dining hall, and, under the direction of Madame Matweof, they were placed on the table by Natalia." I pray you to be seated, my thrice welcome friend," said Matweof; "the beluga cools fast." "The dinner appears to be excellent," replied the guest; "but its relish will be lost to me if these ladies stand aloof, as they seem to intend." "Never mind us," said Madame Matweof; "I have no platters at home except those you see on the table. Neighbour Dubrowski borrowed them yesterday for her daughter's wedding-feast; and all our servants are lending

her a helping hand but our old gardener and his wife. I sent this forenoon for a few of my platters, and one or two of my women; however, my good neighbour said it would be inconvenient to spare them, and it would be ill luck to change her plan. I have no faith in silly omens; but would not vex an old friend by making her wait till you have done."

The czar was gratified by this unceremonious proof that Matweof had not divulged his secret; and he gaily responded, "What signifies the want of platters, my good lady? You can eat with your husband, and the fair damsel will confer a zest on the nice viands by condescending to share them with me."—"Indeed I am not in the least anxious for dinner," replied Natalia; "and, as the servants are absent, shall with pleasure wait on you and my friends." "Yet I warrant you," interposed Madame Matweof, "that if you unroll a musty parchment with historical records from the south-east of your country, she would be eager to devour it with all her eyes.

Natalia smiled, and the czar rising, drew her gently to a seat beside him. Having prevailed with her to partake of the repast, he looked to Matweof, saying, "So your fair ward can read and write? these are rare attainments!" Madame Matweof, more prompt in verbiage than her husband, replied: "To be sure! she reads and writes so well that she might be chief secretary to the czar; (St. Nicholas bless and prosper him!) and yet her distaff produces more yarn than any girl I know. She wastes not a moment from dawn to a late hour at night, and was a mere infant when she learnt to use her pen!" Natalia's blushes in vain deprecated these encomiums; but Madame Matweof persisted, till in a low voice she mildly interrupted her protectress, saying, "I owe all to you, who had the goodness to teach me every

kind of work ; and my indulgent guardian, who took the trouble of directing me to use the pen.”—“ My dear child !” said Matweof, “ you gave me no trouble, since you really learned faster than I could find leisure to afford you instruction.”

The czar, enraptured, eyed the eloquent looks of Natalia, in this affectionate discussion of her early studies. Matweof observed that he ate very little, but would not presume to urge the royal appetite ; while the assiduous hostess, quite ignorant of his high quality, upbraided her husband for neglecting his guest, and stretching her large arms, and protruding her broad face over the table, heaped his plate with choice bits. Her amplitude of countenance was the more remarkable in contrast with the delicate features of Natalia ; and the matronly costume of Russia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries required the hair to be gathered upon the summit of the head, and wholly covered by a black velvet cap. Madame Matweof’s cap was of massive and new velvet, with two bandeaus of broad and brilliant gold lace. The rest of her attire resembled that of Natalia, except that the materials were much finer, and of recent date. Matweof saw that his wife taxed the czar’s good-nature by frequent interruptions to his conversation with Natalia ; he therefore overcame his habitual taciturnity and engaged her in talking to himself ; but the exhaustless tide of her volubility was sometimes diverted from the conjugal auditor, to recommend the rye-cakes and honey, the metheglin and rye-brandy, to the merchant of Kasan ; and she could hardly suppress her impatient wonder that he would neither eat nor drink, and yet loitered over his platter and cup as if he never wished to leave the table. In truth he was intent upon taking the dimensions of Natalia’s understanding, and penetrating every recess of her disposition,

by agitating a great variety of subjects, on which she spoke with artless freedom and unassuming intelligence, little aware of the impression she made, or of the identity of him who listened and looked as if he could be rivetted to her side. Madame Matweof at length said she must see what the old folks were about: and beckoning to Natalia, they disappeared together.

“That sweet maiden must be a treasure to thee,” said the czar.

“She is the balsam of my declining years. Now that my sight is impaired she reads to me; and when the shades of evening suspend the delights of study, she assists my failing memory by recapitulating what we have gathered from the stores of the learned.”

“Thou shouldst transfer her to the cherishing bosom of a good husband; while young and pliant she can accommodate herself to his peculiarities—and all men, more or less, have peculiar habits.”

“My liege, she is too good for a sick nurse, to tend the couch of an old fellow that has married her to secure for himself her patient diligent cares; and may my child go unmarried to the grave rather than bind herself to a young giddy pate, wildly enamoured of her beauty, who will worship her for some weeks, and then behave as if he had purchased a bond-woman, and not a wife. I will not leave her unportioned; and I pray she may live single, if she is not destined for a spouse that can appreciate her merits.”

“I will help thee in searching for a tender guardian of Natalia’s happiness; but I should not like to find her averse to my choice, and partial to another.”

“I am certain she has never bestowed a thought upon any of the sex. She knows my fears of making her over to a tyrant, and is strongly prepossessed against matrimony.

She is perfectly satisfied to take refuge in a convent when my wife and I are no more."

"Good. I shall be thy guest again in four days, and in the mean time let us omit no exertion in behalf of the fair Natalia."

In the evening Matweof called for the real merchant of Kasan, and found a note from him, purporting that he had received a sudden call to deliver a large quantity of goods, but he had taken upon himself to introduce the son of a wealthy correspondent at Astracan. The young gentleman was intrusted to deliver this note, and promised to dine with Matweof the following day.

Natalia's estimation of the supposed trader of Kasan was greatly enhanced by a comparison with the awkward affectation of this self-important coxcomb. He was at no pains to conceal that he knew himself to be very handsome; and spoke of his father's opulence, as if he inherited from it all kinds of talents and virtues. He quaffed rye-brandy till he became intoxicated, and so familiar that Natalia left the room. He insisted upon seeing her again, and made downright proposals of marriage. Madame Matweof considered him to be a match too splendid to be lost, and compelled Natalia to return and hear him plead for himself. She answered with a decided rejection; and Matweof internally applauded her good sense and spirit, though he deemed it right to leave her at entire liberty to accept or decline the offer.

The czar came on the fourth day as he had promised. Matweof took care to intercept him by the way, to mention that his wife and Natalia believed the young blade from Astracan to be the son of his partner. Alexius said he would answer them in conformity to that notion, if they asked any questions. Matweof was insensibly led to com-

municate the precipitate wooing of the conceited youth, and Natalia's inflexible rejection; with which the czar seemed more pleased than he allowed himself to declare, especially when informed that the fair damsel withstood the solicitations of Madame Matweof in behalf of the worthy admirer, and with respectful determination had affirmed she was ready to go to a convent, but could not give herself to a man whose foibles must excite her contempt. During several weeks the czar was a frequent visitor; and his attentions to Natalia were received with a timid embarrassment, from which he drew the most delightful inferences. One day after dinner he took from his bosom an embroidered silk handkerchief, and, unfolding it, shewed three strings of amber beads, to which was affixed a golden image of St. Nicholas. He presented these tempting gifts to Natalia, and made an effort to untie the faded wrap on her neck. She recoiled with an indignant suffusion overspreading her face, and in a tremulous voice said:—

“If such must be the terms of your present, take it back. Even our good and great sovereign lord the czar would not find me passive under an insult so degrading.”

“You will pardon a stranger to the customs of your province, fair damsel, if he has unwittingly trespassed against them; and be not angry though I add that you know not how the czar might prevail, unless you had seen him.”

“Natalia, my dear child,” said Matweof, “you will surely accept the apology of a stranger.”

Natalia wiped away her tears and smiled, and the czar questioned—“Have you seen the czar, fair damsel?”

“Never, never, but I shall never cease to invoke blessings on his name.”

“What has he done to deserve such fervent predilections? Have you owed him any benefit?”

“He has done more for Russia than Iwan Basilides, who took three hundred cart-loads of silver from the duke of Novogorod, and conquered his province. The spoils of the enemy enriched only the court circle: our gracious czar hath made the mass of his people wiser and better, therefore they are much happier.”

“Yet you would not allow him to uncover your lovely neck?”

“He is too truly the father of all his subjects to require from a poor girl the sacrifice of her self-respect.”

“I now commend your spirit, my child,” said Madame Matweof; “but it is proper to tell the stranger gentleman, that it is only the privilege of an accepted lover to untie the knot he attempted to loose.”

“I humbly crave forgiveness,” said the czar.

“Indeed, you have cruelly vexed me,” answered Natalia. “I esteemed you as one of the best men in the world—always excepting our sovereign lord Alexius.”

“Now, you are ready to be in tears again. Come away, and bustle about, to forget an affront which was not intended.”

So speaking, Madame Matweof retired with Natalia; and the czar said, “It is time to ask thee, Matweof, if thou hast found a mate for thy pretty apprehensive dove?”

“None, my liege, except the young Eastern she has dismissed.”

“I have been more successful. I know an admirer, who will take Natalia without any dowry but her own charms.”

“God and St. Nicholas reward your highness! My utmost gratitude is a poor offering, but it is ardent and sincere. I shall not presume with inquiries, since your

highness will not throw away the girl, who has been honoured by your approbation."

"Why should I keep thee in suspense, my good Matweof? The husband I have destined for Natalia is myself. If she will be mine, our nuptials shall be celebrated without delay."

Matweof fell at the feet of his sovereign with incoherent bursts of gratitude. The czar desired him to rise and compose his mind; but Matweof said he was now master of his own feelings, and besought his liege lord to grant him a boon. Alexius encouraged him to ask with all freedom and Matweof resumed—"My sovereign lord! since a faithful and devoted servant is permitted, he most humbly implores your highness not to decide finally in favour of Natalia, until the noble and beautiful of the empire shall present themselves at the Kremlin, in obedience to a royal summons. That I desire the elevation and happiness of my ward cannot be doubted; but it is my duty first to consider the prospects of my most gracious lord. All Russia will be gratified to have the daughters of the land entitled to a chance for the most exalted distinction; and if Natalia be still preferred, she may still wait the royal mandate."

The czar leaned his forehead on his hand some minutes, and then replied: "It is not by a mandate—it is by her free consent I desire to win Natalia. I wish to talk with her in private; and before you send her hither, let me satisfy your disinterested loyalty by telling you I shall assemble the beauties of the empire, as you have wisely counselled."

Matweof brought Natalia to the *soi-disant* merchant, and left her. The merchant declared his love, and with modest grace was accepted, yet in broken and scarcely audible words. After an effusion of tender transport, he subjoined,

“But there is news in the city to-day: it is reported that all the beauties of the empire are to be invited to the court by proclamation. My Natalia has required a month to prepare for the change of her condition; and perhaps before that tedious time expires, she may be raised to the throne, and if bereaved of her, life will be hateful to me. If you can resign the chance for royalty, and give me your hand before the public call for appearing at court, it would save me unutterable bitterness of anxiety.”

“Never shall Natalia hesitate to spare you anxiety. This poor hand is yours—yours only.”

“You shall see or hear of me to-morrow, loveliest, most amiable Natalia—mine, mine for ever! Dearest, I am urged by business to tear myself from you, and for your own precious sake I must despatch the affair.”

Early next morning the royal proclamation was heard in all quarters of the city; and the czar sent messengers throughout his dominions, with the same summons to the young and lovely, when he returned to the palace. The heralds in all parts of Moscow performed this office each third hour, during seven days. The merchant came not to see Natalia; and she never suspected that the sounds of the proclamations came from him. He often sent for Matweof, and his heart smote him when informed that Natalia hoped against hope, and though uneasy and dejected, never reflected harshly upon the seeming inconstancy of her lover. When Madame Matweof blamed him, she calmly asserted her confidence in his honour and faith, and was assured he could explain all that seemed mysterious in his conduct. She was very reluctant to appear at the court; but the czar must be obeyed. He sent her attire for the occasion; and she wore the embroidered kerchief, the amber beads, and golden image of St. Nicholas, given to her by

the merchant of Kasan. Matweof attended her to the palace. The gorgeous magnificence of the scene at first bewildered her senses; and she was stunned by the loud reverberation of some hundred female voices, speaking at once in the lofty apartment. But hers was not a mind that could be wholly shaken from its poise, and her thoughts were soon collected, and fixed upon the merchant of Kasan. She was roused from a reverie by a flourish of horns—the ancient royal music of Russia. This music was produced in the same style which at the present day is continued in the emperor's band, and in the band of the regiment of guards. The emperor's band consists of three hundred horns, each, by the intervention of the air, vibrating a single note. The performers have no written music; but practice has given them such precision in the modulations, that at some distance the effect may be mistaken for a grand orchestra of instruments. Three prolonged flourishes announced the approach of the czar. Deep silence awaited his appearance. Natalia breathed quick with a variety of confused sensations, in which a dread of being torn from her lover still predominated. She sat as much out of view as could be permitted by the etiquette of the presence-chamber; however, she was obliged to comply with the general order, that the young ladies should stand in the front row, and their friends close behind them. The folding doors were thrown open, and in robes of state, embroidered with gold, his girdle and the hilt of his scimeter studded with gems, and a jewelled diadem on his head, the czar entered, followed by a multitude of boyars and gentlemen. He smiled and talked to the fair circle as he passed along; yet his eyes were manifestly seeking an object. When he perceived Natalia, he bent his steps towards her, and Matweof whispered to her, "Look up, my child; it is against all

rules to cast down your eyes when the sovereign draws near. You must look at him, or be guilty of contumelious demeanour."

Natalia was all obedience to her guardian. She directed her regards to the awful figure of supremacy, and instantly recognised her plighted lover; but among the highest born and the most beautiful, dared she to flatter herself his heart would acknowledge her? Her energies had been impaired by the uncertainty of her fate since the reputed merchant bade her farewell; her spirits were fluttered by the dazzling novelties around her; and now, to discover the ruler of her destiny in a sphere so immeasurably above her, was overpowering—her sight and consciousness failed. Matweof was carrying her out in a swoon, when the czar sent an officer of his household to shew the way to a private chamber, to which he hastened by a shorter passage. "Shut the door, Matweof," he said, "and open the lattice when you resign to me your lovely burthen. Now, stand by to witness the renewal of my vows."

The air soon recovered Natalia. She attempted to rise from the embraces of the czar, and to apologize for giving so much trouble.

"Do not deny me the innocent joy of holding you in my arms, most beloved Natalia," said the czar. "Say you forgive the cruel proofs of attachment and fidelity I have exacted. I am greatly to blame, and will make all atonement with my heart, my hand, my throne, my whole life: they are yours, my only love. Your colour comes and goes, my charmer—let the air circulate round these swelling veins in your neck. May your Alexius now untie the handkerchief?"

Natalia's face beamed with the most animated suffusion, as in low accents she breathed a modest assent. The czar

pressed her lips, her glowing cheeks, and neck; while Natalia, abashed, confused, and shrinking from these impassioned caresses, implored him to release her; but her transported lover soothed her coy sensibility by the fondest protestations; and concluded by addressing Matweof:—"My worthy friend, bear witness that your cherished Natalia is my affianced consort. I must now leave her, and return to the hall. Conduct her thither when she has regained composure."

Natalia soon reappeared in the brilliant circle. A crowd of attendants brought dried fruits, cakes of roses, apricots, and peaches, from Damascus; figs and comfits, from Turkey; transparent apples, called *navlineh*, from Astracan; liqueurs and numberless delicacies, from the southwestern regions of Europe. The ladies were dismissed with suitable presents, and the bridal robe was sent to Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin.—Never did the sovereign of all the Russias repent having shared his throne with the foster-child of Matweof's bounty. Her congenial mind sweetened his domestic hours, and invigorated his public labours to diffuse useful knowledge. She assiduously inculcated the peculiar attributes that ennoble the female character, and was herself a bright example of the virtues and attainments she recommended. To sum up in a few words her claim upon the everlasting reverence of her country—Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin was the mother of Peter the Great. She died in childbed when Peter was in his eighth year. Alexius survived her no more than five months. After the decease of his parents, his artful, ambitious sister Sophia deprived Peter of all the opportunities for education, with the design to unfit him for assuming the reins of government: yet his extraordinary capacity surmounted all impediments; and he was self-taught in acquirements, seldom

equalled, with all the aids of instruction, in the most enlightened era of science. By his stupendous powers and mighty efforts, he raised his empire from barbarism to progressive civilization ; and the darker shades that mingle with the splendour of his achievements should be imputed to the cruel sister, whose selfish policy endeavoured to corrupt and debase his disposition.

It only remains for us to record that Natalia repaid the kindness of Matweof with a grateful veneration truly filial. He and his sons were appointed to places of trust, and acquitted themselves with talent, indefatigable attention, and faithful zeal. Their attachment to Peter, the son of Natalia, exposed them to the rancorous hatred of Sophia. She extirpated their race ; but they died as they had lived, with an irreproachable good name.

B. G.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN surveying one evening some of the advanced posts of his camp, Frederick discovered a soldier endeavouring to pass the sentinel. His majesty stopped him, and insisted on knowing where he was going. "To tell you the truth," answered the soldier, "your majesty has been so worsted in all your attempts that I was going to *desert*." "Were you?" answered the monarch. "Remain here but one week longer, and if fortune does not mend in that time, I'll desert with you too."

A TALE OF PENTLAND.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WOODROW mentions the following story, but in a manner so confused and indefinite, that it is impossible to comprehend either the connexion of the incidents with one another, or what inference he wishes to draw from them. The facts seem to have been these. Mr. John Haliday having been in hiding on the hills, after the battle of Pentland, became impatient to hear news concerning the suffering of his brethren who had been in arms, and in particular if there were any troops scouring the district in which he had found shelter. Accordingly, he left his hiding-place in the evening, and travelled towards the valley until about midnight, when, coming to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and perceiving a light, he determined on entering, as he knew him to be a devout man, and one much concerned about the sufferings of the church of Scotland.

Mr. Haliday, however, approached the house with great caution, for he rather wondered why there should be a light there at midnight, while at the same time he neither heard psalms singing nor the accents of prayer. So, casting off his heavy shoes, for fear of making a noise, he stole softly up to the little window from whence the light beamed, and peeped in, where he saw, not Johnstone, but another man, whom he did not know, in the very act of cutting a soldier's throat, while Johnstone's daughter, a comely girl, about

twenty years of age, was standing deliberately by, and holding the candle to him.

Haliday was seized with an inexpressible terror; for the floor was all blood, and the man was struggling in the agonies of death, and from his dress he appeared to have been a cavalier of some distinction. So completely was the covenanter overcome with horror, that he turned and fled from the house with all his might; resolved to have no participation in the crime, and deeply grieved that he should have witnessed such an act of depravity, as a private deliberate murder, perpetrated at such an hour, and in such a place, by any who professed to be adherents to the reformed religion of the Scottish church. So much had Haliday been confounded, that he even forgot to lift his shoes, but fled without them; and he had not run above half a bowshot before he came upon two men hasting to the house of Gabriel Johnstone. As soon as they perceived him running towards them they fled, and he pursued them, for when he saw them so ready to take alarm, he was sure they were some of the persecuted race and tried eagerly to overtake them, exerting his utmost speed, and calling on them to stop. All this only made them run the faster, and when they came to a feal-dike they separated, and ran different ways, and he soon thereafter lost sight of them both.

This house where Johnstone lived, is said to have been in a lonely concealed dell, not far from West Linton, in what direction I do not know, but it was towards that village that Haliday fled, not knowing whither he went till he came to the houses. Having no acquaintances here whom he durst venture to call up, and the morning having set in frosty, he began to conceive that it was absolutely necessary for him to return to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and try to regain his shoes, as he little knew when or where it might be

in his power to get another pair. Accordingly he hastened back by a nearer path, and coming to the place before it was day, found his shoes. At the same time he heard a fierce contention within the house, but as there seemed to be a watch he durst not approach it but again made his escape.

Having brought some victuals along with him, he did not return to his hiding-place that day, which was in a wild height, south of Biggar, but remained in the moss of Craigenaur; and as soon as it grew dark descended again into the valley, determined to have some communication with his species, whatever it might cost. Again he perceived a light at a distance, where he thought no light should have been. But he went toward it, and as he approached, he heard the melody of psalm-singing issuing from the place, and floating far on the still breeze of the night. The covenanters' spirits were cheered, he had never heard any thing so sweet: no, not when enjoying the gospel strains in peace, and in their fullest fruition. It was to him the feast of the soul, and rang through his ears like an hymn of paradise. He flew as on hinds' feet to the spot, and found the reverend and devout Mr. Livingston, in the act of divine worship, in an old void barn on the lands of Slipperfield, with a great number of serious and pious people, who were all much affected both by his prayers and discourse.

After the worship was ended, Haliday made up to the minister, among many others, to congratulate him on the splendour of his discourse, and implore "a further supply of the same milk of redeeming grace, with which they found their souls nourished, cherished, and exalted." Indeed it is quite consistent with human nature to suppose, that the whole of the circumstances under which this small community of Christians met, could not miss rendering their

devotions impressive. They were a proscribed race, and were meeting at the penalty of their lives ; their dome of worship a waste house in the wilderness, and the season, the dead hour of the night, had of themselves tints of sublimity which could not fail to make impressions on the souls of the worshippers. The good man complied with their request, and appointed another meeting at the same place on a future night.

Haliday having been formerly well acquainted with the preacher, conveyed him on his way home, where they condoled with one another on the hardness of their lots ; and Haliday told him of the scene he had witnessed at the house of Gabriel Johnstone. The heart of the good minister was wrung with grief, and he deplored the madness and malice of the people who had committed an act that would bring down tenfold vengeance on the heads of the whole persecuted race. At length it was resolved between them, that as soon as it was day, they would go and reconnoitre ; and if they found the case of the aggravated nature they suspected, they would themselves be the first to expose it, and give the perpetrators up to justice.

Accordingly, the next morning they took another man into the secret, a William Rankin, one of Mr. Livingston's elders, and the three went away to Johnstone's house, to investigate the case of the cavalier's murder ; but there was a guard of three armed men opposed them, and neither promises, nor threatenings, nor all the minister's eloquence, could induce them to give way one inch. They said they could not conceive what they were seeking there, and as they suspected they came for no good purpose, they were determined that they should not enter. It was in vain that Mr. Livingston informed them of his name and sacred

calling, and his friendship for the owner of the house, and the cause which he had espoused ; the men continued obstinate : and when he asked to speak a word to Gabriel Johnstone himself, they shook their heads, and said, “ he would never see him again.” The men then advised the intruders to take themselves off without any more delay, lest a worse thing should befall them ; and as they continued to motion them away, with the most impatient gestures, the kind divine and his associates thought meet to retire, and leave the matter as it was : and thus was this mysterious affair hushed up in silence and darkness for that time, no tongue having been heard to mention it further than as above recited. The three armed men were all unknown to the others, but Haliday observed, that one of them was the very youth whom he saw cutting off the soldier’s head with a knife.

The rage and cruelty of the popish party seemed to gather new virulence every day, influencing all the counsels of the king ; and the persecution of the non-conformists was proportionably severe. One new act of council was issued after another, all tending to root the covenanters out of Scotland, but it had only the effect of making their tenets still dearer to them. The longed-for night of the meeting in the old hay-barn at length arrived, and it was attended by a still greater number than that on the preceding. A more motley group can hardly be conceived than appeared in the barn that night, and the lamps being weak and dim, rendered the appearance of the assembly still more striking. It was, however, observed, that about the middle of the service, a number of fellows came in with broad slouch bonnets, and watch coats or cloaks about them, who placed themselves in equal divisions at the two doors, and remained without uncovering their heads, two of them being busily engaged in taking notes. Before Mr. Livingston began the

last prayer, however, he desired the men to uncover, which they did, and the service went on to the end, but no sooner had the minister pronounced the word *Amen*, than the group of late comers threw off their cloaks, and drawing out swords and pistols, their commander, one General Drummond, charged the whole congregation, in the king's name, to surrender.

A scene of the utmost confusion ensued ; the lights being extinguished, many of the young men burst through the roof of the old barn in every direction, and though many shots were fired at them in the dark, great numbers escaped ; but Mr. Livingston, and other eleven, were retained prisoners and conveyed to Edinburgh, where they were examined before the council, and cast into prison ; among the prisoners was Mr. Haliday, and the identical young man whom he had seen in the act of murdering the cavalier, and who turned out to be a Mr. John Lindsay, from Edinburgh, who had been at the battle of Pentland, and in hiding, afterwards.

Great was the lamentation for the loss of Mr. Livingston, who was so highly esteemed by his hearers : the short extracts from his sermons in the barn, that were produced against him on his trial, prove him to have been a man endowed with talents somewhat above the greater part of his contemporaries. His text that night, it appears, had been taken from Genesis : " And God saw the wickedness of man that it was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually." One of the quoted passages runs thus :

" And while we have thus ample experience of the *effects* of sin, we have also abundance of examples set before us of sin itself, yea, in its most hideous aspect ; for behold how it abounds among us all, but chiefly among the rulers and

nobles of the land ! Dare I mention to you those crimes of theirs which cause the sun of heaven to blush and hide his head as ashamed of the sight of their abominations ? Dare I mention to you the extent of their blasphemies against that God who made them, and the Saviour who died to redeem them ? Their cursing and swearing, Sabbath-breaking, chambering, and wantonness ; and, above all, their trampling upon the blood of the covenant, and pouring out the blood of saints and martyrs like water on the face of the earth. Because of those the land mourneth, and by these, multitudes, which no man can number, are plunging their souls into irretrievable and eternal ruin. But some say, O these are honourable men ! Amiable, upright, and good moral men—though no great professors of religion. But I say, my brethren, alack and well-a-day for their uprightness and honour ! which, if ever they come to be tried by the test of the Divine law, and by the example of him who was holiness itself, will be found miserably short-coming. So true it is that the kings of the earth have combined to plot against the Lord and his anointed. Let us therefore join together in breaking their bands and casting their cords from us. As for myself, as a member of this poor persecuted Church of Scotland, and an unworthy minister of it, I hereby call upon you all, in the name of God, to set your faces, your hearts, and your hands against all such acts, which are or shall be passed, against the covenanted work of reformation in this kingdom ; that we here declare ourselves free of the guilt of them, and pray that God may put this in record in heaven.”

These words having been sworn to, and Mr. Livingston not denying them, a sharp debate arose in the council what punishment to award. The king’s advocate urged the utility of sending him forthwith to the gallows ; but some friends in

the council got his sentence commuted to banishment; and he was accordingly banished the kingdom. Six more, against whom nothing could be proven, farther than their having been present at a conventicle, were sentenced to imprisonment for two months; among this number Haliday was one. The other five were condemned to be executed at the cross of Edinburgh, on the 14th of December following; and among this last unhappy number was Mr. John Lindsay.

Haliday now tried all the means he could devise to gain an interview with Lindsay, to have some explanation of the extraordinary scene he had witnessed in the cottage at midnight, for it had made a fearful impression upon his mind, and he never could get rid of it for a moment; having still in his mind's eye a beautiful country maiden standing with a pleased face, holding a candle, and Lindsay in the mean time at his horrid task. His endeavours, however, were all in vain, for they were in different prisons, and the jailor paid no attention to his requests. But there was a gentleman in the Privy Council, that year, whose name, I think, was Gilmour, to whose candour Haliday conceived, that both he and some of his associates owed their lives. To this gentleman, therefore, he applied by letter, requesting a private interview with him, as he had a singular instance of barbarity to communicate, which it would be well to inquire into while possibility of doing so remained, for the access to it would soon be sealed for ever. The gentleman attended immediately, and Haliday revealed to him the circumstances previously mentioned, stating that the murderer now lay in the Tolbooth jail, under sentence of death.

Gilmour appeared much interested, as well as astonished at the narrative, and taking out a note-book, he looked over some dates, and then observed: "This date of yours, tallies

exactly with one of my own, relating to an incident of the same sort, but the circumstances narrated are so different, that I must conceive, either that you are mistaken, or that you are trumping up this story to screen some other guilty person or persons."

Haliday disclaimed all such motives, and persevered in his attestations. Gilmour then took him along with him to the Tolbooth prison, where the two were admitted to a private interview with the prisoner, and there charged him with the crime of murder in such a place and on such a night; but he denied the whole with disdain. Haliday told him that it was in vain for him to deny it, for he beheld him in the very act of perpetrating the murder with his own eyes, while Gabriel Johnstone's daughter stood deliberately and held the candle to him.

"Hold your tongue, fellow!" said Lindsay, disdainfully, "for you know not what you are saying. What a cowardly dog you must be by your own account! If you saw me murdering a gentleman cavalier, why did you not rush in to his assistance?"

"I could not have saved the gentleman then," said Haliday, "and I thought it not meet to intermeddle in such a scene of blood."

"It was as well for you that you did not," said Lindsay.

"Then you acknowledge being in the cottage of the dell that night?" said Gilmour.

"And if I was, what is that to you? Or what is it now to me, or any person? I *was* there on the night specified; but I am ashamed of the part I there acted, and am now well requited for it! Yes, requited as I ought to be, so let it rest; for not one syllable of the transaction shall any one hear from me."

Thus they were obliged to leave the prisoner, and forth-

with Gilmour led Haliday up a stair to a lodging in the Parliament Square, where they found a gentleman lying sick in bed, to whom Mr. Gilmour said, after inquiring after his health, "Brother Robert, I conceive that we two have found out the young man who saved your life at the cottage among the mountains."

"I would give the half that I possess that this were true," said the sick gentleman, "who or where is he?"

"If I am right in my conjecture," said the Privy Counsellor, "he is lying in the Tolbooth jail, there under sentence of death, and has but a few days to live. But tell me, brother, could you know him, or have you any recollection of his appearance?"

"Alas! I have none!" said the other, mournfully, "for I was insensible, through the loss of blood, the whole time I was under his protection; and if I ever heard his name I have lost it: the whole of that period being a total blank in my memory. But he must be a hero of the first rank, and therefore, O my dear brother, save him whatever his crime may be."

"His life is justly forfeited to the laws of his country, brother," said Gilmour, "and he must die with the rest."

"He shall not die with the rest if I should die for him," cried the sick man, vehemently, "I will move heaven and earth before my brave deliverer shall die like a felon."

"Calm yourself, brother; and trust that part to me," said Gilmour, "I think my influence saved the life of this gentleman, as well as the lives of some others, and it was all on account of the feeling of respect I had for the party, one of whom, or, rather I should say two of whom, acted such a noble and distinguished part toward you. But pray undeceive this gentleman by narrating the facts to him, in which he cannot miss to be interested." The sick man,

whose name it seems, if I remember aright, was Captain Robert Gilmour, of the volunteers, then proceeded as follows:—

“There having been high rewards offered for the apprehension of some south-country gentleman, whose correspondence with Mr. Welch, and some other of the fanatics, had been intercepted, I took advantage of information I obtained, regarding the place of their retreat, and set out, certain of apprehending two of them at least.

“Accordingly I went off one morning, about the beginning of November, with only five followers, well armed and mounted. We left Gilmerton long before it was light, and, having a trusty guide, rode straight to their hiding-place, where we did not arrive till towards evening, when we started them. They were seven in number, and were armed with swords and bludgeons; but, being apprized of our approach, they fled from us, and took shelter in a morass, into which it was impossible to follow them on horseback. But perceiving three men more, on another hill, I thought there was no time to lose; so giving one of my men our horses to hold, the rest of us advanced into the morass with drawn swords and loaded horse pistols. I called to them to surrender, but they stood upon their guard, determined on resistance; and just while we were involved to the knees in the mire of the morass, they broke in upon us, pell-mell, and for about two minutes the engagement was very sharp. There was an old man struck me a terrible blow with a bludgeon, and was just about to repeat it when I brought him down with a shot from my pistol. A young fellow then ran at me with his sword, and as I still stuck in the moss, I could not ward the blow, so that he got a fair stroke at my neck, meaning, without doubt, to cut off my head; and he would have done it had his sword been sharp.

As it was, he cut it to the bone, and opened one of the jugular veins. I fell, but my men firing a volley in their faces, at that moment, they fled. It seems we did the same, without loss of time; for I must now take my narrative from the report of others, as I remember no more that passed. My men bore me on their arms to our horses, and then mounted and fled; trying all that they could to staunch the bleeding of my wound. But perceiving a party coming running down a hill, as with the intent of cutting off their retreat, and losing all hopes of saving my life, they carried me into a cottage in a wild lonely retreat, commended me to the care of the inmates, and, after telling them my name, and in what manner I had received my death wound, they thought proper to provide for their own safety, and so escaped.

“The only inmates of that lonely house, at least at that present time, were a lover and his mistress, both intercommuned whigs; and when my men left me on the floor, the blood, which they had hitherto restrained in part, burst out afresh and deluged the floor. The young man said it was best to put me out of my pain, but the girl wept and prayed him rather to render me some assistance. ‘Oh Johnny, man, how can ye speak that gate?’ cried she, ‘suppose he be our mortal enemy, he is ay ane o’ God’s creatures, an’ has a soul to be saved as well as either you or me; an’ a soldier is obliged to do as he is bidden. Now Johnny, ye ken ye war learned to be a doctor o’ physic, wad ye no rather try to stop the bleeding and save the young officer’s life, as either kill him, or let him blood to death on our floor, when the blame o’ the murder might fa’ on us?’

“‘Now, the blessing of heaven light on your head, my dear Sally!’ said the lover, ‘for you have spoken the very sentiments of my heart; and, since it is your desire, though

we should both rue it, I here vow to you that I will not only endeavour to save his life, but I will defend it against our own party to the last drop of my blood.'

"He then began, and in spite of my feeble struggles, who knew not either what I was doing or suffering, sewed up the hideous gash in my throat and neck, tying every stitch by itself; and the house not being able to produce a pair of scissars, it seems that he cut off all the odds and ends of the stitching with a large sharp gulley knife, and it was likely to have been during the operation that this gentleman chanced to look in at the window. He then bathed the wound for an hour with cloths dipped in cold water, dressed it with plaister of wood-betony, and put me to bed, expressing to his sweetheart the most vivid hopes of my recovery.

"These operations were scarcely finished, when the maid's two brothers came home from their hiding-place; and it seems they would have been home there much sooner had not this gentleman given them chase in the contrary direction. They, seeing the floor all covered with blood, inquired the cause with wild trepidation of manner. The sister was the first to inform them of what had happened; on which both the young men gripped to their weapons, and the eldest, Samuel, cried out with the vehemence, of a maniac, 'Blessed be the righteous avenger of blood! Hoo! Is it then true that the Lord hath delivered our greatest enemy into our hands!' 'Hold, hold, dearest brother!' cried the maid, spreading out her arms before him, 'Would you kill a helpless young man, lying in a state of insensibility? What, although the Almighty hath put his life in your hand, will he not require the blood of you, shed in such a base and cowardly way?'

"'Hold your peace, foolish girl,' cried he, in the same furious strain, 'I tell you if he had a thousand lives I

would sacrifice them all this moment! Wo be to this old rusty and fizenless sword, that did not sever his head from his body, when I had a fair chance in the open field! Nevertheless he shall die; for you do not yet know that he hath, within these few hours, murdered our father, whose blood is yet warm around him on the bleak height,'

“ ‘Oh! merciful heaven! killed our father!’” screamed the girl, and flinging herself down on the resting-chair, she fainted away. The two brothers regarded not, but with their bared weapons, made towards the closet, intent on my blood, and both vowing I should die if I had a thousand lives. The stranger interfered, and thrust himself into the closet before them, swearing that, before they committed so cowardly a murder, they should first make their way through his body. A long scene of expostulation and bitter altercation then ensued, which it is needless to recapitulate; both parties refusing to yield. Samuel at the last got into an ungovernable rage, and raising his weapon, he said furiously, ‘How dare you, Sir, mar my righteous vengeance when my father’s blood calls to me from the dreary heights? Or how dictate to me in my own house? Either stand aside this moment, or thy blood be upon thine own head!’

“ ‘I’ll dictate to the devil, if he will not hearken to reason,’ said the young surgeon, ‘therefore strike at your peril.’

“Samuel retreated one step to have full sway for his weapon, and the fury depicted on his countenance proved his determination. But in a moment, his gallant opponent closed with him, and holding up his wrist with his left hand, he with the right bestowed on him a blow with such energy, that he fell flat on the floor, among the soldier’s blood. The youngest then ran on their antagonist with his sword, and wounded him, but the next moment he was laying beside his brother. He then disarmed them both, and still not

thinking himself quite safe with them, he tied both their hands behind their backs, and had then time to pay attention to the young woman, who was inconsolable for the loss of her father, yet deprecated the idea of murdering the wounded man. As soon as her brothers came fairly to their senses, she and her lover began and expostulated with them, at great length, on the impropriety and unmanliness of the attempt, until they became all of one mind, and the two brothers agreed to join in the defence of the wounded gentleman, from all of their own party, until he was rescued by his friends, which they did. But it was the maid's simple eloquence that finally prevailed with the fierce covenanters, in whom a spirit of retaliation seemed inherent.

"Oh my dear brothers," said she, weeping, "calm yourselves, and think like men and like Christians. There has been enough o' blood shed for a'e day, and if ye wad cut him a' to inches it coudna restore our father to life again. Na, na, it coudna bring back the soul that has departed frae this weary scene o' sin, sorrow, and suffering; and if ye wad but mind the maxims o' our blessed Saviour ye wadna let revenge rankle in your hearts that gate. An' o'er an' aboon a', it appears to me that the young officer was only doing what he conceived to be his bounden duty, and at the moment was actually in defence of his own life. Since it is the will of the Almighty to lay these grievous sufferings on our covenanted church, why not suffer patiently, along with your brethren, in obedience to that will: for it is na like to be a private act of cruelty or revenge that is to prove favourable to our forlorn cause."

"When my brothers came at last, with a number of my men, and took me away, the only thing I remember seeing in the house was the corpse of the old man whom I had shot, and the beautiful girl standing weeping over the body ;

and certainly my heart smote me in such a manner that I would not experience the same feeling again for the highest of this world's benefits. That comely young maiden, and her brave intrepid lover, it would be the utmost ingratitude in me, or in any of my family, ever to forget ; for it is scarcely possible that a man can ever be again in the same circumstances as I was, having been preserved from death in the house of the man whom my hand had just deprived of life."

Just as he ended, the sick-nurse peeped in, which she had done several times before, and said, "will your honour soon be disengaged d'ye think ? for ye see because there's a lass wanting till speak till ye."

"A lass, nurse ? what lass can have any business with me ? what is she like ?"

"Oo 'deed, Sir, the lass is weel enough, for that part o't, but she may be nae better than she should be for a' that ; ye ken, I's no answer for that, for ye see because *like* is an ill mark : but she has been aften up, speering after ye, an' gude troth she's fairly in nettle-earnest now, for she winna gang awa till she see your honour."

The nurse being desired to show her in, a comely girl entered, with a timid step, and seemed ready to faint with trepidation. She had a mantle on, and a hood that covered much of her face. The Privy Councillor spoke to her, desiring her to come forward, and say her errand ; on which she said that " she only wanted a preevat word wi' the captain, if he was that weel as to speak to ane." He looked over the bed, and desired her to say on, for that gentleman was his brother, from whom he kept no secrets. After a hard struggle with her diffidence, but, on the other hand, prompted by the urgency of the case, she at last got out, "I'm unco glad to see you so well comed round again,

though I daresay ye'll maybe no ken wha I am. But it was me that nursed ye, an' took care o' ye, in our house, when your head was amaist cuttit off."

There was not another word required to draw forth the most ardent expressions of kindness from the two brothers; on which the poor girl took courage, and, after several showers of tears she said, with many bitter sobs, "There's a poor lad wha, in my humble opinion, saved your life; an' wha is just gaun to be hanged the day after the morn. I wad unco fain beg your honour's interest to get his life spared."

"Say not another word, my dear, good girl," said the Councillor, "for though I hardly know how I can intercede for a rebel who has taken up arms against the government, yet for your sake, and his, my best interest shall be exerted."

"Oh, ye maun just say, sir, that the poor whigs were driven to desperation, and that this young man was misled by others in the fervour and enthusiasm of youth. What else can ye say? but ye're good! oh, ye're very good! and on my knees I beg that ye winna lose ony time, for indeed there is nae time to lose!"

The Councillor lifted her kindly by both hands, and desired her to stay with his brother's nurse till his return, on which he went away to the president, and in half an hour returned with a respite for the convict, John Lindsay, for three days, which he gave to the girl, along with an order for her admittance to the prisoner. She thanked him with the tears in her eyes, but added, "Oh, Sir, will he and I then be obliged to part for ever at the end of three days?"

"Keep up your heart, and encourage your lover," said he, "and meet me here again, on Thursday, at this same hour, for, till the council meet, nothing further than this can be obtained."

It may well be conceived how much the poor forlorn prisoner was astonished, when his own beloved Sally entered to him, with the reprieve in her hand, and how much his whole soul dilated when, on the Thursday following, she presented him with a free pardon. They were afterwards married; when the Gilmours took them under their protection. Lindsay became a highly qualified surgeon, and the descendants of this intrepid youth occupy respectable situations in Edinburgh to this present day.

CONSCIENTIOUS COURIER.

By a singular regulation, the government couriers in Austria are ordered, when they are charged with despatches sealed with only one seal, to go at a walking pace; if with two seals, to trot; and if with three, to gallop. A courier bearing a despatch with three seals, passing lately through a garrison town, was requested by the commandant to take a despatch to the next town, to which he willingly agreed; but perceiving, when he received it, that it had but one seal, he refused to take charge of it, saying, "that the regulations ordered him to walk his horse with such a despatch; and as he had another with which he was ordered to gallop, he could not possibly take them both."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.



OLD year, thou art going, and I care not where,
 No sigh of regret, on thy wings shalt thou bear—
 Oh, hasten away then, thou gloomy old fright,
 With a face full of woe, and a heart full of blight.
 Thy successor I know not, perhaps in his reign
 We may feel more of sorrow, and know more of pain.
 But welcomer this, to a heart such as mine,
 Than the cold chilling blight thou hast shed over thine.
 I spoke, and the wind gave a low, hollow moan,
 I heard in its whisper, the cross old year's groan,
 "Foolish daughter of Eve, I am hast'ning away,
 We shall meet once again."—"Where, Old Year?"—"At
 doomsday.

Then think you, vain mortal, you'll know me again?"
 "Yes, yes, you old kill-joy, 'mid thousands, I ween?"
 "Yes, you'll know me, poor maid, when a record I read
 Of many a folly and frivolous deed.
 Of time unimproved, I hear you complain,
 You have known little pleasure in my tedious reign.
 But fifty-two messengers, maiden, I've sent,
 To show you the paths the blest paths of content?
 And time for repentance I've granted you too,
 Were those hallowed messengers heeded by you?
 My youthful successor may bring in his reign,
 Of riot and pleasure a long worldly train,

But he'll rise against you at Doomsday I say!"
He ceased, and the echoes repeated, "Doomsday."
"Old Year," I replied, "I have pondered awhile,
And gone is my triumph, and gone is my smile;
Your pardon, Old Year; I regret that we part,
Though a gloomy old fellow, still kind was your heart.
No gem of affection have you borne away,
From my dear fire-side you have robbed not a ray,
The faces I love are still smiling around me,
No tie hast thou broken of those that have bound me.
Thy last awful lesson shall ne'er be forgot,
Do not frown dear Old Year;"—the Old Year heeds me
not!

In anger around me his shadows he threw,
And gave one dark frown as a parting adieu.
I turned me away, a bright smile met my eye,
It arose in the east, it illumined the sky;
I hailed the new monarch, all brightly he shone,
New Year, thou art welcome!—Old Year thou art gone!

A FRIEND IN NEED.

HENRY IV. of France one day reproached the Count D'Aubigné, that he still retained his friendship for M. de la Tremouille, who was in disgrace, and banished the court. "Sire," said D'Aubigné, "M. de la Tremouille is sufficiently unfortunate; since he has lost the favour of his master, I could not abandon him in the time when he has the most need of my friendship."

THE REPENTANT HUSBAND.

“ Say not that honest wedded love expires,
 In breast of either man or woman stored ;
 Say not, O say not, that its fond desires,
 Like water-drops on thirsty land out-pour'd,
 Can perish wholly ; or, by slow decay,
 Like mould'ring flame die sullenly away.”

ROBERT GLOSS was the son of a Rutland farmer, whose hardened avarice refused to share the little that the good education of an only child required, and whose reckless depravity rather rejoiced than otherwise in not imposing on the youthful passions of that child the least moral restraint. He was sent to school indeed, to get him out of the way ; but on terms cheapened by the father to so low a rate, that it was mere compassion in the master which induced him to receive the boy, to whom he could not afford to allow sufficient food but at an expense exceeding the payment ; and whose instruction, therefore, must have been miserably neglected but for the master's further gratuity, in furnishing books as well as personal attention, for which the miserable father would allow no extra payment.

In one respect this generous treatment was unfortunate, as the boy improved faster than his father wished, and at thirteen was in his estimation much more learned than a farmer's boy should ever be. At this early age, then, Robert was transferred from the desk to the barn and the plough. Now it became necessary that he should be well fed, or he could not have risen with the lark to commence

his long day's labour, or endured half the fatigue consequent on the most imperfect discharge of his daily allotment of heavy service. This consideration, and this alone, induced the wretched man to consent to an allowance of food for each meal, and which Robert contrived to increase in various ways that a farm must open to all cunning and hungry youths.

Notwithstanding the discouragements around him, Robert grew up with a comely person, a cheerful spirit, and a mind at least capable of learning, and desirous of understanding men and things. Yet, amidst these tokens of promise, and as the sad effect of his father's depraved example, he advanced in habits of vice quite as fast as in years, and even in an indifference to crime which barred him from all access to decent and thinking society. Twice was he apprehended, because his language in public houses had been such, as to induce suspicion of having been accessory to crimes recently committed in the parish. To what this early habit might have led, it is fearful to think. Events, however, soon transpired to take him not only from the parish, but the kingdom, and place him altogether in different circumstances.

He was just twenty-two when his father died, through severe cold in an inclement winter, and a rigid denial of himself in point of food and physic as well as fire and clothing. Perhaps, too, his death was hastened by that corroding anxiety of spirit which a man must ever suffer, who is deeply in love with money for its own sake, and never connects it with its legitimate uses in promoting individual, relative, and social comfort.

The funeral over, Robert, to whom the property fell by inheritance, prepared to leave a scene in which he had acted so discreditable a part, and which furnished not a

single tie to detain him. "They all wish me gone, and they shall soon have their wish,"—was a sentence that he often uttered, and that none but companions depraved as himself desired him not to put into practice. Their advice rather accelerated than retarded his scheme, since he had sagacity enough to perceive, and prudence sufficient to avoid, their endeavours to share his rather large possessions. "I will begin the world afresh," he resolved "in a new country, on a new farm, with new servants, and, perhaps, in a new state, for I hear that in Canada a man cannot make his way without a wife." All this would have been hopeful, at least, had he but appended one essential change to his code of resolutions—that he would begin afresh with new dispositions and a new character.

The necessity of a wife in the new world, has not always occasioned one to be taken from the old. At the same time many an emigrant, who had declined all engagement of the kind on this side the Atlantic, has not been left to the chance of making one on the other. A modern voyage to America has seldom been completed without one or two betrothments, which have risen into marriages as soon after the landing as possible. Robert Gloss was thus successful in acquiring a wife. A respectable lady of his own age was on board, proceeding to Quebec under the protection of an old and faithful servant of her family. For some days she rather seemed to repel the efforts of Robert to enter into conversation with her; but an important service he was able to render her with the captain, combined with the good opinion her servant was led to entertain of him, to induce her to consent to blend her small fortune with his larger one, and become Mrs. Gloss on their reaching the Canadian capital. There she had a brother of whom she was inde-

pendent, and whose efforts to dissuade her from the marriage were therefore unheeded.

Robert, or, as we must call him, Mr. Gloss, now felt, not only more at ease in mind than he had been before, but apparently resolved on the abandonment of every vice, and devoting himself to the sober and industrious cultivation of a large farm, which he had been successful in obtaining about thirty miles from the city. Had this resolution been the result of enlightened principle, as well as strong feeling—had he respected divine authority, as well as paid some regard to human opinion and example—had the love of religion, as well as a deference to reputation, entered into his motives—had he studied the will of God, and made Christianity the source and standard of a virtuous life—all would have been well. But his resolutions to amend his life were simply the effect of an entirely novel situation, appearing to promise much more comfort in moral habits than he had ever found in immoral ones. Thus weak and frail, they were shaken by the first temptation, and were soon cast down by fresh opportunities of indulging—as he thought with impunity—his former licentious pleasures. His wife became aware, to her sorrow, of this moral defection; and it soon after united with an increasing observation of the vulgarity and vice of his character, to determine her on leaving him, and taking up her abode in the city, at her brother's house.

Mr. Gloss made no great effort to prevent this step. He yielded to her wish to have her property settled on her for life, insisting, however, that on his surviving her it should come into his hands. Of this there was little prospect, since he recommenced a course of vice surpassing that which he had pursued in England. His health had always been good, and now the bracing air of the country, and his agricultural

and sporting pursuits, seemed, amidst all his evil indulgencies, to render it better.

But true is the proverb—" Evil pursueth Sinners." His vices soon became prolific sources of almost daily misery. The prodigal son, amidst his swine and husks, his nakedness and poverty, was scarcely more wretched than Mr. Gloss would often acknowledge himself to be, even with abounding wealth and all the luxury it could procure. At length an event took place, which roused him once more to reflection, and resulted in a change of character both entire and permanent. A murder was committed at a house of ill fame in the nearest town, a few miles from his farm. Suspicion immediately alighted on an individual so much in the confidence of Mr. Gloss, that it was deemed expedient to arrest them both, and the latter had the humiliating and distressing task of bearing witness to his chosen companion having spent the night in the house where and when the deed of blood was perpetrated. His own escape from a participation in the punishment that followed, was with some difficulty: but he at last perfectly cleared himself from all suspicion. His companion—friend, as he had always called him—declared with his dying lips that Mr. Gloss was entirely innocent, after having entreated him at their last interview in the dungeon, to amend his ways, and strive to recover the confidence of his amiable and excellent wife.

He lost no time in endeavouring to accomplish this desirable purpose. Receiving no answer to two or three letters, he resolved to seek an interview with her; and at last, in the neighbourhood of Quebec, saw her walking with her brother and his lady, who had been recently married, at a short distance. He took a slight circuit in order to meet them unawares, and, as they met, the brother strove to keep him from them by pointing a musket towards him. As all parties

stood surprised and silent, the brother's wife surveyed him with fixed attention, and in a minute exclaimed, "Surely I know this gentleman again! We have nothing to fear from him. I owe my life to his care!"

At this her husband dropped his musket, and asked for an explanation; when she said, "But for his timely interposition, I had never lived to be your wife. I was passing through a part of the wood in my native district, when I was suddenly attacked by a stranger; who at first offered no personal violence, but insisted only that I should give up my horse for a journey, while he would leave me in the care of a friend just at hand. I had rode farther than I thought in advance of my servant, and on looking back for his protection I could not see the least glimpse nor hear the least sound of his approach. Turning my horse to go back to meet him, the villain cut the stirrup, and I fell from the saddle into his arms. He was conveying me almost senseless into a concealed part of the wood, when this gentleman suddenly came up, and commanded him to release me. With many imprecations he did so, and to his kind care I was indebted I doubt not for my life."

He had listened, of course, with great interest to this recapitulation of an adventure which he had almost forgotten; and he uttered not a word, nor scarcely altered his fixed position, till her husband asked for a confirmation of these facts, or rather for such a communication from him as should establish his identity.

"You lost something of value in the affray, madam," he said, "and I believe I shall be able to convince the gentleman of my honour by restoring it to you."

Looking steadfastly at her husband, she said, "It was the watch you gave me when first we became acquainted, and the loss of which, by means I never before had courage to communicate, has been so much deplored by both of us,"



Designed by J. H. Wilson

Engraved by E. Berthoud

THE SURPRISE.

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On its being placed by Mr. Gloss in her husband's hands, the latter, still under the influence of suspicion, asked,—“How came you, Sir, to keep this stolen article so long in your possession? Three years have almost past since the theft. If you declined a participation in the grosser outrage, it seems you were willing to share, or rather monopolize, the spoil.”

“I am not, Sir,” answered Gloss, “the perfect villain you take me to be. I have injured your sister, I admit with shame; but I have been the deliverer of your wife—let that plead with you for mercy for the other offence. As to the watch, it came into my hands but a few days ago. The unhappy murderer who then forfeited his life, gave it to me at my last interview with him, and enjoined me to take the earliest opportunity of restoring it to its owner—an opportunity which I little expected so soon to enjoy. He was the assailant of the lady, and might through her resolute resistance have been her murderer, but for my being at hand. Again I entreat mercy from you and especially from your sister on her account.”

All parties appeared inclined to relent, and the repentant husband proved that he was sincere by bringing forth “*fruits meet for repentance.*”

ANNIE LESLIE,

AN IRISH STORY,

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“Then think of this maxim, and cast away sorrow,
The wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow.”

ANNIE LESLIE was neither a belle nor a beauty—a gentlewoman, nor yet an absolute peasant—“a fortune,” nor entirely devoid of dower;—although born upon a farm that adjoined my native village of Bannow, she might almost have been called a flower of many lands; for her mother was a Scot, her father an Englishman; one set of grand parents Welsh; and it *was* said that the others were—(although I never believed it, and always considered it a gossiping story), Italians, or foreigners, “from beyant the salt sea.” It was a very charming pastime to trace the different countries in Annie’s sweet expressive countenance. Ill natured people said she had a red Scottish head, which I declare to be an absolute story. The maiden’s hair was *not* red; it was a bright chesnut, and glowing as a sun-beam—perhaps in particular lights it *might* have had a tinge—but, nonsense! it was any thing but red: the cheek-bone was certainly elevated, yet who ever thought of that, when gazing on the soft cheek, now delicate as the bloom on the early peach, now purely carnationed, as if the eloquent colour longed to eclipse the beauty of the black lustrous

eyes that were shaded by long eye-lashes, delicately turned up at the points, as if anxious to act as conductors to my young friend's merry glances, of which, however, I must confess, she was usually chary enough. Her figure was unfortunately, of the Principality, being somewhat of the shortest; but her fair skin, and small delicate mouth, told of English descent. Her father was a respectable farmer, who had been induced, by some circumstance or other, to settle in Ireland, and her mother—but what have I to do with either her father or mother just now?—

The sun fires had faded in the west, and Annie was leaning on the neat green gate that led to her cottage; her eyes wandering down the branching lane; then to the softening sky, and not unfrequently to a little spotted dog, Phillis by name, who sat close to her mistress' feet; looking upwards and occasionally cocking her ear, as if she expected somebody to join their party. It was the full and fragrant season of hay-making, and Annie had borne her part in the cheerful and pleasant toil.

A blue muslin kerchief was sufficiently open to display her well-formed throat; one or two wilful ringlets had escaped from under her straw hat, and twisted themselves into very picturesque, coquetish attitudes, shaded, but not hidden, by the muslin folds: her apron was of bright check; her short cotton gown pinned in the national three-cornered fashion behind, and her petticoat of scarlet stuff, displayed her small and delicately turned ankle to much advantage. She held a bunch of mixed wild flowers in her hand, and her fingers, naturally addicted to mischief, were dexterously employed in scattering the petals to the breeze, which sported them amongst the long grass.

“Down Phillis, down Miss,” said she at last to the little dog, who, weary of rest, stood on its hind legs to kiss her

hand—"down, do, y'er always merry when I am sad, and that's not kind of ye." The animal obeyed and remained very tranquil until its mistress unconsciously murmured to herself—"Do I really love him?" Again she looked down the lane, and then, after giving a very destructive pull to one of the blossoms of a wild rose, that clothed the hedge in beauty, repeated somewhat louder, the words "Do I indeed love him?" "Never say the word twice—ye do it already, ye little rogue," replied a voice that sent an instantaneous gush of crimson over the maiden's cheek—while from amid a group of fragrant elder trees, which grew out of the mound that encompassed the cottage, sprang a tall, graceful youth, who advanced towards the blushing maiden.

I am sorry for it, but it is nevertheless an incontrovertible fact, that women, young and old,—some more and some less—are all naturally perverse; they cannot, I believe, help it; but their so being, although occasionally very amusing to themselves, is undoubtedly very trying to their lovers, whose remonstrances on the subject, since the days of Adam, might as well have been given to the winds.

It so happened that James M'Cleary was the very person Annie Leslie was thinking about; the one of all others she wished to see; yet the love of tormenting, assisted, perhaps, by a little maiden coquetry, prompted her first to curl her pretty Grecian nose, and then to bestow a hearty cuff on her lover's cheek as he attempted to salute her hand.

"Keep your distance, sir, and don't make so free," said the pettish lady.

"Keep my distance, Annie! Not make so free!" echoed James, "an' ye jist this minute, after talking about loving me!"

"Loving you, indeed! Mister James M'Cleary; it was

y'er *betters* I was thinking of, Sir; I hope I know myself too well for that."

"My *betters*, Annie, what's come over ye? Surely ye hav'n't forgot that y'er father has as good as given his consent,—and though y'er mother is partial to Andrew Furlong, the tame negur! jist because he's got a bigger house; (sure it's a public, and can't be called his own) and a few more guineas than me, and never thinks of his being greyer than his ould grey mare;—yet she'll come round;—let me alone to manage the women—(now don't look angry)—and did'nt y'er own sweet mouth say it, not two hours ago, down by the loch—and, by the same token, Annie, there's the beautiful curl I cut off with the reaping hook—that, however ye trate me, shall stay next my heart, as long as it bates—and oh, Annie, as ye sat on the mossy stone, I thought I never saw ye look so beautiful—with that very bunch of flowers that ye've been pulling to smithereens, resting on y'er lap. And it wasn't altogether what ye said, but what ye looked, that put the life in me; though ye did say—ye know ye did—'James,' says you, 'I hate Andrew Furlong, that I do, and I'll never marry him as long as grass grows or water runs, that I won't.' Now, sure, Annie, dear sweet Annie, sure ye're not going aginst y'er conscience,—and the word o' true love."

"Sir," interrupted Annie, "I don't like to be found fault with. Andrew Furlong, is what my mother says, a well-to-do dacent man, staid and steady. I'll trouble ye for my curl, Mister James—clever as ye are at managing the women, may be ye can't manage me."

James had been very unskilful in his last speech; he ought not to have boasted of his managing powers, but to have put them in practice: the fact, however, was, that though proverbially sober, the fatigue of hay-making, and

two or three “noggins” of Irish grog, had in some degree bewildered his intellects since Annie’s return from the meadow. He looked at her for a moment, drew the long tress of hair half out of his bosom, then replaced it, buttoned his waistcoat to the throat, as if determined nothing should tempt it from him, and said in a subdued voice—

“Annie, Annie Leslie, like a darlint, don’t be so fractious—for your sake—for ——”

“My sake, indeed, Sir! My sake! I’m very much obliged to you,—very much, Mister James; but let me tell ye, ye think a dale too much of y’erself to be speaking to me after that fashion, and ye *inside* my own gate; if ye were *outside* I’d tell ye my mind; but I know better manners than to insult any one at my own door-stone: it’s little other people know about dacent breeding, or they’d not abuse people’s friends before people’s faces, Mister James M’Cleary.”

“I see how it is, Miss Leslie,” replied James, really angry; “Ye’ve resolved to sell y’erself for y’er board and lodging to that great cask of London porter, Andrew Furlong by name, and a booby by nature; but I’ll not stay in the place to witness y’er parjury—I’ll go to sea, or—I’ll——”

“Ye may go where ye like,” responded the maiden, who now thought herself a much aggrieved, injured person, “and the sooner the better.” She threw the remains of the faded nosegay from her, and opened the green gate at the same instant; the gate which not ten minutes before she had rested on, thinking of James M’Cleary—thinking that he was the best wrestler, the best hurler, the best dancer, and the most sober lad in the country;—thinking, moreover, that he was as handsome, if not as genteel, as the young ’squire; and wondering if he would always love her as

dearly as he did then. Yet, in her perversity, she flung back the gate for the faithful-minded to pass from her cottage, careless of consequences, and, at the moment, really believing that she loved him not. So much for a wilful woman, before she knows the value of earth's greatest treasure—AN HONEST HEART.

“Since it's come to this,” said poor James, “any how bid me good bye, Annie.—What, not one ‘God be wid ye,’ to him who will soon be on the salt—salt sea?” But Annie looked more angry than before; thinking, while he spoke, that he would come back fast enough to her window next morning, bringing fresh grass for her kid, or food for her young linnets, or, perchance, flowers to deck her hair; or (if he luckily met Peggy the fisher) a new blue silk neckerchief as a peace-offering.

“Well, God's blessing be about ye, Annie; and may ye never feel what I do now.” So saying, the young man rushed down the green lane, frightening the wood pigeons from their repose, and putting to flight the timid hare and tender leveret, who sought their evening meal where the dew fell thickly and the clover was most luxuriant. There was a fearful reality about the youth's farewell that startled the maiden, obstinate as she was;—her heart beat violently, and the demon of coquetry was overpowered by her naturally affectionate feelings. She called, faintly at first “James, James, *dear* James;” and poor little Phillis scampered down the lane, as if she comprehended her mistress's wish. Presently, Annie was certain she heard footsteps approaching; her first movement was, to spring forward, and her next (alas! for coquetry), to retire into the parlour and await the return of her lover;—“what she wished to be true love bade her believe;”—there she stood, her eyes freed from their tears, and turned from the open window.

Presently the gate was unlatched: in another moment a hand softly pressed her arm, and a deep drawn sigh broke upon her ear.

“He is very sorry,” thought she, “and so am I.” She turned round, and beheld the good humoured rosy face of mine host of the public. His yellow bob wig evenly placed over his grey hair; his Sunday suit well brushed; and his embroidered waistcoat (pea green ground, with blue roses and scarlet lilies), covering, by its immense lapelles, no very juvenile rotundity of figure, Poor Annie, she was absolutely dumb: had Andrew been an horned owl she could not have shrunk with more horror from his grasp. Her silence afforded her senior lover an opportunity of uttering, or rather growling forth his ‘proposal.’ “Ye see, Miss Leslie, I see no reason why we two shouldn’t be married, becace I have more regard for ye, tin to one, than any young fellow could have; for I’m a man of exparience, and know wrong from right, and right from wrong—which is all one. Y’er father, but more especially y’er mother (who has oceans of sense, for a woman), are for me; and beautiful as ye are, and more beautiful for sartin than any girl in the land, yet ye can’t know what’s good for ye as well as they! And ye shall have a jaunting car—a bran new jaunting car of y’er own, to go to mass or church, as may suit y’er conscience, for I’d be far from putting a chain upon ye, barring one of roses, which Cupid waves, as the song says, ‘for all true constant loviars.’ Now Miss, machree, it being all settled—for sure ye’re too wise to refuse sich an offer!—here, on my two bare knees; in the moon bames, that Romeyo swore by, in the play I saw when I was as good as own man to an honourable member of parliament, (it was in this service he learned to make long speeches, on which

he prided himself greatly)—do I swear to be to you a kind and faithful husband—and true to you and you alone.

Mister Andrew sank slowly on his knees, for the sake of comfort resting his elbows on the window sill, and took forcible possession of Annie's hand; who, angry, mortified, and bewildered, hardly knew in what set terms to vent her displeasure. Just at this crisis the garden gate opened; and little Phillis, who by much suppressed growling had manifested her wrath at the clumsy courtship of the worthy host, sprang joyously out of the window. Before any alteration could take place in the attitudes of the parties, James M'Cleary stood before them, boiling with jealousy and rage. "So, Miss Leslie—a very pretty manner you've treated me in;—and it was for that *carcase* (and he pushed his foot against Andrew Furlong), that ye trampled me like the dust; it was because *he* has a few more bits o' dirty bank notes, that he scraped by being a lick-plate to an unworthy mimber, who sould his country to the Union and Lord Castlereagh: but ye'll sup sorrow for it—ye will, Annie Leslie, for y'er love is wid me, bad as ye are; y'er cheek has blushed, y'er eye has brightened, y'er heart has bate for me, as it never will for *you*, ye foolish, foolish ould cratur, who thinks the finest—the holiest feeling that God gives us, can be bought with gould! But I am done; as ye have sowed, Annie, so reap. I forgive ye—though my heart—my heart—is torn—almost, almost broken; for I thought ye faithful—I was wound up in ye—ye were the core of my heart—and now ————" the young man pressed his head against a cherry tree, whose wide spreading branches overshadowed the cottage, unable to articulate. Annie, much affected, rushed into the garden, and took his hand affectionately; he turned upon her a withering look, for the jealous fit was waxing stronger—

“What! do you want to make more sport of me to please y’er *young and handsome* lover? Oh! that ever I should throw ye from me.” He flung back her hand, and turned to the gate; but Andrew, the gallant Andrew, thought it behoved him to interfere when his lady-love was treated in such a disdainful manner; and after having, with his new green silk handkerchief, carefully dusted the knees of his scarlet plush breeches, came forward—

“I take it that that’s a cowardly thing for you to do, James M’Cleary—a cow——.”

“What do you say?” vociferated James, whose passion had now found an object to vent itself on,—“did you dare call me a coward?” He seized the old man by the throat, and griping him as an eagle would a land tortoise, held him at arm’s length: “Look ye, ye fat ould calf, if ye were my equal in age or strength, it is’nt talking to ye I’d be; but I’d scorn to ill trate a man of y’er years—though I’d give a thousand pounds this minute that ye were young enough for a fair fight, that I might have the glory to break every bone in y’er body—but there!”—He flung his weighty captive from him with so much violence, that mine host found himself extended amid a quantity of white-heart cabbages; while poor James sprang amid the elder trees, which before had been his place of happy concealment, and rushed away.

Annie stood erect under the shadow of the cherry tree, against which James had rested; and the rays of the clear full moon flickering through the foliage, shewed that her face was pale and still as marble. In vain did Phillis jump and lick her hand; in vain did Andrew vociferate, in tender accents, from the cabbage bed where he lay, trying first to turn upon one side, and then on the other—“Will no one take pity on me?”—“Will no body help me up?” There stood Annie, wondering if the scene were real; and if all

the misery she endured could possibly have originated with herself. She might have remained there much longer, had not her father and mother returned from the meadows, where they had been distributing the usual dole of spirits to their bare-legged labourers.

“ Hey, mercy, and what’s the matter noo !” exclaimed the old Scotch lady, “ why, Annie, ye’re clean daft for certain ; and good man Andrew ! what has happened you, that ye’er rubbing y’er clothes with y’re bit napkin, like a fury. Hey ! mercy me, if my beautiful kail isn’t perfectly ruined, as if a hail hogshead of yill had been row’d over it Speak, ye young hizzy,”—and she shook her daughter’s arm—
“ What is the matter ?”

“ Annie,” said her less eloquent father ; “ tell me all about it, love : how pale you are.” He led his child affectionately into the little parlour ; while Andrew, with doleful tone and gesture related to the “ gude wife” the whole story, as far as he was concerned. The poor girl’s feelings were at length relieved by a passionate burst of tears ; and sobbing on her father’s bosom, she told the truth, and confessed it was her love of tormenting that had caused all the mischief.

“ I do believe,” said the honest Englishman, “ all you women are the same. Your mother was nearly as bad in our courting days. James is too hot and too hasty—rapid in word and action ; and, knowing him as you do, you were wrong to trifle with him : but there love, I must, I suppose go and find him, and make all right again ; shall I, Annie ?”

“ Father !” exclaimed the girl, hiding her face in that safe resting place, a parent’s bosom.

“ Send old Andrew off, and bring James back to supper—eh ?”

“ Dear father.”

“And you will not be perverse, but make sweet friends again?”

“Dear, *dear* father.”

The good man set off on his embassy, first warning his wife not to scold Annie; adding, somewhat sternly, he would not permit her to be *sold* to any one. To which speech, had he waited for it, he would doubtless have received a lengthened reply.

As Mr. Leslie proceeded down the lane I have so often mentioned, he encountered a man well known in the country by the *soubriquet* of “Alick the Traveller,” who, with his wearied donkey, was in search of a place of rest. Alick was a person of great importance, known to every body, high and low, rich and poor, in the province of Leinster: he was an amusing, cunning, good-tempered fellow, who visited the gentlemen’s houses as a hawker of various fish, particularly oysters, which he procured from the far-famed Wexford beds: and, after disposing of his cargo, he was accustomed to re-load his panniers from our cockle strand of Bannow, which is equally celebrated for that delicate little fish. Neither shoes nor stockings did Alick wear; no, he carried them in his hand, and never put them on, until he got within sight of the *genteel* houses;—“he’d be long sorry to give dacent shoes or stockings such usage: sure his feet were well used to the stones!” His figure was tall and erect; and the long stick of sea-weed with which he urged poor Dapple’s speed, was thrown over his shoulder with the careless air that in a well dressed man would be called elegant. A weather-beaten *chapeau de paille* shaded his rough but agreeable features; and stuck on one side of it, in the twine which served as a hat-band, were a “cutty pipe,” and a few sprigs of beautifully tinted seaweed and delisk, forming an appropriate but singular gar-

niature. He was whistling loudly on his way, and cheering his weary companion occasionally by kind words of encouragement.

“God save ye this fine evening, Mr. Leslie; I was jist thinking of you, and all y’er good family, which I hope is hearty, as well as the woman that owns ye. And I was just saying to myself that maybe ye’d let me and the baste stay in the corner to-night,—for I’ve a power o’ beautiful fish, and I want to be early among the gentry. But if the misthress likes a taste of the news, or a ratling cod——”

“Alick,” said Leslie, who knew by experience the difficulty of stopping his tongue “when once it was set a going.” “Go to the house; and there’s a hearty welcome, a good supper and clean straw for you both. But tell me have you seen James M’Cleary this evening?”

“Och! is it James ye’re after? There’s a beautiful lobster, let Kenny, Paddy Kenny (may be ye don’t know Paddy the fishmonger, wid the blue door at the corner of the grass-market in Wexford), let Paddy Kenny bate that!—”

“But James M’Cleary——”

“True for ye, he’ll be glad to see ye. Now mister Leslie, tell us the truth, did ye ever see sich crabs as thim in England? Where ’ud they get them and they so far from the sea?”

“I want ——”

“I humbly ax ye’er pardon—I saw him jist now cutting off in that way, as straight as a conger eel—I had one t’other day, mister Leslie (it’s as thrue as that ye’re standing there), it weighed ——”

“What? did he go across the fields in that direction?”

“Is it he?—troth no, I skinned him as nate ——”

“Skinned who?—James M’Cleary?”

“Och no; the conger.”—

“Will you tell me in what direction you saw James M’Cleary go?—the misfortune of all Irishmen is, that they answer one question by asking another.”

“I don’t like ye to be taking the country down, after that fashion, mister Leslie: its bad manners, and I can’t see any misfortune about it; and if I did there’s no good in life of making a cry about it:—but there’s an iligant cod! there’s a whopper! there’s been no rest or peace wid that lump of a fellow all the evening—whacking his tail in sich a way in the face of ivery fish in the basket; I’ll let the misthress have him a bargain if she likes, jist to get rid of him—the Tory!——”

Leslie at last found that his questions were useless; so he motioned “Alick the Traveller” to his dwelling, and proceeded on his way to James’s cottage;—while Alick, gazing after him, half muttered, “there’s no standing thim Englishmen: the best of them are so dead like—not a word have they in their head; not the least taste in life for conversation. Catch James!—I hope it did’nt turn out bad though,” he continued, in a still lower tone: “what I said a while ago was all out o’ innocence, for a bit o’fun wid the old one.” He turned, and for a moment watched the path taken by Leslie, then proceeded on his way muttering, “’tis very quare though.”

At the door of James M’Cleary’s cottage Leslie encountered the young man’s mother. “I was jist going to your place to ask what’s come over my boy,” said she, “I can’t make him out; he came in, in sich a fluster about tin minutes ago, and kicked up sich a bobbery in no time: floostered over his clothes in the press, cursed all the women in the world, bid God bless me, and set off, full speed, like a wild deer, across the country.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Leslie.

“I know, mister Leslie, that my boy has been keeping company wid your girl; and I have nothing to say agin her: she has a dale o’ the lady about her, yet is humble and modest as any lamb; but I think may be they’ve had a bit of a ruction about some footy thing or other; but men can’t bear to be contradicted, though I own its good for them, and more especially James, who has a dale of his father in him, who I had to manage (God rest his sowl) like any babby. However, James has too much sense to go far I’m thinking—only to his aunt’s husband’s daughter, by the Black-water, fancying, may be, to bring Annie round; and so I was going to see her, to know the rights of it.”

The kind-hearted farmer told her nearly all he knew; with fatherly feeling glossing over Annie’s pettishness as much as he possibly could. Mrs. M’Cleary remained firm in her opinion that he had only gone down to the Black-water, and would return the next day. But Leslie’s mind foreboded evil. When he arrived at home, he found “Alick the Traveller” comfortably seated in the large chimney corner; a cheerful turf fire casting its light sometimes in broad masses, sometimes in brilliant flashes, over the room: the neat white cloth was laid for supper; and the busy dame was seated opposite the itinerant man of fish, laughing long and loudly at his quaint jokes and merry stories. Annie was looking vacantly from the door that was shut, to the window through which she could not see; and Phillis was stretched along the comfortable hearth, rousing herself occasionally to reprimand the rudeness of a small white kitten, Annie’s particular pet, who obstinately persisted in playing with the long silky hairs of the spaniel’s bushy tail. When Leslie entered, the poor girl’s heart beat violently; and the colour rose and faded almost at the same

moment. She busied herself about household matters to escape observation ; broke the salt-cellar in endeavouring to force it into the cruet-stand, and verified the old proverb, ‘spill the salt and get a scolding,’ for the mother did scold, in no measured terms, at the destruction of what the careless hizzy had broke.—“Did ye na ken that it had been used for twenty years and mair ?” she reiterated, “and did christian woman ever see sic folly, to force a broad salt, of thick glass, into a place that can na mair than haud a wee bottle ! The girl’s daft, and that’s the end on’t.” Notwithstanding the jests of Alick, the evening passed heavily : Annie complained of illness, and went soon to bed ; and as her father kissed her at the door of her little chamber, he felt that her cheek was moist and cold. Mrs. Leslie soon followed ; and the farmer replenished his long pipe as Alick added fresh tobacco to his stumpy one. “I’m sorry to see Miss Annie so ill,” said the honest hawker in a kindly tone ; “but this time all the girls get tired at the hay-making ; well, it bates all to think how you farmers can be continted jist wid looking on the sky, and watching the crops, over and over again in the same place. I might as well lay down and die at onst, as not keep going from place to place. One sees a dale more o’ life ; and one sees more o’ the tricks o’ the times. Och but the world’s a fine world, only for the people that’s in it !—its them *spiles* it.—I had something to say to you, mister Leslie, very particklar, that I came to the knowledge of quite innocent. Ye mind that mister Mullagher, Maley, as he calls himself for the sake of the *English*, has been playing the puck wid Lord Clifford’s tinnants, as might be expected ; for his mother was a chimbly sweeper, that had the luck to marry a dacent boy enough, only a little turned three score ; and thin this beautiful scoundrel came into the world, and betwixt the two, they left him the

power and all o' hard yellow ginnees. Now he being desperate cute, got into my lord's employ, being only a slip of a boy at the time. Well, lords to my thinking (barring the ould ancient ones), are only foolish sort of min any how. I can go bail that my Lord Clifford hadn't a full knowledge box any way, and so through one sly turn or other, this fellow bothered him so, and threw dust in his eyes, and wheedled him, that ye know at last he comes the gintleman over us; and tould me, t'other day, that as fine a jacky dorey as iver ye set y'er two goodlooking eyes on, was nothing but a fluke: the ignorant baste! Fine food for sharks he'd be; only the cratur that 'ud ate him must be hungry enough—the thief o' the world."

"What has all this to do with me, Alick?" enquired the Englishman steadily, while the traveller, incensed at the remembrance of the insult offered to his fish, scattered the burning ashes out of his cutty pipe, to the no small consternation of the crickets, merry things! who had come on the hearth-stone to regale on the cold potatoe. "I know," he continued, "that the agent, or whatever he calls himself, is no friend of mine. When my landlord came to the country he did me the honour to ask my opinion. I shewed him the improvements that I, as an English farmer, thought might be profitable to the estate; he desired me to give in an estimate of the expense. I did so; but the honest agent, or more properly speaking, middle-man, had given one in before; his lordship found that, by my arrangements, the expense was lessened one half; but Maley persuaded my lord that his plans were best, and so ——"

"Ay," interrupted Alick, "couldn't ye have been content to mind y'er farm, and not be putting English plans of improvement into an Irish head, where it's so hard to make them fit. When the devil was civil, and like a gintleman

held out his paw to ye, why didn't ye make y'er bow, and take it?—sure that had been only manners, let alone sense—don't look so bleared!—What, ye don't understand me?" Alick advanced his body slowly forward, rested his elbows on the small table, pressed his face almost close to Leslie's, whose turn it was now to lay down his pipe, and slowly said in a firm, audible whisper—"Whin Tim Mullaghar, the curse o' the poor—the thing in man's shape, but widout a heart—met ye one evening by chance, as you thought, at the far corner of the very field ye cut to-day: what tempted ye (for ye mind the time, my Lord thought a dale about y'er English notions thin), whin he axed ye, as sweet as new milk, to join him in that very estimate unknownst to my Lord, and said, ye mind, that it might be made convanient to the both o' ye, and a dale more to the same purpose: and instead of seeming to come in, my jewil! *you* talked something about 'tegrity and honour, which was as hard for him to make out as priest's Latin, and walked off as stately as the tower of Hook."

"But I never mentioned a syllable of his falsehood to do him injury," exclaimed the astonished farmer; "I never breathed it even to Lord Clifford."

"And more fool you—I ax y'er pardon, but more fool you—that was y'er time; and it was the time for more than that, it was the time for ye to get a new laase upon the ould terms, and not to be trusting to lords' promises, which are as easy broke as any body else's."

"You are a strange fellow, Alick, how did you know any thing about my lease? at all events, though it is expired, I am safe enough, for I am sure that even Maley could not wish a better tenant."

"A better tinant!" responded Alick, fairly laughing: "A better tinant!—faiit that's not bad. What does he care,

whether ye'er a good or bad tinant to my lord ; doesn't he want, man alive ! to have ye body and sowl ! the riglar rint, to be sure, for the master ; all fair : the little *dooshure* for himself, the saaling money, if a laase is to the fore, and a five-pound note, not amiss as a civility to his bit of a wife ; thin the duty-hens, duty-turkies, duty-geese, duty-pigs ; thin the spinning and the knitting. Sure, if my lord or my lady isn't to the fore, they'll save them the trouble of looking after sich things ; and they, ye know, get the cash ; that is as much as the agent chooses to say is their due, and spend it in foreign parts, widout thinking o' the tears and the blood it costs at home :—Och, mister Leslie ! it's no wonder if we'd have the black heart to sich as them !”

Leslie, for the first time of his life, felt a doubt as to the nature of the situation in which he was placed, he looked around upon the fair white walls, so dear : so very dear to the purest affections of his heart : every object had a claim on his bosom, even the long brass peg upon which his great coat hung behind the door, was as valuable to him as if it were of gold.

“ I can hardly understand this,” said he at last, “ you know I have always been on good terms with my neighbours, yet I have acquired little knowledge in these matters, I have always paid my rent to the moment ; and as my twenty-one years' lease only expired two or three days ago, I have had little opportunity of judging how Irish agents behave on such occasions.”

“ Don't be running down the country, mister Leslie,” said Alick, quickly, “ there's a dale in the differ betwixt the rale gentry and such *musheroons* as he ; but keep a look out ; for he's after no good. The day afore yesterday, whin he behaved so unhandsome to my jackey dorey ; ('twould ha' done y'er heart good to look at that beautiful fish), he was

walking with another spilloque of a fellow (the gauger, by the same token); and so, as they seemed as thick as two rogues, whispering and nodding, and laying down the law, I thought if I let the baste go on, he'd keep safe to the road, and so as they walked up one side of the hedge that leads to the hill, I jist streeled up the other, to see, for the honour of ould Ireland, if I could fish out the rogue's meaning. Well, to be sure! they settled as how the rint should be doubled on the land that fell, more especially yours, and fines raised, and the gauger's to act as 'turney:' but he said that he knew you'd pay any thing rather than lave the house ye settled up y'erself; and then t'other said that ('twas the word he spoke), 'the ould Scotch cat' wouldn't let ye spind the money; and then t'other held to it and said, ye must go, for ye set a bad example of indipindence to the neighbours, and a dale more; but the upshot was, that they must get rid o' ye. And now, God be wid ye, and do y'er best; and take care of that girl o' yours, and don't let the mistress bother her about that ould man, any more; she's full o' little tricks—may *sense*, not *sorrow*, sober thim, say I: good night, and thank ye kindly, mister Leslie, I'm the boy 'ill look to ye, and don't think bad o' my saying that to the likes o' you; for ye remimber how the swallow brought word to the eagle where the fowler stood. God's blessing be about ye all, Amin!" And the keen, wandering, good-natured fellow left the house, to share, according to custom, Dapple's couch of clean straw, in the neighbouring shed.

The next morning Leslie's family received a visit from the agent, to the surprise of Annie and her mother, who welcomed him with much civility, while the farmer's naturally independent feelings, struggled stoutly with his interests. If there be one thing more than another that I love in the character of English yeomen, it is their steady bearing

towards their superiors: they feel that they are free-born men, and they act as such; but an Irish farmer must play the spaniel to his landlord, and to all that belong to his household, or bear his name: the very sound of justice is to him unknown, he hardly dare believe himself a man, much less fancy that from his Maker's hand he came forth a being gifted with quick and high intellect; with a heart to feel and a head to think, as well, if not better, than the lord of the soil. But Mind, though it may be suppressed, cannot be destroyed; with the Irish peasant *cunning* frequently takes the place of *boldness*, and he becomes dangerous to his oppressors. Landlords may thank their own wretched policy for the crimes of their tenantry, when they cease to reside amongst, or even visit them, but leave them to the artful management of ignorant and debased middle-men, who uniformly have but two principles of action—to blindfold their employer, and gain wealth at the expense of proprietor and tenant.

“Y’er house is always nate and clane, Mrs. Leslie,” said Maley, “and y’er farm does ye credit, master; I’m sorry it’s out of lase, but my duty to my employer obliges me to tell you, that a new lase, if granted, must be on more advantageous terms to his lordship. Y’er present payments, arable and meadow land together, average something about two pound five or six per acre.

“Yes,” replied Leslie, “always paid to the hour.”

“And if it please ye, Sir,” said the good dame, “when his lordship was down here, he made us a faithfu’ promise, on the honour of a gentleman, that he’d renew the lease on the same terms, in consideration of the money and pains my husband bestowed on the land.”

The agent turned his little grey eye sharply on the honest creature, and gave a grunt, that was less a laugh than a

note of preparation for one, observing, "May-be he's lost his memory; for there, Mr. Leslie, is the proposal he ordered me to make—he threw a sheet of folded foolscap on the table), so you may take it or lave it."

"He was preparing to quit the cottage, when his eye glanced on a basket of turkey eggs, that Annie had arranged to set under a favourite hen—"What fine eggs," he exclaimed, "I'll take two or three to shew my wife." And one after another he deposited all the poor girl's embryo-chickens in his capacious pockets.

Leslie really roused by the barefaced impudence of the act, was starting forward to prevent it, when his wife laid her hand on his arm; not that she did not sorrow after the spoil, but she had a point to gain.

"May-be, Sir, ye'd jist tell me the laird's present address; Annie put it down on that bit paper."

"Tell his address! any thing ye have to say must be to me, good woman. And so ye write, pretty one, I wonder what is the use of taaching such girls as you to write: but ye're up to love letters before this; ay, ay, ye'll make the best of y'er black eyes, my dear." With this insulting speech the low man in power left the cottage.

Bitter was the anguish felt by that little party. The father sat, his hands supporting his head, his eyes fixed on the exorbitant demand the agent had left upon his table; large tears passed slowly down Annie's cheek; and if the poor mother suffered less than the others, it was because she talked more.

"Dinna be cast doon, Robert," said she, at last, to her husband, "ye hae nae reason, even if he ask sae much money, as ye say, as a premium, forbye other matters; why, there are as gude farms elsewhere, and landlords that look after their tenants themselves. Oh that wicked, wicked

wretch, to see him pocket the eggs—and his speech to my poor Annie.”

“My darling girl!” exclaimed the father, pressing his daughter to his bosom, where he held her long and anxiously.

It was almost impossible for Leslie to accede to the terms demanded: four pounds an acre for the land, a heavy fine, and both duty-work, and duty-provisions, required in abundance.

“Dinna think o’t, Robert,” repeated the dame, “we’ll go elsewhere, and find better treatment. If ye keep it at that rate, we shall all starve.” But the farmer’s heart yearned to every blade of grass that had grown beneath his eye: he hoped to frustrate the intended evil, and yet keep the land. His crops had been prosperous, his cattle healthy; then his neighbours, when, through Alick’s agency, they found how matters stood, had, with the genuine Irish feeling that shines more brightly in adversity than in prosperity, come forward, affectionately tendering their services.

“Sure the cutting the hay need niver cost ye a brass fardin,” said the kind hearted mower, “I’m half my time idle, and I may jist as well be doing something for you, as nothing for myself; so don’t trouble about it, Sir, dear; we like to have ye among us.”

Then came “Nelly the Picker,” as the spokeswoman of all her sisterhood, “don’t think of laving us, Mrs. Leslie, Ma’am, sure every one of us ’ill come as usual, but widout fee or reward, excipt the heart love, and do twice as much for that as for the dirty money; and I’ll go bail the pratees will be as well picked, and the corn as well reaped, bound, and stacked, as iver. Sure, though we didn’t much like ye at first, hasn’t Miss Annie grown among us, born as she is on the sod, and a credit to it too, God be praised.”

These were all very gratifying instances of pure and simple affection: and, indeed, Andrew Furlong forgot his somerset in the cabbage-bed, and posted down to the farm with his stocking full of gold and silver coins of ancient and modern date, which were all at Leslie's service, to pay the premium required by the agent for the renewal of the lease. This last favour, however, the worthy farmer would not even hear of; he therefore sold a great part of his stock, and to the annoyance of the agent, obtained the lease. From this circumstance, he might be said to triumph over the machinations of his enemy, but matters soon changed sadly: the family was as industrious as ever; the same steady perseverance on the farmer's part; the same bustle and unwearying activity on that of the good dame; and though poor Annie's cheek was more pale and her eyes less bright, yet did she unceasingly labour in and out of their small dwelling. Notwithstanding all these exertions, the next season was a bad one; their sheep fell off in the rot, their pigs had the measles, their chickens the pip, and two of their cows died in calf. Never did circumstances in the little space of six months undergo so great a change. Leslie's silence amounted almost to sullenness; his wife talked much of their ill fortune; Annie said nothing; but her step had lost its elasticity, her figure its grace, and her voice seldom trolled the joyous, or even the mournful songs of her native land in the elder bower, that, before the departure of James McCleary, had rung again and again, with merry laughter and music. James never returned after that eventful evening; and his mother had only twice heard from him since his absence; his letters were brief—"He had gone," he said, "to sea, to enable him to learn something, and to forget much." His mother and younger brother managed the farm with much skill and attention, during his absence. No

token, no word of *her* whom he had doatingly loved, appeared in his letters. It was evident that he tried to think of her as a heartless jilting woman, unworthy to possess the affections of a sensible man; but there must have been times when the remembrance of her full beauty, of her frank and generous temper, of her many acts of charity (and in those she was never capricious), came upon him; then the last scene at the cottage was forgotten, and he remembered alone her sweet voice, and sweeter look in the hay meadow when he cut off the curling braid of hair which doubtless rested on his bosom in all his wanderings. And then he refreshed his memory by gazing on it, in the clear moon-light, during the night watches, when only the eye of heaven was upon him. Let not any one imagine that such love is too refined to throb in a peasant's bosom; trust me it is not. The being who lives amid the beauties of nature, although he may not express, must feel the elevating, yet gentle influence of herb, and flower, and tree. Many a time have I heard the ploughman suspend his whistle to listen to that of the melodious blackbird; and well do I remember the beautiful expression of one of my humblest neighbours, when resting on his hay fork, he had silently watched the sun as it set over a country glowing in its red and golden light, "it is very grand yet hard to look upon," said he, "one can almost think it God's holy throne."

The last letter that reached our sailor-friend contained, amongst others of similar import, the following passage—"Ye'll be sorry to hear, James, (though it's nothing to ye now), that times are turned bad with the Leslies; there has been a dale of underhand work by my lord's agent; and the girl's got a cold dismal look. My heart aches for the poor thing; for her mother is set upon her marrying Andrew Furlong, which she has no mind in life to."

Gale-day (as the rent-day is called in Ireland), had come and gone, and much sorrow was in the cottage of Robert Leslie. In the grey twilight he sat in a darkened corner of his little parlour, the very atmosphere of which appeared clouded; the dame stood at the open casement, against which Annie reclined, more like a stiffened corpse, than a breathing woman. Andrew Furlong was seated also at a table, looking earnestly on the passing scene.

"Haven't ye seen," said the mother, "haven't ye seen, Annie, the misery that's come upon us, entirely by my advice being no minded. And are ye goin' tamely to see us turned out o' house and hame, when we have na the means of getting anither? I, Annie," she continued, "am amaisht past my labour; ah, my bonny bairn, it was for *you* we worked; for *you* we toiled; y'er faither an' me had but the one heart in that; and if the Lord Almighty has pleased to take it frae us, its na reason why you should forget how ye were still foremost in y'er parents' love."

Annie answered nothing.

"Speak to her Robert," said Mrs. Leslie, "she disna mind me noo."

Annie raised her eyes reproachfully to her mother's face. The farmer came forward,—he kissed the marble brow of his pale child, and she rested her head on his shoulder. As he turned towards her she whispered, "Is all indeed as bad as mother says?"

"Even so," was his reply, "unless *something* be done, to-morrow we shall have no home. Annie, it is to shield you I think of this; my delicate, fading flower, how could you labour as a hired servant? And—God in his mercy look upon us!—I should not be able to find a roof to shelter my only child."

"My bairn," again commenced Mrs. Leslie, "sure the

mother that gave ye birth can wish for naething sae much as y'er weel-doing. And sure sic a man as Maister Furlong could na' fail to make ye happy. All the goud y'er faither wants he will gie us noo, trusting to his bare word; to-morrow, and it will be too late;—all these things sauld—the sneers of that bitter man—the scorn (for poverty is aye scorned) of a cauld warld—and, may-be, y'er faither in a lanely prison; eh, child!—what could ye do for him then?"

"Mother," exclaimed the girl, starting with a convulsive motion from her father's shoulder; "say no more; here—a promise is all he wants to prevent this—here is my hand—give it where you please." She stretched out her arm to its full length—it was rigid as iron. Furlong advanced to take it, and whether Leslie would have permitted such a troth-plight or not cannot now be ascertained, for the long form of Alick the Traveller, stalked abruptly into the room.

"Asy, asy, for God's sake; put up y'er hand Miss Annie, dear; keep your sate, I beg, Mister Furlong; no rason in life for y'er rising; all of ye be asy. Will nobody quiet that woman, for God's sake?" he continued, seeing that the dame was, naturally enough, angry at his intrusion; "first let me say my say, and be off, for sorra' a minute have I to waste upon ye. Robert Leslie by name, didn't I, onst upon a time, tell ye truth; and a sore hearing it was, sure enough. Well thin, I tell it ye agin, and if it's not true, why ye may hang me as high as Howth;—don't let y'er daughter mum herself away after that fashion. Mister Furlong, ye're a kind-hearted man, so ye are, and many a bit an' a sup have ye bestowed upon me and the baste—thank ye kindly for that same—but yarra a much sense ye have, or ye would'nt be looking after empty nuts:—what the divil would be the good o' the hand o' that cratur, widout her heart? And that ye'll niver have. Mistress Leslie, Ma'am, honey, don't

be after blowing me up;—now jist think—sure I know that ye left the bonny hills and the sweet scented broom of Scotland, to marry that Englishman. And ye mind the beautiful song that ye sing far before ony one I iver heard—about loving in youth, and thin climbing the hill, and thin sleeping at the fut of it—John Anderson ye call it: wouldn't ye rather have y'er heart's first love, though he's ould and grey now, than a king upon his throne? Ay, woman, that touches ye! And do ye think *she* hasn't some o' the mother's feel in her? Now Mister Leslie, don't—don't any of ye make her promise to-night; ye'll bless me for this, even you, Mister Andrew, by to-morrow sunset; promise, Robert Leslie——”

“You told me truth before,” said the bewildered man, “and I have no right to doubt you now—I do promise.”——Alick strode out of the cottage; Andrew followed, like an enraged turkey cock, and the family were left again in solitude. The words of the fisherman had affected Mrs. Leslie deeply: she had truly fancied she was seeking her child's happiness; and, perhaps for the first time, she remembered how miserable she should have been with any other husband than “her ain gude-man.”

The little family passed the night almost in the very extremity of despair. “Such,” said Leslie afterwards, “as I could not pass again; for the blood now felt as if frozen in my veins—now rushing through them with fearful rapidity—and as my head rested on my poor wife's shoulder, the throbbing of my bursting temples but echoed the beating of her agitated heart.” The early light of morning found Annie in a heavy sleep; and the mid-day sun glowed as brightly as if it illumined the pathway of princes, on three or four ill-looking men who entered the dwelling of the farmer. Their business was soon commenced—it was a

work of heart-sickening desolation. On Annie's pure and simple bed sat one of the officials, noting down each article in the apartment. Leslie, his arms folded, his lips compressed, his forehead gathered in heavy wrinkles over his brow, stood firmly in the centre of the room. Mrs. Leslie sat, her face covered with her apron—which was soon saturated by her tears, and poor little Phillis crouched beneath her chair;—Annie clung to her father's arms; her energies were roused as she feelingly appealed to the heartless executors of the law. What increased the wretchedness of the scene was the presence of Mr. Maley himself, who seemed to exult over the misery of his victims. He was not, however, to have it all his own way; several of the more spirited neighbours assembled, and forgot their own interests in their anxiety for the Leslies. One young fellow entered, waving his shilela, and swearing, in no measured terms, that "he'd spill the last drop of his heart's blood afore a finger should be laid on a single scrap in the house." The agent's scowl changed into a sneer as he pointed to the document he held in his hand. This, however, was no argument to satisfy our Irish champion; and in truth matters would have taken a serious turn, but for the prompt interference of an old man, who held back the arms of the young hero. The door was crowded by the sympathising peasantry; some, by tears, and many by deep and awful execrations, testified their abhorrence of the man "dressed in a little brief authority." "Oh," ejaculated Mrs. Leslie, "Oh! that I had never lived to see this day of ruin and disgrace. Oh! Annie *you* let it come to——"

"Hold, woman," exclaimed her husband, "remember what we repeated last night to each other; remember how we prayed, when this poor child was sleeping as in the sleep of death; remember how we both bethought of the

fair names of our parents; how you told me of the men of your kin who fought for their faith among your native Scottish hills; and my own ancestors, who left their possessions and distant lands for conscience' sake! Oh woman, Janet, remember the words, 'yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' "

Doubtless Mrs. Leslie felt in their full force these sweet sounds of consolation;—again she hid her face and wept. It is in the time of affliction that the words of Scripture pour balm upon the wounded spirit;—in the world's turmoil they are often unhappily forgotten; but in sorrow they are sought for, even as the hart seeketh for the water brook.

The usually placid farmer had scarcely given vent to this extraordinary burst of feeling, when there was a bustle outside the door, which was speedily accounted for. A post chaise! rattling down the lane and stopping suddenly opposite the little green gate: from off the crazy bar, propt upon two rusty supporters in front of the creaking vehicle, sprang our old friend, Alick the Traveller:—"Huzza! huzza boys! Ould Ireland for ever! Och! but the bones o' me are in smithereens from the shaking. Huzza for justice! Boys, dear, wont ye give *one* shout for justice?—*tisn't often it troubles ye*—Och! stand out o' my way for I'm dancing mad! Och! by St. Patrick!—Stand back ye pack o' bog-trotters 'till I see the meeting. Och! love is the life of a nate—Och! my heart's as big as a whale!"

While honest Alick was indulging in these and many similar exclamations, capering, snapping his fingers, jumping (to use his own expressions) "sky high," and shouting, singing and swearing, with might and main, two persons had descended from the carriage. One, a tall slight gentlemanly man, fashionably enveloped in a fur travelling cloak; the other a jovial sailor, whose handsome face was expressive of the deepest anxiety and feeling.

The sailor was James M'Cleary; the gentleman—but I must carry my story decorously onwards:—

Poor Annie! she had suffered too much to coquet it again. Whether she fainted or not I do not recollect; but this I know, that she leaned her weeping face upon James's shoulder; and that the expression of his countenance varied to an almost ludicrous degree:—now beaming with love and tenderness as he looked upon the maiden—now speaking of “death and destruction,” to the crest-fallen agent. The gentleman stood for a moment wondering at every body and every body wondering at him. At last, in a firm voice he said, “I stop this proceeding; and I order you—(and he fixed a withering glance upon Maley) I do not recollect your *name*, although I am perfectly acquainted with your *nature*—I order you, Sir, to leave this cottage; elsewhere you shall account for your conduct.” Maley sank into his native insignificance in an instant; but then impudence the handmaid of knavery, came to his assistance: pulling down his wig with one hand, and holding his spectacles on his ugly red snub nose with the other, he advanced to where the gentleman stood, and peering up into his face, while the other eyed him as an eagle would a vile carrion crow, inquired, with a quivering lip that ill assorted with his words' bravery,—“And who the devil are you, Sir, who interferes in what does'nt by any manner of means concern you!”

“As you wish to know, Sir,” replied the gentleman, removing his hat and looking kindly around on the peasants, “I am brother to your landlord!” Oh! for a Wilkie to paint the serio-comic effect of that little minute!—the look of abashed villany—the glorious feeling that suffused the honest farmer's countenance—the uplifted hands and ejaculations of Mrs. Leslie—the joyous face of Annie, glistening

all over with smiles and tears—the hearty honest shout of the villagers—and even the merry bark of little Phillis;—then Alick, striding up to the late man of power, his long back curved into a humiliated bend, his hand and arm fully extended, his right foot a little advanced, while his features varied from the most contemptuous and satirical expression to one of broad and gratified humcur, addressed him, with mock reverence: “Mister Maley, Sir, will ye allow me (as the gentry say), the pleasure to see ye out: it’s your turn now, ould boy, tho’ ye don’t know a fluke from a jacky-dorey.”

“Sir—my lord,” stammered out the unfortunate man, “I don’t really know what is meant, I acted for the best—for his lordship’s interest.”

“Peace man,” interrupted the gentleman; “I do not wish to expose you; there is my brother’s letter: to-morrow I will see you at his house, where his servants are now preparing for my reception.” The man and his minions shrunk away as well and as quietly as they could; and the Leslies had now time to wonder how all this change had been brought about; the neighbours lingering around the door, with a pardonable curiosity, to “see the last of it.”

“Ye may thank that gentleman for it all,” said James; “besides being brother to the landlord, I had the honour to sarve under him, in as brave a ship as ever stept the sea, and ye mind when matters were going hard here, Alick (God for ever bless him for it) turned to at the pen, and wrote me every particular, and all about the agent’s wickedness; and (may I say it, Annie, *now*)? y’er love for me: and how out of divilment he sent the ould man to make love to you that sorrowful evening—when I went away—and then put me up to catch him; little thinking how the jealousy would drive me mad: well, his honour the captain had no pride in him —’

"Stop, my brave lad, with *you*, I could have none," exclaimed the generous officer; "where the battle raged the most, *you* were at my side; and when in boarding the Frenchman, I was almost nailed to the deck, *you*, *you* rushed forward, and amid death and danger, bore me sadly wounded, in your arms, back to my gallant ship." He extended his hand to the young Irishman, who pressed it respectfully to his lips.—"To see the like o' that now," said Alick, "to see him shaking hands with one that's as good as a lord!"—"I held frequent conversations with my brave friend," continued the captain, "and at length he enlightened me as to the treatment my brother's tenants experienced from the agent, and I am come down expressly to see justice done to all, who I am sorry to find have suffered from the ill effects of the absentee system. Miss Leslie, I am sorry to lose so good a sailor, but I only increase my number of friends, when I resign James M'Cleary to his rightful owner."

"Och! my dears," exclaimed Alick; "it's as good as a play—a beautiful play: and there's good man Andrew coming over; don't toss him in the cabbage-bed, James, honey, this time. And, James, dear, there's your ould mother running up the lane,—well, ould as she is, she bates Andrew at the step. Och! Miss Annie, don't be looking down after that fashion. And, Sir, my lord, if y'er honour plases, ye won't forget the little bit o' ground for the baste."

"Every thing I have promised I will perform," said the young man as he withdrew.—Which I must do also, assuring all who read my story that, however strange it may appear, Annie made an excellent wife, never flirted the least bit in the world, except with her husband; and practically remembered her father's wise and beautiful text—"I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

REMBRANDT'S WORK-SHOP.

Rembrandt solus. Too much light here still. I must deepen the shadows even more, until the figures begin to shine out as they ought. And now for Pharaoh's Baker, whose dream is not yet interpreted; so that he looks up earnestly in the face of Joseph, and receives a strong gleam through the iron bars. So—and again—so. Now for the shadows again. To talk to me of Guido, with his shallow, gray, and trivial open lights! Ah ha! 'tis I who am Rembrandt—and there is no other. (*A knock at the door.*) Heaven send a purchaser! Come in.

Dutch Trader. Good morrow, friend. I wish to have a picture of yours to leave my wife, before I go to sail the salt seas again.

Rem. Would you have your own face painted?

Trader. My face has seen both fair and foul, in its time, and belike it may not do for a canvass, for I am no fresh water pippin-cheek.

Rem. Bear a good heart. Your face is of the kind I like. There is no room for tricks of the pencil upon too smooth a skin.

Trader. By this hand, I know nothing of these things; but my wife shall have a picture.

Rem. A large hat would serve to shadow your eyes; and there should be no light till we come down to the point of your nose, which would be the only sharp in the picture. Nothing but brownness and darkness every where else. Pray you, sit down here, and try on this great hat.

Trader. Nay, by your leave, I will look at these pictures on the wall first. What is this?

Rem. It is a Turk whom I have seen in the streets of Amsterdam. I like to paint a good beard; and you see how angrily this man's beard is twisted.

Trader. A stout Pagan, and a good fighter, I warrant you. I feel as if I could fetch him a cut over the crown; for my ship was once near being run down by an Algerine.

Rem. Look at the next. 'Tis the inside of a farmer's kitchen.

Trader. Nay, I could have told you that myself; for these pails of milk might be drunk; and there is old grandam twirling her spindle. When next I go to live at my brother Lucas's farm, I shall persuade him to buy this picture. It shows the fat and plenteous life which he lives, when I am sailing the salt seas.

Rem. Here is a sea-piece.

Trader. Why, that is good also; but this sail should have been lashed to the binnacle;—for, d'ye see, when a vessel is spooning against a swell, she pitches, and it is necessary to——

Rem. You are right: I must have it altered. How does this landscape please you?

Trader. Why, it is a good flat country; but exhibits none of those great rocks which I have seen in foreign parts. I have seen burning mountains, which would have made the brush drop from your hand. I have sailed round the world, and seen the waves rising to the height of Haerlem steeple, and nothing but cannibals on shore to make signals to.

Rem. Well—and which of the pictures will you have? you shall have your choice of them for forty ducats.

Trader. Nay, now you are joking. Who will give you forty ducats? When at dinner with the burgo-master lately, I heard a collector putting prices on your works. He said, if we would wait, your market would certainly fall, for you had too many on hand.

Rem. My market shall not fall. I will see this collector at the bottom of the ocean first. But come now, let us be reasonable together. I will paint your portrait for thirty. Take your seat.

Trader. Not so fast. My wife must be conferred with, and, if she approves, perhaps I may come back. Meanwhile, good morning. (*Exit.*)

Rem. A curse on these picture-dealing babblers. How shall I be revenged on them? My pictures are as good as the oldest extant, and, if I were dead, every piece would sell for as much gold as would cover it. But I see what must be done. Come hither, wife, and receive a commission. Go straight to the joiner's, and order him to prepare for my funeral.

Rembrandt's Wife. What is the meaning of this? Are your wits turned?

Rem. My wits are turned towards money-making. I must counterfeit myself dead, to raise the price of my works, which will be valued as jewels, when there is no expectation of any more.

Wife. Now I perceive your drift. Was there ever such a contrivance! You mean to conceal yourself and have a mock funeral?*

Rem. Yes; and when my walls are unloaded I shall appear again. So that after the picture-dealers have been brought to canonize me for a dead painter, and when they have fairly ventured out their praise and their money, they shall see me come and lay my hands upon both.

Wife. How will it be possible for me to cry sufficiently, when there is no real death?

Rem. Make good use of the present occasion to perfect yourself in your part, for you will one day have to repeat it.

* This was a fact. See Rembrandt's Life.

THE BRIDE,

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF MARIA THERESA.

THE empress and her daughter stood together : alike singularly alike, as they were, in height, in the same high, finely-cut features, the same clear blue eyes, the same fair Saxon complexion, yet the likeness, which seemed so strong at the first look, became almost a contrast as that look was prolonged into observation. It was not the difference of age, for the mother's eye was as bright, and her cheek as rich in colour, as her daughter's ; but the sweetness which was in Maria Theresa's smile only, was in every line of the archduchess's face. The azure depths of the eyes, in the one, mirrored every thought and every feeling ; those of the other expressed but what they chose should appear. Each had the same fair broad forehead ; but in the elder one a slight contraction of the brow had become habitual. Both stepped with the stately bearing of a noble race ; but Maria Theresa moved as if over the neck of a prostrate world, while Josepha seemed as if she would have turned aside rather than crush the meanest worm on her path. Both were splendidly dressed—the young princess as a bride ; the diamond tiara was surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers, the white velvet train embroidered with pearls, and a veil of silver tissue fell almost to her feet. The bright and gay appearance of the youthful archduchess was little in unison with the rest of the scene. The huge

and dark chamber was hung with crimson damask worked with gold; but the gold had been long tarnished, and the brilliancy had passed away from the crimson. Portraits in massive frames, the gilding as dim as the colours, covered the walls. Most of them were garbed in black velvet, according to the Spanish taste, and the heavy brow and thick lip all bespoke their Austrian descent. At the upper end of the room was a purple canopy which had been raised over a temporary altar; towards this the empress led her daughter, and the shadow of the canopy fell dark upon the young bride. A small group gathered round—staid, grave-looking men—who, whatever of fierce passion might be in the heart, had long banished all betrayal of it from the face. The face of the emperor, who, till summoned to give his daughter's hand, stood in the background, was the only one that had aught of the expression of humanity—and that expression was only of its weakness. But where was the bridegroom? Miles and miles away. The royal lover wooed by an envoy and wins by a treaty. In his place, his ambassador stood forth—an aged nobleman, who, having spent a whole life in the observance of forms, held them to be the highest attributes of human nature.

The ceremony proceeded, and, at its close, the ambassador dropped on his knee and kissed the hand of the Duchess of Parma. Josepha turned, and would have knelt to her mother, but this the empress prevented, and, folding her in her arms, pressed her lips to her brow, and wished her many years of happiness. Very ungracefully, but very affectionately, the emperor pressed forward; by this time he had forgotten all the advantages of the alliance, and every thing but that he was about to lose his favourite child. Maria Theresa evidently endured

this display very impatiently ; her husband met her eye, and—with that species of experience which must be peculiarly adapted to fools, for it is they who are said to learn by it—read its meaning, and shrunk back into silence and himself. The Marquis di Placentia now gave a signal to an attendant, and a page stepped forward with a casket ; its contents the ambassador again knelt to offer to his new sovereign. It was the portrait of the Duke of Parma, fastened to a chain of brilliants. The empress herself took the picture and placed it round her daughter's neck.

A collation was spread in the adjoining room, and thither the party adjourned. Many others of the court were now admitted to offer their congratulations, and it was late in the day before the Duchess of Parma could be permitted to retire. Weary with fatigue, and oppressed by heat, Josepha gladly withdrew to her own chamber. Summoning her attendants, she hastened to put off her cumbrous dress.

“ I will put on my canoness robe,” said the duchess ; a costume frequently worn both by herself and sisters.

“ Nay,” exclaimed Pauline, a favourite attendant, “ not black upon your wedding-day, it is so very unlucky !”

The princess persisted, and, after helping her on with the loose black silk robe, at her command Pauline withdrew. Josepha seated herself by the open casement, and for the first time gazed on the miniature she wore. The duke's face was one of uncommon beauty and intelligence ; the softness of the enamel and the skill of the painter might have added something to the beauty, but you felt the expression was copied, not given. The bride felt a sense of happiness and security steal over her as she watched the open and kindly meaning of the eyes, that seemed to answer

to her own. Perhaps, too, the outward influences of the lovely evening-time might give something of their own soothing sweetness. The air came through the window, with the odours of the garden below and the freshness of the dews above—for the heat was melting in a gentle rain. Suddenly a strain of music floated upon the air; it was from a band belonging to the palace, and they played a slow and beautiful Italian air. There were words belonging to the song—Josepha knew them—they spoke of passionate and happy love; she blushed as she glanced at the portrait, and then leaned back, half to listen to the distant tones, and half to dream of the future, as the young dream when hope prophesies by the imagination. She was yet lost in fantasies so vivid that truth itself seemed not so actual, when the door of her apartment slowly opened, and she started from her seat in wonder to see the empress. Maria Theresa was cold and haughty in her general manner; one too who brooked not that her will should meet with question, much less opposition: little marvel was it, therefore, that her child rose with an attitude rather of deference than of affection. But her mother's manner was kind even to softness, and when Josepha drew forwards the large arm-chair she refused it, and, gently taking her daughter's hand, placed herself too in the window seat.

“Those books are Italian, and the music I hear in the distance is Italian. Ah, my child, even now you are striving to forget us! Alas! our station too much separates those gentler ties which, in lowlier life, bind so closely! How often must I, even to you, my own beloved girl, have seemed stern and severe; for I know a life of anxiety and struggle leaves its own harshness behind. But when, Josepha, in another country you think of your mother,

remember with what difficulties that mother has had to contend."

Josepha's only answer was to catch the hand, now placed caressingly amid her beautiful hair, and to cover it with kisses, ay, and also tears.

"A parting like ours," resumed the empress, "is like one beside the grave; let it be in all love and charity. Forgive me, my child, if aught of reproach you have against your mother."

The duchess flung herself at Maria Theresa's feet. "Nay, forgive me, my beloved and reverend parent, it ever the petulance of my age has caused me to forget the love and duty I owed! Bless me, my mother!"

"God bless you, my beloved Josepha!" said the empress tenderly and solemnly.

The pause of feeling in both was broken by Maria Theresa looking at the miniature of the Duke of Parma.

"I like the expression of this face—it agrees with what I have heard of his character; and yet, when I think of the distance which will be between, I seem to dread thus trusting your happiness beyond my control. As yet, you know so little the dangers and the difficulties of a position like yours."

"But, my mother," said the duchess, "surely I might be aided by your knowledge."

"The young submit not willingly to be guided by the old. Youth has but a half experience—it has seen but the bright side, and makes no allowance for the coming shadows. How often have I known the sage counsels which would have averted danger treated not only with indifference but even scorn!"

"But not by me," exclaimed her hearer earnestly; "your words will be treasured in my heart like gold."

“My dearest Josepha, I doubt your will to obey as little as I do your love ; but I fear the natural thoughtlessness of youth. I could almost now regret that an unwillingness to weigh down the bright brief period of your life has prevented my depressing your young spirits by ever communicating the weight on my own mind. I have been over prudent. I fear you are ill fitted to meet all the exigencies of your novel situation. Beautiful, and with a mind like yours (I have observed its powers, Josepha, more than you may deem), your influence over your husband must be—will be—absolute. Think not, dearest child, that I undervalue your desire to know and follow the right ; but oh, that I could give you some of my experience !”

“Can you not, dear mother and sovereign ? You know not how reverentially I should hear, and how carefully I should follow, your advice !”

This was the very point to which the empress wished to bring her daughter. First kissing the beautiful face which was bent towards her in the earnestness of entreaty, she began speaking. Her natural gifts of persuasion were great ; her voice mingled sweetness and firmness ; and her smile—it was that for whose sake the gallant chivalry of Hungary swore to die. At first her listener seemed to yield the most earnest and confiding attention ; gradually the eloquent countenance of the duchess changed to surprise, wonder, doubt, and finally to almost indignation.

“Say no more !” exclaimed Josepha, throwing herself at the empress’s feet : “register every act, penetrate into every thought, of my husband’s, to give prompt intelligence of them to the court of Austria !—seek affection the better to betray it ! Is this—can this—be my duty to my husband, or my love—”

“Nay,” interrupted her mother, repressing the indignation

already darkening in her eyes, "I was not prepared for this burst of romance."

"Madam," said the duchess, slowly rising from her knee, "the task of a spy is no task for your daughter."

Her figure was drawn to its utmost height; her brow was contracted; the likeness between herself and her mother was stronger than ever, and in that likeness Maria Theresa saw an end to her well-laid scheme of making the bride of the Duke of Parma a tool in her hands.

"Truly," said she with a scornful smile, "this ducal coronet has turned your head. Wilful and disobedient! We speak on this subject no more."

"Not in anger, my mother," exclaimed Josepha, striving to detain her, "not in anger must you part from me!"

Coldly the empress disengaged her hand: their eyes met—and the young princess staggered back, at the stern and deadly resentment in the pale face of Maria Theresa, and sank on the window-seat.

"It is broken!" said Josepha faintly, as the chain to which hung the portrait of the Duke of Parma fell in glittering fragments at her side. It had caught to the empress's dress, and was shattered. The young duchess leaned against the casement and wept.

To the young it is a very bitter pang to know that their best feelings have been excited merely to be worked upon; but sorrow and shame were soon merged in a vague and terrible fear. The evening came on, and deepened into night. Still, amid the shadows, did Josepha fancy she could see the threatening brow of the empress, pale with anger. Solitude became insupportable, and she called her attendants. But human faces, and human voices, the cheerfulness of the lights, and even her favourite Pauline's bird-like song, were of no avail against the terror which every

moment seemed to weigh more heavily on her spirits. With hurried and yet timid steps, starting, though she knew not why, at the least noise, Josepha began to pace the room. A low rap at the door interrupted her walk, and the confessor of the empress entered the apartment. Martini's features were chiselled with the perfection of sculpture, and his high brow bore the impress of mental power and thought far beyond his years, which were yet in their summer; his step was soft and humble—his voice low and sweet; yet fear was the sensation he always inspired. No one ever met his cold and cruel eye—so calm, so colourless—without saying, "That man delights in human misery."

He approached the duchess, and said, as he looked at her black dress, "I rejoice to see, my daughter, you have not waited for me to remind you of the pious duty to-night calls upon you to fulfil."

"What do you mean, father?" said the princess faintly, "I changed my dress on account of the heat."

"I had hoped, my daughter, it was in voluntary humiliation; ill do the gay robes of the bride suit with the meek prayers to be offered in the presence of the dead."

"I pray you to speak your meaning at once!" and Josepha grew pale as marble.

"Your royal highness knows it is your turn to watch and pray by the tomb of the Archduchess Caroline."

Josepha sank fainting against the wainscot of the room.

"The empress will never permit it," cried Pauline, as she sprung to support her mistress; "why we all know that the archduchess died of the small pox, and not a creature will enter the chapel."

"I have her grace's commands, who wills that so pious a duty be not neglected. I am sent by her even now to conduct the Duchess of Parma to pay the last duty to her illustrious house."

“Your father—appeal to him whispered the girl, “but I know that will be of no avail. I conjure you see your mother yourself!”

“I have seen her,” said the duchess, “we parted just now.”

Pauline hid her face in her hands.

“I wait your highness’s pleasure to conduct you to the chapel.”

Josepha rose and prepared to follow.

“I will go with you. At night and alone—it is too terrible!” said the affectionate girl.

“Her highness’s vigil must be solitary; thus it has ever been!” replied the priest.

Josepha descended to the chapel; her attendants accompanied her to the door—as it opened it showed the thick hot atmosphere, through which the dim tapers seemed scarcely able to penetrate. The duchess turned round and embraced Pauline, and entered the chapel. They saw her kneel before the altar, and the doors were closed. Late in the night was it before the royal council broke up; then, not till then, did Pauline succeed in conveying the intelligence to the emperor that his favourite daughter had passed the night beside the infectious tomb of her cousin. He rushed himself to the chapel; and there was the duchess as they had left her—kneeling before the altar, and her face bowed in prayer. She had fallen a little forward, so that the steps supported her. They spoke—but she answered not; they raised her in their arms—but found she was dead.

[The substance of this story is true. The Archduchess Josepha died from a midnight vigil in a chapel where a relative was buried: a punishment, it was said, for some intractability she had shown towards the empress’s counsels as to the management of her betrothed husband. Her next sister became Duchess of Parma.]

ON THE GOVERNMENT

OF THE

TEMPER.

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It is observed, that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn: it is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable. With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young lady from giving way to it; for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by *passion* as by *intoxication*, and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions; and an enraged woman is one of the most disagreeable sights in nature.

It is plain, from experience, that the most passionate people can command themselves, when they have a motive sufficiently strong—such as the presence of those they fear, or to whom they particularly desire to recommend themselves: it is therefore no excuse to persons, whom you have injured by unkind reproaches, and unjust aspersions, to tell them you was in a passion: the allowing yourself to speak to them in passion is a proof of an insolent disrespect,

which the meanest of your fellow creatures would have a right to resent. When once you find yourself heated so far as to desire to say what you know would be provoking and wounding to another, you should immediately resolve either to be silent or to quit the room, rather than to give utterance to any thing dictated by so bad an inclination. Be assured, you are then unfit to reason or to reprove, or to hear reason from others. It is, therefore, your part to retire from such an occasion of sin; and wait till you are cool, before you presume to judge of what has passed. By accustoming yourself thus to conquer and disappoint your anger, you will, by degrees, find it grow weak and manageable, so as to leave your reason at liberty: you will be able to restrain your tongue from evil, and your looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill-will. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger.

In the case of real injuries, which justify and call for resentment, there is a noble and generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing sinful or degrading. I would not wish you insensible to this; for the person who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat you ill, without provocation, you ought to maintain your own dignity. But, in order to do this, whilst you shew a sense of their improper behaviour, you must preserve calmness, and even good breeding, and thereby convince them of the impotence as well as injustice of their malice. You must also weigh every circumstance with candour and charity, and consider whether your shewing the resentment

deserved may not produce ill consequences to innocent persons—as is almost always the case in family quarrels—and whether it may not occasion the breach of some duty or necessary connexion, to which you ought to sacrifice even your just resentments. Above all things, take care that a particular offence to you does not make you unjust to the general character of the offending person. Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it destroy good-will to the person of its object: it even inspires the desire of overcoming him by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness; it is always placable, and ready to be reconciled, as soon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past disobligations, which had been once forgiven.

MRS. CHAPONE.

A LAST FRIEND.

WHEN Albert de la Scala was supplanted in the government of Padua, by Marsilius de Carrara, and sent a prisoner to Venice, Nicoletto, his buffoon, demanded to be made a partaker in the fate of his master, and was the only person who accompanied him to his melancholy end. “A deep sentiment of attachment,” says Sismondi, “thus discovered itself in one who had made a trade of foolish merriment, and sought his own independence in the laughter of others.”

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WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE PRINCE

AND

THE GENTLEMAN.

A TALE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

ABOUT the decline of Henry the fourth, king of England, there was, attached to the court, a certain young gentleman of a most ancient family, called Henghist, possessing a great spirit and an independent fortune; though not more rich than a gentleman need to be.

It happened that he fell in love with a young lady of great beauty, the daughter of a farmer: Emma was the lady's name. She answered the affections of her lover completely, so that they were married, and she became the bride of Henghist, and of happiness.

The prince Harry was then in the full career of his wanton and voluptuous way of life; and having seen this lady, he desired her, and began to search for means by which he might get some power over her. His conduct was not so much the effect of vice, as of restlessness and folly; and had he known the affection subsisting between these two, it is reasonable to suppose (from the sequel) that would have veiled his passions, and treated their unity of heart with respect. But he gave himself no trouble to consider this; and treating them drily as man and wife, saw no reason why the lady should bar his princely presence.

Henghist by some means became acquainted with his desire which did not fail to disturb his mind; fearing much that his lady might be dazzled by the greatness of his rival.

And he said to himself, "I myself will forward the prince's views (hard as it is) till I see the bent of her inclination : when, if I find her honest, a world of princes shall not wrest her from my arms ; if not, my end is come ; for I cannot live without this woman."

Calling her to him in the morning, he said, "Madam, I have ordered my horses, and intend to ride to a certain place some miles from Windsor, and as I shall like to walk a little after so long a ride, I would wish you to meet me at the grove of elms, in the great park at sunset ; and I request you to come alone, as the business I go upon will require some secrecy. Knowing the prince was to pass by at that time, and having arranged matters accordingly, he went out. In the evening, when the sun was going down, he went with two servants armed and well mounted into the grove, fearing lest the prince might use some violence ; and being resolved that the whole stake should be set on the virtue of his wife.

It fell out, that the prince rode by at the time Emma was passing, so that he stopped her and told her of his passion ; and coming down from his horse he knelt at her foot, and entreated her to have some compassion on him. Emma, whose heart was full, and not at all tainted by the greatness of his person and offers, dreaded lest her husband should come up at the time, and that some quarrel would happen, whereby the comfort of her family and her husband's happiness would fall under the prince's displeasure, who might choose to ruin them for his revenge. She, though with great timidity and modesty, entreated him fair ; still giving him no hopes to nourish his passion, nor yet enraging it by a loud protestation of virtue. And he seeing the great pain she was in, comforted her, and intreated her to go with him ; but finding this useless, he thought it best to proceed by degrees. He requested to see her soon again, which she (to have him gone) partly granted.

Henghist seeing them part thus familiarly, and that the prince laid his lips upon her hand, was mad with jealousy. And immediately the prince had departed he rode up, anxious to learn the truth ; and dismounting, he sent his servants home with his horse. When Emma saw him, she flew into his arms, and telling him the whole of what had happened, besought him to cherish her in his bosom, and to take some prudential means to save her, without bringing down ruin on their heads. Henghist kissed her from the fulness of his satisfaction, seeing the singleness of her feeling ; and comforted her, saying, “ I have so much faith in thee, that I will furnish my wit at all times to secure thy honour and guard thy happiness.”

This circumstance, as it were, carried them back the two years that they had been married, and freshened their passion for each other. It made them sensible how necessary they were to each other's happiness ; and shook the blossoms of their affection, as the murmuring south startles yielding odours from dewy splendid flowers. They felt, that as long as they looked upon each other in a straight line, they were above the touch of circumstance, and independent of the fascinations of the surrounding world. They were like faith and gentleness startled by danger.

The prince, finding that he could by no liberal way get to the lady, laid a stratagem to surprise her. Henghist now thought it high time to look about him, and be upon his guard. So taking the habit, and affecting the manners of a desperado and fortune hunter, he went to an apartment in the castle, where the prince rioted away much time with his companions, and demanded to see him. He came with a face wrinkled with laughter, and a mouth stained with rhenish, in a most fanciful and unprince-like condition ; so that Henghist said to himself, “ Is this the man, who to

gratify one corner of his fancy would debauch my wife ; drive me to madness, and her to wretchedness and despair ?” And turning to the prince, he said, “ I tender your highness pardon, the matter between us is a short one. I hear you are in love with the wife of one Henghist, but have been baffled in your attempts to secure her. I am a kind of lark-catcher in this way, and have it now in my power to put her into thy hand at a certain time and place. How much is a day’s work to finish so elegant a piece of merchandize worth, think ye ?” The prince’s eyes sparkled, and he said, full of enthusiasm, “ Ask any thing in reason, and thou shalt have it. On with thy bonnet : come, let us go about this thing direct.” Henghist, however, was more cool upon the subject, and the newness of so nettling a situation troubled his spleen ; but governing his feelings, he said, “ It is impossible to do this thing immediately. I must be hired before I do my work. I have a plan digested, but not executed. If in three days space you will meet me in Windsor forest, under a certain oak, at the set of sun, I will engage to produce this lady and give her to thy hand, provided thou wilt give me a reward sufficient for the parting with such a prize. If I fail, restrain your reward, and execute your vengeance upon me.” And the prince said, “ I will meet with thee ; and upon my honour, as my blood is right royal, I will either reward thee sufficiently, and fully to thy satisfaction, or not receive the lady at thy hands.” So they parted.

When the day came, he took the lady with him and went into the forest, leaving her at some distance from the place of meeting ; and proceeding on, he saw the prince had many horsemen with him. He therefore made a signal and carrying him a mile off into the forest, and out of the reach of his companions, fetched the lady to him, and

said, "Lo! Sir, I keep my promise. Here is the lady Emma, wife to the Englishman Henghist; I give her to thy hand. Now, sir, keep your promise. Where is my equal reward?" The prince, full of joy, said, "Thou time-keeper, thou true one; name it—roundly." Henghist said, "I cannot." And the prince answered, "I'll be thy accountant, and thou shalt not lose: take thou five hundred pounds. Will't do?" Henghist shook his head and said, "No." "Will six?" "No." "Or seven?" "No." "For so rare a jewel, man, we will not split; nor dull its lustre with a mean regard. Take thou a thousand. What—still a glutton?" and full of derision, he ironically added, "Perhaps you would be content with a bond for my next year's receipts, some seven manors, and a few estates tailed with green parks. Belike I had better pawn the crown to thee, when I shall be my dad and sit in the golden chair. Come, sir, no more of this. Make thy demand, and waken not my wrath." Henghist still said, "Sir, indeed I cannot. I will tell thee what it cost me, and leave thee to count what heaps can be enough for this prize. I am a gentleman. And first, by giving up this lady to thy hands I lose my honour;—count out a sum for that. Next sir, I lose the only thing in all the world that is joyful to my eye sweet to my lips, ample to my arms, delicious to my senses; to my heart, a hoop that keeps it staunch from breaking; to my soul, a gate that shuts all sorrow out and joy within; count out a sum for that. In fine, I lose a beautiful, high, honourable, loving, loved wife. Call alchymy to aid; turn Ossa into gold; delay the waves, and cast their lucent green to wedgy diamonds; confound the grossness of the citted earth; turn all to gorgeousness, that it may vie in all its varied hues with a fiery sun-set; make human creatures gods, and me ten thousand times their king—Oh! it would

not pay for a corner of my heart, nor buy a pang out; much less wipe from my brain the memory that she here is my wife. Then, drawing her to himself, he said, "Now, Sir prince, 'tis my turn to begin." And the prince assuming much dignity, and checking him, said, "Hast thou no respect for my person?" Henghist answered, "God wot I have had much, and have shown it patiently. Hadst thou been any but whom thou art, thy death had long been debtor to my sword. But it is come to this. We meet here man to man; all precedence, all title, dignity, and privilege are forfeited by you. You have o'erstepped the bounds of modesty, and plucked my honour by the beard: let that matter rest. I part with this lady and my life at once. If you so dearly love as I do, she being mine, do thus; pluck out your sword and win her. I am willing, Sir, to fight for her, but not to part with her. And as thou must have got some honour, I appeal to that. Let this matter end upon this ground. Thy word is already engaged never to make prize of this lady till thou canst amply satisfy me for the loss of her; and that will never be. But if you feel inclined to evade this promise, in God's name o'erleap it at once, and let us fight it out; that I may live with peace and honour, or die." And after a pause, the prince said, "Henghist, put up thy sword, and fear not the recoiling of my passion. Betake thee to thy house, and Heaven have eyes on thee for a true gentleman."

Some time after this the king died. And when the prince was made king (not having forgotten his admiration of Henghist's spirit, and his former affection for his lady) he sent for him privately; asked pardon of the lady, and bestowed a lordship and manors upon Henghist; and ever after treated him as a friend.

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

A SICILIAN STORY.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.

Shakspeare.

AT a short distance from the port of Messina, in Sicily, stood a nobleman's castle, from a window of which, during a tremendous storm that seemed to insure destruction to whatever tempted the bosom of the ocean, some ladies observed a man battling with the fury of the waves, and striving to reach the land by means of a thick plank which he grasped with tenacious firmness. They immediately dispatched an assistant to his relief, who on reaching the strand found him kissing the ground in gratitude for his deliverance from a watery tomb; his age appeared about four-and-twenty, his figure was noble, and his dress, which the violence of the tempest had prevented him from discarding, was green, richly brocaded with gold.

One of the servants, addressing him, said, "that some ladies having observed his dangerous situation, had sent to his relief, and given order for his safe conveyance to the castle." The shipwrecked stranger received this cheering intelligence with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude, and threw off his waistcoat and doublet, which the wet caused to hang heavily about him: any inconvenience from the thinness of his apparel being prevented by the mildness of the climate. The servant, observing what he had done,

whispered to another to carry the clothes home, unseen by the stranger, which was done.

Being arrived at the mansion, the youth was conducted into the presence of the three ladies, whose extraordinary beauty struck him with astonishment, although, he thought one of them far exceeded the others in that particular.

They kindly questioned him concerning his misfortune, and inquired from whence he came; as he understood Sicilian perfectly, he replied, that he was a Venetian trader, and was on his voyage in a merchantman from Venice to Sicily, when the late tempest had overtaken them, and the vessel, crew, and cargo had been swallowed by the remorseless waves; that for himself, he had but just time to partly undress, throw himself into the sea, and cling to a broken spar, which providentially supported him to the shore, where he was blessed in being permitted to receive their commiseration, for which he owed them the most unlimited obligation.

The ladies, being pleased and satisfied with the language and appearance of the stranger, expressed a desire to be acquainted with his name, which he informed them was Philip (and by that name in future we shall call him), when the most beautiful of the three, desired the servant who had been his guide to conduct him to the wardrobe, and furnish him with such clothes as he should choose. This was forthwith obeyed, and in a short time Philip was satisfactorily equipped. During his toilette he inquired concerning the three ladies he had just quitted; and learnt that the handsomest was Beatrice, the daughter and sole heiress of the Duke of Calabria, and that the other two were sisters, and her cousins, their names Celestina and Sylvia. The stranger was greatly pleased at finding the mistress of the castle to be of such rank, as he guessed he should then be

sure of receiving every attention while under her roof. Having completed his dress, which consisted of a rich grey suit, ornamented with gold, a gilt dagger, sword, and a hat with a beautiful plume of feathers in it, he returned to the ladies, who were charmed with the increased elegance of his person, and ease of his demeanour; the fair Celestina, in particular, who already began to consider him with exceeding admiration and kindness.

Philip again expressed his thanks to the lovely Beatrice, for the hospitality he had experienced, to which she answered, "I expect my father, the Duke of Calabria, here shortly; and I am sure he will not be displeased at what I have done; you must, however, remain here in the meantime; for, as you have lost all that you had with you, you would perhaps find it inconvenient at present to procure another lodging; therefore, make yourself comfortable in this mansion, until you have written to and heard from your friends."

"Most beautiful Beatrice," said Philip, "your goodness is as superior to my thanks, as it is to my merits; I could wish to forget my own country, and pass my life in your service and that of my lord, your father, nor ever depart from your house, until proved unworthy of its shelter."

Beatrice now desired to see a specimen of his penmanship; and, although he took no pains to exhibit his writing to advantage, yet was she so well satisfied, that she resolved he should fill the office of secretary in the family; the person who had formerly occupied that situation having gone into Spain. As night approached, Philip was now shewn to his apartments. When Beatrice was about sitting down to supper, the servant who had first conducted Philip to the castle, entered, and desired to speak a word to his

mistress in private, whom, having retired to another room, he thus addressed:

“Your ladyship must know that, when we were about bringing Philip hither, he threw off this doublet and waistcoat, and supposing this was done in the hurry of the moment, I ordered Lionel privately to bring them after.”

Beatrice attentively examined the waistcoat and doublet, the richness of which surprised her; the former being of green embroidered with gold, the latter amber-colour edged with green.

“Besides,” continued the servant, “in his confusion he has forgotten this purse, which I have not opened but brought straight to your ladyship.”

The purse which was beautifully embroidered, contained a gold relic case adorned with diamonds, in the pockets of which Beatrice found two miniatures, one representing a lady of exquisite beauty, the other a knight, whose countenance strongly resembled that of Philip; the Spanish order of the Golden Fleece hung from the neck, the insignia of which was well known to Beatrice, whose surprise was greatly increased, as she could not but suppose that the rank of Philip was superior to what it appeared; and as love had from the first been timidly lurking in her heart, she now ventured to give the rein to hope, although not without some misgivings on account of the lady whose portrait was in the purse, and who she thought must be some mistress of his. She strictly enjoined the servant not to mention to any one what he had seen, until she had discovered who the stranger really was; she then joined her cousins at the supper table, but love deprived her of appetite, she ate little, and on retiring to rest slept still less. Her mind was occupied with a thousand fancies, and, at length, anxious to see Philip, she arose, to the great surprise

of her woman, long before her usual hour, and descended to the garden. After employing herself with forming a nosegay of different flowers for some time, during which she thought continually on Philip, she at length sent for him, being desirous of discovering if possible, the real cause of his being on board the shipwrecked vessel.

This summons was obeyed with delight by Philip, who having respectfully saluted her, replied to her inquiry, if he had yet recovered from his fatigue, that he was perfectly so, as the attentions he had experienced could not fail to restore him, and that his only wish was to dedicate his life to her service, in return for the liberal benevolence she had shewn him. Every action, even his very submissiveness, had in it a nobleness beyond his apparent rank; and while he had been speaking, the eyes of Beatrice were irresistibly fixed upon him; at length she informed him that he had the charge of answering all her correspondents, even the Duke of Terranova, her cousin, betwixt whom and herself a treaty of marriage was in agitation. This intelligence was by no means agreeable to her new secretary, who had not been insensible to the charms of the fair Beatrice, and he had hoped at least to find her unengaged, that he might avail himself of any opportunity to ingratiate himself with her.

Beatrice was delighted to observe him change colour, and that the name of her cousin had affected him.

He replied that he was her servant, that she had raised him to an office far exceeding his merits, and that he would endeavour to satisfy her in all things. They then conversed on various subjects, in which the fair Beatrice discovered such good sense and understanding in Philip, that she felt authorized in esteeming him highly. They were soon joined by her two cousins, when Celestina, by her agitation, and

her marked attention to the stranger, plainly discovered to the equally interested Beatrice, that she was as much enamoured as herself; the latter, therefore, instead of confiding to her cousin the contents of Philip's discarded doublet, as she had intended, now determined to conceal that knowledge from her.

Philip was so happy at being in the duke's service, that he scarce talked of any thing else to the servants, who were not a little envious at his having in so short a time obtained the confidence of the lovely Beatrice; for envy, though more often found in the hearts of the rich than in the breasts of the poor, yet is in some degree always excited against the unfortunate advancement of those, who, for superior merit or understanding, have been admitted to the confidence of their masters.

Philip had not long been domesticated in the family, when the old duke returned from the Sicilian court, and was received by Beatrice with the warmest affection. She introduced Philip to him, related his misfortunes, and exaggerated his talents; in consequence of which, the venerable nobleman confirmed what his daughter had done, and established him in his post of secretary.

When Beatrice had first begun to suspect the rank of Philip, she had sent to Venice, his reputed country, to learn if any merchant had had his vessel wrecked on a certain day. She had commissioned the Sicilian ambassador, who then resided with that powerful republic, to make this inquiry; but he could not learn that any such loss had taken place, as the sailors and merchants there, who are generally the first to hear of such tidings, must have known of it in the time that had elapsed. When Beatrice received this answer, she made sure that Philip's account of himself must be false. Soon afterwards she obtained information

that the Prince of Salerno had embarked from Naples for Sicily, and having been wrecked, had left that state without a successor, he being a minor, and that two of his female cousins were legally disputing which had the greatest right to it. Beatrice was now almost ready to imagine that the pretended Philip was no other than this Prince of Salerno, and she waited impatiently for an opportunity of proving to him that she was convinced he was of higher rank than he gave out; for she had discovered that the servant who had first shewn her the jewels belonging to Philip, had revealed the secret also to her cousin Celestina.

This lady giving way to the affection she felt for the amiable stranger, one day when he was in his closet alone, answering some letters which had been sent to Beatrice, threw a billet into him through the half-open door.

Perceiving it fall, he rose hastily to discover who had thrown it, but before he could reach the door, Celestina (who had done it herself, that she might not be obliged to confide in any one), had concealed herself, and Philip, not finding any person there, took up the paper, and read as follows :

“One of her excellency’s ladies wishes you to pass an uncomfortable night for her sake, trusting that your gallantry will cause you easily to undergo this inconvenience, for one who will know how to be grateful for it. She will expect you at the last window of the gallery which overhangs the garden, after the family have retired to rest. Heaven keep you !”

Philip made up his mind to meet this lady at the appointed hour, never imagining that it could be Celestina or her sister, but rather one of Beatrice’s women. He then returned to his occupation, in which he was still engaged, when he was summoned to attend on Beatrice, whom he

found writing in her own apartment. She asked him for a letter she had submitted to his consideration, when he, agitated by the presence of his mistress, gave her, in mistake the note he had just received, along with the right one. Beatrice took all as he gave them to her, and then dismissed him to finish those letters he was about. When he had retired, she was surprised to see the other paper, which he had given in his confusion; but supposing it to belong to her, she opened it, and immediately recognizing her cousin's hand, read the contents, which filled her with the most racking jealousy. After some reflection, however, she determined to take advantage of this singular mistake, and, in pursuance of her plan, contrived at night effectually to employ both Celestina and her sister, and lock them up together in her room.

At midnight she repaired, softly, to the gallery, below which she saw Philip waiting; she beckoned, and when he was close under the window, said, in a feigned voice:

"I am sensible, Signor Philip, of the sacrifice you have made, in exchanging your warm bed for the cold night-dew; but I felt sure that one so gallant as yourself, would not weigh the loss of sleep against the summons of a lady."

"You appreciated my disposition aright," returned Philip, "which is always to obey the fair sex; and I should have been mightily uncivil not to have come willingly the first time."

"And as to the second?" interrupted Beatrice.

"For the second I will say nothing, except that I am so faithfully bound to the service of the fair Beatrice, that I could not readily do any thing that would offend her; my humble station renders me unfit for marriage with any in a higher one, therefore I shall only incur the risk of forfeiting the good opinion you now honour me with; tell me, there-

fore, to-night, how I can serve you, or inform me of it by the same means that you adopted to bring about this meeting."

"How did the friend I entrusted the paper to, contrive to convey it to you?" asked Beatrice, who wished to learn how the appointment had been sent.

"She threw it into the closet where I was writing."

"I must be cautious," resumed she, "since, on the very first night, you say you shall not come again; how do you know what I intend to do in your favour!"

"I am persuaded," rejoined Philip, "that you are only seeking to amuse yourself with a stranger just come into the family."

"Suppose I should be a messenger from one who secretly loves you, what would you say to me then?"

"That you have taken a bold step; but that you are too young for me to suppose that you came from yourself."

"How can you tell *what* I am?" inquired Beatrice.

"By your voice," replied Philip, "which assures me I am right; besides, were you old, you would not have sought such an unseasonable hour for speaking to me."

"There," she exclaimed, "how you are continually telling me that you regret your loss of sleep. Since you find midnight an unseasonable hour for a meeting, what can one say to you?"

"It signifies little," said Philip, "that you are ignorant of what I am capable of when really interested, or what sleep I can lose, when I love."

"Then, doubtless, you have been in love?" said Beatrice, inquiringly.

"So deeply," he replied, "that I do not wish to converse on the subject, it causes me such pain."

"But, nevertheless, I must tell you something agreeable,"

said she, "one of her excellency's ladies wishes to speak with you in private, either at this window, or, wherever else she shall, at that time, find most convenient; she is induced to do this from affection to you, therefore it will be a poor return for her goodness, if fear should prevent you from keeping an appointment which, I can assure you, will be fortunate for you."

"It would be much worse if, from my humble situation, I should only be able to give her the homage of my heart, when she ought to be honoured by such feasts and presents as dignify love; and which cannot be in the power of an unknown and unfortunate stranger, thrown, destitute of every thing, upon your shore."

"Then have you not saved one jewel from the wreck?" inquired Beatrice, significantly.

Philip paused, for till that moment it had not occurred to him, that in the clothes which he had thrown aside on leaving the water, was the diamond-set relic case, and the two pictures: but supposing that they had been accidentally found, he replied, "that he had indeed lost a jewel in the clothes he had taken off to be more at liberty."

"In this affair, however, continued Beatrice, affected by his manner, neither gifts nor gallantries of any sort are required of you, but a faithful love. I only now desire of you to be, without fail, at a low grated window which opens into this garden, to-morrow night, a little later than this."

Philip would have replied, but Beatrice hastened away, by no means displeased with the anticipations of the following night.

Very different feelings occupied the breast of her cousin Celestina, for the employment Beatrice had given her, and the locked door, debarred her entirely from keeping her

appointment with Philip; these ideas prevented her from sleeping, and, as she feared that Beatrice had some suspicions of what had passed, she resolved to quiet them by not noticing Philip for some days. He, on his part, was at the lattice next night, punctual to the hour named: here he found Beatrice (disguised, however, so that he did not recognise her), who had left a favourite woman, in whom she had great confidence, to watch Celestina, and to prevent interruption.

They had a long conversation, in which she told him, that she was herself the lady she had spoken of, but that she should not tell her name until she found he was deserving of her confidence—that she wanted not those public gallantries which it was not in his power to give, but would be satisfied with a pure and faithful love; and, at parting, she threw him a handkerchief, in which were wrapped some jewels of great value. As it was too dark for Philip to see what she had given him, he delayed examining the parcel until he reached his apartment; when he was confounded and astonished to see its magnificent contents. Ignorant of the person to whom he was indebted for this sumptuous present, he however discarded at once the idea of its being only one of Beatrice's women, and persuaded himself, rather, that it was one of her cousins, as he did not recognise the jewels; Beatrice, however, had bought them on purpose for him, fearing her own might betray her.

The Court was then at Messina, two miles from the Duke's palace; and the Duke of Terranova, wishing to see his lovely cousin once more grace the court, published a tournament for St John's day, in which he was challenger. As soon as this was known at the Duke's, Philip and the incognita, at their next meeting, of course, conversed of it. She said (still preserving her concealment), "that her lady,

Beatrice, must doubtless appear at court, as the tournament was in honour of her, and that consequently she herself must attend her, which she was sorry for, as it would interrupt their conversations." Philip, impelled by his ardent spirit, and forgetting the station which he occupied, and the low rank he had assumed on his arrival, said that "had he not been a stranger, and alone, he should have wished to have joined the tilters." Beatrice was now rejoiced to hear what at once proved his illustrious blood, and immediately said, "that if such was really his wish, she would take care to furnish him with every thing requisite for his proper appearance, as she desired greatly to see him attend, and, upon that occasion, he should know her name;" then, after appointing another nightly interview, she retired.

To return to Celestina. As her wish to converse with Philip was not less ardent than before, and as, from the extreme vigilance of Beatrice, she had not yet been able to contrive it, she had recourse to another note, which contained these words:

"What I wrote before must have surprised you, as I failed to be at the appointed window; but be there to-night, and you shall learn who esteems you. Come early."

This paper perplexed Philip so much, that he was at a loss what to resolve upon; the time appointed, however, was convenient, therefore he determined to extricate himself as well as he could from the confusion he had got into; for, as his real inclinations led him to none but the lovely Beatrice, so no other gave him any satisfaction.

Night being come, he repaired to his earliest rendezvous, beneath the gallery window, where Celestina was already waiting for him; she immediately made herself known, and said,

“I have wished for an opportunity, Philip, of excusing myself for the disappointment I occasioned you by not coming the first time I appointed to meet you at this window, but my cousin then engaged me, and as I feared she suspected my intention, I have since endeavoured to avoid doing any thing that might alarm her suspicions. I now desire to speak freely to you, and have chosen this solitude that you may open yourself with confidence to me; the first thing I require of you is, to tell me truly who you are, for I cannot believe the account you have given of yourself, when the jewels found in your dress contradict all you say; endeavour no longer, therefore, to conceal your real name, for on my life I will find it out; but be assured, if my suspicions prove just, as I hope they will, you may expect further advancement.”

Philip was confounded at finding this to be Celestina, as he imagined his fair incognita was her—however, he resolved to quiet her curiosity, on finding that the jewels had raised her expectations that he would prove of higher rank than a Venetian trader; the pictures, he feared, would disclose more than he wished.

“Most beautiful Celestina,” he replied, “I must admit that the jewels found in my clothes do seem to prove me of superior rank to what I have alleged, which, nevertheless, is true. In Venice, I should have been contented with my real station, but in a foreign country, I wished to pass for something higher than a mere trader, without absolutely saying that I was, I therefore dressed myself richly; but when, after receiving the greatest favours from such a lady as your noble cousin, and being seriously asked the truth, I should do wrong to deny it. I have now resolved your question; but if there be any thing further in my power to say, that will clear your doubts, command me.”

"I am satisfied," resumed Celestina, "and for the present, only desire that you will be here again to-morrow night at the same hour."

Philip promised to obey, and Celestina hearing a noise within, and fearing it might be Beatrice, charged him to be punctual, and left him.

He then hastened from the window, anxious to know who his incognita really was, the idea of her being Celestina being now out of the question. The value of the jewels she had given him, almost led him to suppose that she must be Beatrice herself, whom he had hitherto considered too proud to stoop to such an action; should it prove so, he felt himself obliged in honour to disclose his real name and rank, which he had hitherto delayed doing, from the uncertainty of the reception he should meet with from the duke her father, betwixt whom and his own there had once been a rivalry in love, which had caused challenges; and which now formed his principal reason for wishing to remain unknown.

He soon reached the garden lattice, where he found the unknown lady, who reproved him for his tardiness; he soon, however, excused himself to her satisfaction, and said so many graceful things, that she declared her resolution of anticipating his request to know her name, by informing him that she was Celestina. Philip smiled to himself at her assumption of that lady's name, and now felt assured that she must be Beatrice, which discovery overjoyed him so much as nearly to deprive him of the power of concealing it: however, he dissimulated as well as he could, and allowed her to cherish the idea that she could discover herself whenever she chose.

In the course of conversation, the subject of the tournament was revived, when Beatrice asked him if it was still

his wish to join the combatants; he replied in the affirmative, when, giving him at the same time a paper, she said:

“Take this, and farewell, for it is late.”

She then left him, and when he took the paper to a light, he found it to be an order for a thousand gold doubloons, payable to the bearer. Astonished at this sight, Philip concluded that he must be known to Beatrice, as appearances alone could never have induced one of her rank to behave so; therefore the confidence she placed in him did not disgrace her in his eyes; however, he resolved not to make himself known till the tournament was ended.

As there now only wanted three days to the entertainment, the duke and his daughter were preparing to go to their palace at Messina. During that short period, Philip, with the greatest secrecy, made ready his own and his four attendants' dresses, the management of which he gave to a faithful Neapolitan servant, whom he had sent for and entrusted with his secret.

The day of the tournament at length arrived; that day which the Duke of Terranova hoped would assure him of the hand of Beatrice, as her father had consented, the king had sanctioned the union, and they only waited for a dispensation from the Pope.

After the king had breakfasted, he went to a balcony of his palace which looked into a large area, around which were erected scaffolds richly adorned with cloth of the handsomest description, and in the middle was the place allotted for the tournament, which was a hundred feet square, with four entrances for the tilters; on one side was an elegant tent for the challenger, his assistants, seconds, and all the other tilters, to refresh themselves in.

When the lovely Beatrice and her cousins, richly dressed, went to the palace, her carriage was attended by the

noblest and most graceful of the knights; they placed themselves in a balcony among the other ladies, all of whom were not only elegantly attired, but most beautiful in themselves. The hour for the commencement of the ceremonies having arrived, the trumpets sounded, and fifty drummers and fifers appeared habited in green and cloth of silver, ornamented with gold laces and loops, on an edging of murray, being the fair Beatrice's colours; after these came twelve attendants dressed in green, with twists of gold and murray, and then entered the challenger himself, dressed the same as the attendants, except that his cap, and part of his clothing was ornamented with silver stars; his armour was white, striped with green, and he wore a plume of green and murray feathers. His device was a silver staff on the top of which was a star, with this motto:—

“ He wanders in the darkness of the night,

“ While unillumined by this heavenly light.”

He made his *entré* gracefully, and taking his place, threw down his gauntlet to invite some one to the contest. He was followed by his assistant a Sicilian nobleman, not less magnificently dressed than the duke himself.

Without describing minutely all the devices and mottos displayed on that day, suffice it to say the tournament began.

Philip had, to the great surprise of Beatrice, staid quietly to see the commencement of the tilting, and she began to fear he had deceived her in saying he wished to enter the lists; but his intention in doing this, was merely to answer Beatrice in her own way, as she had endeavoured to deceive him by passing for her cousin Celestina; to add to her

vexation, therefore he placed himself so as to be seen by both ladies, and made a sign that he was going to arm.

Beatrice understood him, though not appearing to notice, but it was unintelligible to Celestina, to whom he had said nothing about the tournament; she therefore made a sign to express that she did not understand him, he repeated his signal, and then went away, leaving Beatrice to fret at having caused this mistake by assuming her cousin's name.

When Philip left the balcony, he hastened to a house where his servant was expecting him, with eight drummers and fifers, and four seconds, all dressed in blue, ornamented with silver, which was Celestina's colour. His hat and cloak were blue, bordered with black and silver; his plume was blue and white; and his device a sun surrounded by bright rays, with this motto:—

“ Can he a coward ever prove in arms,

“ Who feels the influence of *Celestial* charms?”

alluding to Celestina's name.

Philip entered the lists with such superior grace, that all eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could guess who he was, excepting Beatrice, who with bitterness saw him thus publicly declare for her cousin; she now deeply regretted the deceit she had practised, as that alone had given her rival this public triumph, even unknown to herself. Not the appearance alone of Philip exceeded other jousts, but he also so far surpassed them in skill, that when he tilted with the Duke he carried off the prize, which he presented to Celestina, giving another wound to the already-mortified Beatrice, to whom every attention he paid her cousin was a poisoned dart. When the skirmishing commenced, he ob-

tained more prizes—that for grace, as well as the one for skill,—these he laid at the feet of the fair Beatrice, who, conscious that it was occasioned by herself, began to forgive him for presenting the former prize to Celestina, who in her turn now suffered some uneasiness.

Night finished the tournament, and torches were provided for all except Philip, who, stealing away in the confusion, returned to the house where he had armed ; he was followed unobserved, however, by a page, at the command of Celestina, whose curiosity was raised to know who the strange knight could be ; and her commission was so well executed, that he was soon discovered to be the Duke's secretary. This news so soon spread through the house, that on Philip's return, he found it already known that he was the successful conqueror at the tournament. The envious, who wished it to be disbelieved, denied it ; and when they saw him, began in a scoffing manner, to congratulate him on the great luck that had attended him at the tournament. Philip, though somewhat confused at this attack, as he could not guess how he had been discovered, pretended to enjoy the joke, by thanking them gaily for their congratulation, and by this means partly undid all that the page had done.

As he was attending Beatrice home, her favourite waiting-woman put into his hand a paper containing these words :—

“ One whom you know will expect you to-night at the garden lattice. Do not fail to be there. Adieu.”

Assured that Beatrice was the writer of this note, he resolved to tease her a little before he raised the veil ; and going at the appointed hour, found her at the lattice.

“ I cannot deny, Philip,” said she, “ but that I am much pleased with what you did for my honour at the tournament to-day, where you acted so conspicuously ; but I will not

believe that a Venetian trader can understand the use of arms so well."

"We all use them," said Philip, rather falsely; "but was it to be wondered at, that the wish I felt to honour you should inspire me with additional strength and skill, and cause me to come off creditably even in what I am not accustomed to? But to one fond of the exercise, as I am, a little practice is sufficient."

"I thank you," said she, "for the prize you gave me, though I must complain of your more generous behaviour to my cousin, to whom you presented two."

"I did that to avoid raising suspicion, and that, if I should be known, I might not be found wanting in gratitude to one to whom I owe so much."

"You are not aware how little you are indebted to her," said she.

"Or rather, how much," replied he.

"Indeed," continued Beatrice, "if she was to know I am here, and especially with you, she would not smile on me for a month to come, and would be so harsh with you to-morrow that you would be obliged to leave her service."

"Your's is an uncomfortable situation, then," said he.

"It is intolerable," she replied.

"Then follow your own inclinations," said Philip, "and do not let her hinder you,—my love for you is sincere, and increases in proportion to your encouragement."

"What I am to blame for," she replied, "is that I encourage it in one whose rank is unequal to my own."

"Be not uneasy on that account," resumed Philip, "for though I have hitherto kept my name concealed from you, I will now tell you that I am of higher quality than I have pretended."

“Who are you then?” inquired Beatrice, delighted at the idea of at length learning who he was.

“I am a Spanish gentleman,” he replied, “of one of the most illustrious families in Catalonia; my name is Don Augo de Cardona.”

“I have heard of that name,” said she.

“It is one of the most respected and best known in Spain,” he replied, “there are some titles belonging to it, and I am second son to one of them.”

“Speak some Spanish to me,” said Beatrice, “that I may know you are telling the truth.”

Philip, addressing her in the purest Spanish, said, “I treat you now, lovely Celestina, as one by whom I wish to be esteemed.”

Beatrice, now she had gained the truth, felt sure that he loved her cousin, and therefore, by undeceiving him, hoped to prevent him from proceeding with her.

“I am satisfied with what you have told me,” said she, “and think so highly of you, that I put full confidence in the truth of it; therefore, that you may speak without reserve to me for the future, you shall know with whom you have been conversing hitherto. Wait here and I will return presently.”

She then left him, much pleased with the thought that her love should be strong enough to make her reveal herself to him; she soon returned with the key of the lattice, which opening, she led the way to the summer-house, where her favourite woman was waiting with a light; he then discovered that the lady was certainly no other than the lovely Beatrice, daughter of the duke of Calabria. He pretended the utmost astonishment at finding who she was; and Beatrice, not suspecting that he had already guessed the truth, said,

“ Yes, Philip, it is I who have conversed with you by night, to which I was induced by accidentally seeing a paper addressed to you by my cousin, Celestina. I know that you are not a Venetian trader, neither Don Augo de Cardona, but Rogero, Prince of Salerno; and that your state is disputed at law, it being supposed at Naples that you are drowned. Now, since I have treated you openly, treat me the same, and tell me whether this be or be not true.”

Beatrice had sent privately to Naples, on purpose to learn every thing concerning the Prince, and, if possible to gain a likeness of him, which she had obtained, and thus discovered him. The pretended Philip, now Rogero, could not deny the truth of her assertion, and therefore confessed himself to be the prince of Salerno. She then wished to know the reason of his quitting Naples, and, willing to give her a full account of himself, he sat down beside her, and thus began his narration :—

“ I was one of the attendants on Ernest, King of Naples, who was so attached to me, that I soon became the repository of all his secrets; and among others, that he was in love with the Princess of Obitella, the most handsome woman in the kingdom; I wished he had not made me a confidant, either in this or any other amour, as I was generally obliged to attend him to his lady’s every night, much to the dissatisfaction of the queen, his mother.

“ This princess of Obitella was, as I have already said, the most lovely and most accomplished woman in Naples, and as her rank was exalted, she had even princes in her train. This lady the king ordered me to visit in his name, to tell her of his love, and to request her to allow him to visit her some night. Cassandra, for that was the princess’s name, received me with affability, heard my message, and then gave me her answer, in the following words :—

“ ‘Had the message, Senor Rogero, been from yourself instead of from the king, I should have been better pleased with it; I should then have known it honoured me; for I should be prouder of a prince who wooed me for his wife, than of a king who wooed me for his mistress—so much for my opinion. Now tell his highness, in my own words, though I fear you will not repeat them, that I am of his own blood, and daughter to one of the bravest soldiers who ever protected the throne of Naples against its powerful enemies. My father died serving his country, and hoped not for such a reward for his noble services as, by me, his highness seems to intend. Tell him to look out for one better suited to his purpose, among the Neapolitan beauties. I abhor him for an intention so disgraceful to a just king.’

“In vain I endeavoured to speak; she would hear nothing; but, as I left her, added:—

“ ‘Senor Rogero, all intercessions for the king will be useless; come alone, and you will always be a welcome guest in this house, for you will be preferred to all those who now wish, but cannot gain, my favour.’

“I thanked her for the honour she did me, and said that I should profit by it; but as the king was wholly bent on gaining her love, I should not dare to repeat to him what she had said.

“ ‘Do not lead the king into an error,’ she exclaimed, ‘let him know that I despise his proposal; and, above all, be assured that he shall never hinder me from shewing favour to whomsoever I like.’

“She then left me, and I returned to the king, much vexed at the ill success of my embassy. I repeated Cassandra’s message to him, without, however, mentioning what she had said concerning myself. He was much hurt at this repulse, which served only to inflame his passion; and from

that day he began to pay her every sort of public attention,—serenading her by night and feasting her by day. He also visited her several times accompanied by me; but she always treated him with coldness, while her eyes told me she wished I could love her. I pretended not to understand her, dreading the king's displeasure; but Cassandra, not confining herself to the language of the eyes, sent me notes at different times, inviting me to call on her; and not finding that corresponding affection which she hoped for in me, she began to suspect I had some more favoured mistress in Naples, who was the cause of my coldness.

“It pleased the king at this time to make me champion at a tournament, which he ordered in honour of Cassandra. I had prepared every thing against the appointed day, when, on the preceding one, I received an embroidered scarf and relic-case from Cassandra; in the latter I found her picture, attached to one of my own, which she had by some means or other got possession of. I could not but be grateful for this mark of favour; but while I was arming, I found I had left it at home, and sent the Count Alfred (who was my assistant) for it. Curiosity led him, as he was bringing it, to open the relic-case, when, to his great surprise, he saw the pictures.

“The count, as well as myself, was an attendant on the king, and had long been jealous of the superior favour shewn me; desirous, therefore, to make use of this opportunity of injuring me, he related to the king, after the jousting was over, all that he had seen, and the favour which he was led by the picture to suppose I enjoyed with the Princess Obitella. The king, though enraged to find that the little attention he met with was owing to an affection she cherished for me, yet concealed his vexation, and asked the count, if possible, to gain him a sight of the relic-case.

Alfred, aided in doing this by my sleeping at the palace, soon found an opportunity of stealing it from the head of my bed, and thus shewed to the king what, before any thing in the world, I could have wished to have kept from him.

“The relic-case was returned to its place without my suspecting what had been done; but one day, soon afterwards, when I was alone with the king, he told me suddenly, that he found the cause of Cassandra’s coldness to him was, that I was her suitor, and that he had learned she gave me presents of her work; and then proceeded to inform me about the relic-case.

“‘My lord,’ I replied, with as much coolness as I could, ‘your highness thinks I am to blame, but were you acquainted with half what I have done to serve you, you would feel that I rather merited praise.’

I then related to him every thing that had passed betwixt Cassandra and myself—shewed him the relic-case, and to satisfy him wholly as to the truth of what I had asserted, offered to set out that night for Sicily.

“The king desirous for the sake of his own love, that I should absent myself from Naples, was greatly pleased at my proposal, although he wished me to remain with him, on account of the real friendship he bore me; he consequently did not give me permission to go, but desired me merely to remain at my own house. This, however, I did not choose to do, as it would have looked like guilt; therefore, fitting out a galley, I embarked with all my retinue, for Sicily, where we were encountered by that dreadful storm which wrecked us, but where, by the favour of God, I reached land, and found protection and assistance from you.”

Rogero here finished his narrative, through which he had been followed by Beatrice with the most profound attention and the deepest interest; and, in fine, the conclusion the lovers

drew, was, that they ought certainly to continue their affection for each other, till, by informing the duke, her father, of every thing, they might at length be united. Before they could do this, however, a discovery was effected in another manner; for the king of Sicily received a letter from Rogero's sovereign, inquiring whether the Prince of Salerno's galley had been wrecked on the Sicilian coast, as a new report had lately been raised that he was saved. A Neapolitan gentleman, who had brought the letter, arrived the night before the tournament, and by the description of him found that the prince of Salerno was concealed in the Duke of Calabria's family, under the disguise of an attendant. These tidings were carried to the king after the tournament, when he immediately ordered Rogero to be conducted to his presence.

"What induced you, Rogero," said he "to conceal yourself thus in my country?"

Rogero, confused by this sudden question, replied that he had quitted Naples in disgrace, and therefore wished to remain unknown. The king then expressed a wish to know what had caused him to leave Naples, to which Rogero replied, "Nothing except that he admired Sicily;" and thinking this a good opportunity to prefer his petition, thus continued, "that he wished nothing so much as to remain his subject, and an inhabitant of Sicily, as well as to gain his permission to wed the lovely Beatrice, daughter to the Duke of Calabria, as he was happy enough to possess her affection."

The king was both surprised and amused to find he had made such good use of his short stay, and promised to use his interest in their favour with her father, as well as with the Duke of Terranova; but if Beatrice loved another, she herself was to decide. Being assured by Rogero, that Beatrice

preferred him to her cousin, the king sent for the Duke of Calabria, and related to him what had passed, soon persuading him to give his consent to the union.

The Duke of Terranova was so much offended at this arrangement, that Rogero, to appease him, offered him the hand of his cousin, the Princess of Conca, which he accepted, and the bridals were celebrated together with the greatest magnificence and joy.

AFFECTING RECOGNITION.

A FEW years ago, in working to establish a new communication between two shafts of a mine at Fahkin, the capitol of Delecarlia, the body of a miner was discovered in a state of perfect preservation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. It was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. No one could identify the body ; it was merely remembered that the accident by which he had thus been buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place above fifty years ago. All enquiries about the name of the sufferer had already ceased, when a decrepid old woman, supported on crutches, slowly advanced towards the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young man to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century ago. She threw herself on the corpse, which had all the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with her tears, and fainted with joy at having once more beheld the object of her early affections. It is easier to conceive than trace the singular contrast afforded by that couple ; the one buried above fifty years, still retaining the appearance of youth ; while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervency of youthful love.

A "DINER SUR L'HERBE."

BY W. M. TARTT, Esq.

No one will suppose that the French, by a *dîner sur l'herbe*, mean a dinner after the manner of Nebuchadnezzar. Indeed if the sentence had not been rather long, and somewhat difficult to English pronunciation, it is probable we should ourselves have adopted the same term ; as the word *picnic*—which has been admitted to the rights of naturalization in its stead—is certainly not so descriptive of the amusements it is applied to,—those rural excursions, for instance, generally anticipated with delight, and almost always ending in fatigue and disappointment. On the other side of the Atlantic, they are called *marooning* parties, and I recollect joining one of these which was to be celebrated on a small island, uninhabited, at that time, except by the few soldiers who garrisoned its fort. I shall not soon forget the intense and oven-like heat reflected from the walls of this fort as we toiled past it—nor the sudden desertion of cold hams, turkeys, and porter, when one of the negroes came to tell us there were rattle-snakes in the myrtle bushes that formed the immediate rear of our encampment. After satisfying ourselves that a bad dinner here was not equal to a good one at the Planter's Hotel, we embarked on our return, the bile engendered by the heat and other excitements evaporating in a quarrel that ended according to the most approved principles of modern chivalry : Mr. A. apologizing

to Mr. B. for having given him the lie, and Mr. B. begging Mr. A.'s pardon in return for having horsewhipt him. All this, however, is foreign to my present subject.

In the summer of 1829, I was resting upon the brow of the hill of Montmorency, enjoying the magnificent extent of country which seems bounded by the beautiful dome of the Invalids, (the only part of Paris visible from thence) when I was roused from my reverie by the rumbling of a *Berline*, on the box of which sat an acquaintance whom I had formerly known in London as a student of the Middle Temple, and as a visitor at the houses of most of the families with whom I had myself been intimate. As he apprised me by a theatrical "*aside*" that the party he was with would be *gênée* by any detention, I had only time to tell him I was living at one of the villages in the valley, and to request him to dine with me the next day. He came; and at the close of one of those pauses in the conversation over our dessert, (which was caused, perhaps, by the very circumstance of my having so many questions to ask him about our former acquaintance, that they actually drove each other from my recollection) an inquiry as to the mode in which he was living at Paris produced the following narrative of the excursion I had found him engaged in the day before.

"I did not come to Paris," said he, "merely to visit the Palais Royal and the Morgue: one of my principal objects was to overcome the difficulties of that confounded language which, as Alfieri says, it is often impossible even to pronounce except with *labbrucci contratti che paiono sempre soffiare sulla minestra bollente*. With this view I went to reside, *en pension*, with a French family in the Rue de la Paix, having been assured that *madame la mère* was *bien instruite* and her daughter *très-aimable*; but I found that so many had gone there with the same intentions as myself

that, except the servants—who waited upon us in liveries of white and silver that had passed from back to back through a rapid succession of changes—none but Madame herself spoke French ; and her *maison comme il faut*, as she was on all occasions pleased to term it, was now like many others of the same description, little more than an asylum for decayed widows and desperate old maids. It is true that in an evening *des Messieurs de la garde du corps* were sometimes attracted by reports of English fortunes, but as they came with other objects in view than to listen to *my* bad French, I very soon found it necessary to change my plan of attack by changing the scene of my operations.

“My next residence was with a widow on the opposite banks of the Seine, who has no other inmates than her own son and daughter, the nephew and niece of an Abbé who is *aumonier* (the chaplain or confessor) to a regiment of dragoons ; and here, if nature had not denied me the necessary organs, I should certainly make some progress in the attainment of my object. I am as one of the family, the companion of their promenades, one of their cavaliers at the theatre, a guest at the *soirées* of their friends, and so far from the usual quarters of the English that, except in public, I scarcely hear the language. Yesterday was the Abbé’s birth-day, and it was kept as a *fête de famille*. Nothing else had been talked of for a week before. We were to commit the extravagance of hiring a carriage for a day ; a grand *pâté de volaille* had been ordered as part of our eatables : the Abbé, though he considered it somewhat derogatory to his dignity to be seen on such an expedition, was to accompany us with two additional nieces ; as a pretext, we were to hear military mass performed before his regiment as we passed through St. Denis where it is stationed ; and were to dine *sur l’herbe* in the forest of Montmorency :—the *pro-*

gramme of our entertainment was delightful. Morning came without a cloud; the Abbé was gay; his nephews and nieces were in exuberant spirits; our dashing equipage was at the door only half an hour later than the time appointed, and off we set, at a pace as brisk, but as soon exhausted, as the effervescence of a glass of champagne. "*Quel beaux tems!—Comme nous sommes heureux!—O mais votre chapeau est joli! et cette boucle, comme elle est gentille!*" with fifty other of those no-meanings that come so prettily from the lips of a French-woman, were ejaculated between every jolt over the pavement that forms the *agreeable* road from Paris to St. Denis. But our pace began to slacken and our spirits to subside; the Abbé became fidgetty, looked first to his watch, then at the spire of the Cathedral, and when we drew up to the door we found that mass was finished and the people dispersing. His reverence would have sworn if he durst, and was only consoled by being able to drive off so as not to be seen by his flock. Though this disappointment soured his temper, and bad temper is one of the most infectious diseases extant, it was not sufficient to damp the spirits of six young people who were determined to be amused. On we went, and faint and wearily our steeds dragged us, at last, up the steep hill that leads to the market place of Montmorency. Here we were to leave our carriage, and proceed on ponies and donkies to the forest. The Abbé, being a timid rider, preferred the latter; and giving our commissariat in charge to the purveyor of our cavalry, we set out, followed by a troop of idle boys; as goodly a cavalcade as ever woke the echoes of those romantic shades. All went on well till we arrived at the fountain, where a line was formed as usual by the weird sisters who guard it, and who levy contributions upon the passenger, upon pretence of offering a bucket of water to the poor animal that carries

him. Now whether it happened that the Abbé's ass was that day afflicted by hydrophobia, or whether he was alarmed at the *laide figure* of the nymph of the fountain, or whether (for, as Sterne says, with a man of lively imagination there is no end of suppositions in these cases) some of the idle boys who followed us had played him a trick, it so fell out that he took to kicking with an activity that in so dull a beast was perfectly marvellous; and the Abbé being, as I before told you, a timid rider, and a timid rider being but another word for a very *bad* rider, he was speedily flung upon his back in a part of the road which, from its vicinity to the fountain, is always a puddle even in the middle of summer. He was soon replaced upon his feet, uninjured except in his garments; but an angel's tongue could not have persuaded him to remount. Like the Apollo of the *Rejected Addresses* he seemed to think "*one* tumble enough" and persisted in walking to our place of rendezvous. There was no alternative; we left him to plod his weary way, and after threading the mazes of the forest in almost every direction, we still arrived at the *lieu du sacrifice* long before him. As we all liked the old man, it was proposed to leave the eatables under the *grand châtaignier*, and go in search of him. But it was a foolish attempt in a labyrinth like the forest of Montmorency; and after more than half an hour's walk we found him on our return, wild with hunger and red with anger, at the place appointed. Then was spread our table cloth; and on its centre was placed the superb *pâté de volaille*. And who shall picture our amazement at its contents? for 'when the pie was opened,' in place of the beautiful white breasts of sundry pullets, a black and moving mass met our astonished sight. During our absence a colony of what the naturalists call 'that ingenious and provident little animal the Ant' had established themselves amongst the fowls,

and made them '*foul indeed*:'—even the crust was incrustated with them; and as they were too numerous to be cleared off, and we had little inclination to feed either upon *them* or the places on which they had *located* themselves, the *pâté de volaille*, the very prop and foundation of our dinner, the spring, the head, the fountain of our feast, was altogether abandoned to them. From a *jour gras* it became a *jour maigre*: we took a sparing meal from the few things that remained, and promised ourselves to make amends on our return to Montmorency. It was one of the days of its annual fête, and the dancers had already assembled under the trees that overshadow the road to Rousseau's hermitage. The music led us near one of the orchestras, where its leader was beating time with both his feet as earnestly as though the fate of nations depended upon a false note: our vexations and disappointments were forgotten; the young ladies looked wistfully at the dance—the Abbé looked gloomily on the ground; they ventured to ask his permission, he refused; they repeated their request—he walked away; and told us to join him at the carriage. We were now determined to enjoy ourselves, but had scarcely taken our places in the quadrille, when a person came to tell me the Abbé wished to see us in the road below. We conducted our partners to their seats, and then found him surrounded by strangers, exhausted, enraged, and heaping imprecations upon his own folly in having ever consented to such an expedition.

“It appeared that he had scarcely left us when he was recognized by some of the boys who had formed the rear of our cavalcade. Their salutation was not the most respectful: the Abbé angrily resented it: the boys shouted: he made a hostile demonstration: they retreated—then rallied, and their cries of *à bas monsieur l'Abbé! à bas le jésuite!* being accompanied by a shower of stones, he was in his turn put to flight, and ignominiously pursued till he was

rescued by the worthy people in whose care we found him. There was now no alternative but to seek the young ladies and return home. They had been accosted in our absence by two butchers, who, in the very costume of their trade, their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, had solicited them to dance; but not thinking it meet to do so, they had been laughed at, and were now as anxious as the Abbé himself to depart. In a few minutes we were on our return to Paris. The heat was intense; and we all complained bitterly of thirst: but the Abbé was inexorable, and it appeared hopeless to stay him on his route. When we arrived at St. Denis, however, one of the young ladies was so near fainting, and the whole of the insides were in such a state of suffocation, that he was obliged to consent to a glass of lemonade, and our *cocher* drew up at the door of a *café*. No place could have been more unhappily chosen. We soon found that the tables near the windows were filled with soldiers; and, what was still worse, we also found that we were perceived by *them*, and that most of them were officers who formed part of the flock of wolves of which our unfortunate Abbé was the pastor. *Voilà, monsieur notre aumonier! Ha, ha, ha! ma foi, mais ces filles sont jolies! Bonjour monsieur l'Abbé! et votre santé?*—His anger and vexation were now at such a pitch that I expected, like the boiler of a high pressure steam engine, he would have gone off himself and torn every thing around him into pieces. His nephew insisted upon getting out of the carriage to chastise the *polissons* who had insulted us; the Abbé held him back; the ladies screamed; the passengers who were waiting for the departure of a *velocifère* gathered round us; I called loudly to the *cocher* to drive on; and once more passing the odoriferous faubourg of St. Denis, we thus finished the happy day we had devoted to a *diner sur l'herbe* in the forest of Montmorency."

A MODEST DEFENCE
OF
PORTRAIT PAINTING,
BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

HOGARTH, in his Frontispiece to the Artists' Catalogue, 1761, has committed a very whimsical bit of allegorical testiness. From a lion's head, surmounted by a bust of king George the Third, there issues a stream of water, (meant to indicate the royal bounty) which flows into a watering pot—nothing more nor less; from which watering pot a pretty, plump, neat looking grisette, (such as we may see similarly employed in the suburban garden-plots, that indicate the inextinguishable love of nature of the cockneys) is watering three intertwining shrubs; one leafy and flourishing—the others bare, stunted, and moribund. Now the pretty damsel, whose robes succinct are tucked up in a way that shews she is used to dirty streets, we are to call Britannia; and the three plants, on which she is pouring the fluid favours of Majesty, are inscribed, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture: the last is in good condition, but Painting looks as miserable as Wordsworth's thorn—all except one single branch, which has withdrawn the sap and sustenance from its parent stem, and starved its brother branches; each of which is higher than itself. This monopolizing bough is Portrait Painting.

Hogarth was an awkward flatterer, and seldom succeeded in allegory; but his satire is often misapplied, and hardly ever feeble. In this instance however, his shaft may be fairly described as "*imbelle sine ictu.*" He seems to have fallen into a common error—that the patronage of portrait starves the higher, and more inventive branches of art. A notion sufficiently confuted by the fact, that Titian was a portrait painter. In truth it was the desire to preserve the lineaments of eminent individuals that first brought painting to Britain. The value we set on our friends' faces and our own, enables artists to live, while they are acquiring the skill to execute their poetic conceptions. And to suppose that the taste for individual likenesses produced an insensibility to general beauty, is as absurd, as to ascribe to the annuals and other periodical publications, the lack of profound erudition in our modern literature.

Yet many are there at this day, malcontents in art, and sons of Zoilus in criticism, who decry portraiture as a wen, a fungus, a parasitical sucker, a pampered menial, a slave, that has usurped dominion over its master; as a poor, base, sordid, mechanical, bowing, cringing, interest-making, money-getting handicraft! Aye, money-getting!—*There's the rub!*

Let us hear the the testimony of Johnson, who, in matters that came home to the business and bosoms of men, was seldom wrong; and only erred, when comprehensive imagination, and subtle philosophy were required. Hence he was one of the best critics of manners, and worst of poetry, that ever existed. "Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures; and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of the subject. But it is in painting as it is in life—what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to Heroes and Goddesses, to empty

splendour and to airy fiction, that art, which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead. Every man is always present to himself, and has therefore, little need of his own resemblance; nor can desire it but for the sake of those he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a rational and reasonable consequence of affection; and though, like all other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue nor excite it."

But is it true that the portrait is a work of mere mechanic dexterity, in which the hand and the eye alone are employed; and all that constitutes the man in man, is out of office? A portrait may be produced mechanically, as an air may be composed—by rule, and rote, and memory; but it may safely be assumed that a good portrait cannot be painted, without some of the best talents of the poet and of the philosopher. It does not indeed demand the fancy, the invention, the constructiveness, that enter into the composition of an epic, a tragic, or a comic picture, but these are faculties which many poets of no trivial name, have either not possessed, or never exerted. But if it be a function of philosophy to discover, amid the ceaseless flux of phænomena, the permanent, the essential, the ideal—to form abstractions which are not mere words, but the bonds and regulations of true knowledge; if it be the business of a shaping imagination, to invest such abstractions with an appropriate body, and congruous circumstances; to bestow a vital unity, organized in coherent members—if to arrest a moment, and make it an adequate symbol of a total being, be the more peculiar constituent of pictorial genius, then

we say, that the man who delineates a satisfactory likeness, even of an undistinguished child of earth, proves that he has evoked and educated the finest powers of his intellect.

Perhaps these positions require to be applied and illustrated, in order to be intelligible. It must be observed, that, to draw the living person, even with technical accuracy, is a very different thing from copying a picture, which may be done by rule and measurement. In the picture, not only is all that belongs to proportion and perspective ready made, but the aspect is unchangeable; the copyist may work and look again; and inquire of his model, and receive the same invariable faithful answer. But copying will go but a very little way with a human countenance. There a novice might look and look, and be so far from getting his lesson by heart, that he will find each previous impression impaired and modified by the succeeding. He will not be able to note down one feature in just keeping; and will probably, throw the blame on the restlessness of the sitter: and at last either produce a plan instead of a portrait, or such an anarchy of lineaments as it would have puzzled Munden to realize. The fact is, that the representative image, the impression on the brain, which corresponds with each person of our acquaintance, is abstracted from many continuous or successive acts of vision; and may probably, be different in different individuals, according to the perfection of their organs. But as the substratum to these uncertain representatives, there must be an intelligible and therefore, communicable form; which the portrait painter transfers to the canvass. He will paint you—not as you do look at this or that particular time,—but as you must, and ought to look to answer the best possible idea of yourself. This is what Vandyke, Lely, Reynolds, and

Lawrence have done, for the great and the fair of their respective ages.

Much is said about the vanity of plain-looking, insignificant people, sitting for their pictures, as if forsooth, any body was insignificant by his own fire-side; or as if we would have no affection for our friends' visages or our own, without fancying them handsome. Or suppose we did, it is one of the most harmless of mortal errors. Imaginary beauty breeds far kindlier feelings than conscious ugliness. It were well if all could believe themselves comely, till they are content to be otherwise. But the philosopher—the feeling investigator of human nature, who loves his species as the children of his Almighty Parent, and therefore thinks all that belongs to man important and interesting, will form a very different opinion. He will not despise the meanest sketch, profile or outline, that presents a human face; he will smile benignantly at the veriest daub that ever stared from the smoky walls of a club room—if it represent an honest man; for he cannot but know that there are, or have been, some of his fellow-creatures to whom it was dear. Were the *Jus Imaginum* limited, as at Rome to the great and noble, not only would many worthy citizens, limners, oilmen, colourmen, dealers in canvass, &c. be deprived of their bread, but a vast store of innocent pleasure would be lost to good people; and what is worse, our hearts would miss many profitable hints and salutary influences. We are all too apt to forget the absent and the dead, and yet, did we keep them in our thoughts, from how much evil would they preserve us! How many things should we do—how many should we leave undone, if but once a day, for one short quiet space, a departed mother, a friend, a sister, that is far away, in silent visitation communed with our souls. Who, that bears his true love's token in his bosom, even

in a foreign land, would break his plighted faith? Who, with a father's picture looking from his walls, would disobey that father's parting charge? Could he, who has changed bibles with his sweetheart ever be an infidel.

Hence the value of all art, all means and instruments that made the absent present—constructing in sense itself a counterbalance to the despotism of sense: as letters, keepsakes, crooked sixpences, bibles mutually given and received, braided locks of hair, busts, portraits and epitaphs.

WINTER'S WREATH.

ORPHAN PROTECTOR.

M. S——, a gentleman attached to the court of France, lost a very intimate friend, who, in dying, left his debts, and two children of a tender age, quite unprovided for. His friend, who survived, immediately reduced his establishment and his equipage, and took apartments in the suburbs of Paris; whence he came every day to the palace, attended only by a footboy, and discharged the duties of his office. He was immediately suspected of avarice, or of bad conduct, and had to endure many calumnies. At length, at the end of two years, M. S. mixed again in the busy world. He had accumulated the sum of twenty thousand livres, which he had laid out for the support and future fortune of the children of his friend.

THE MORDAUNTS,

A TRUE STORY OF FIFTY YEARS SINCE,

BY MISS MITFORD.

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ABOVE half a century ago—for to such a date does my little story refer—Red Lion Square was accounted a genteel, if not a fashionable, place of residence, and numbered amongst its inhabitants some of the principal London attorneys—solicitor was not the phrase in those days—to whom its vicinity to the inns of court rendered that neighbourhood particularly convenient. Amongst the most respectable of these respectable persons was Mr. Mordaunt, a widower with five children, whose mingled strength and kindness of character rendered him the very man to educate and bring out his motherless family; just as the union of acuteness and integrity, for which he was distinguished in his professional life, had placed him deservedly at the head of one of the most flourishing firms in the metropolis. He was not rich, for he had begun the world with nothing but industry and talent, had married a lady in the same predicament with himself, and had preferred giving his children the unalienable possession of an excellent education to the accumulation of money for their immediate portions; but, in the prime of life with an excellent income and still brighter prospects, he lived as became a man of liberal habits and elegant tastes; and generous, both from temper and principle, refused no indulgence to his family, except such as appeared to him

inconsistent with their station, or with that wise and liberal economy which is as essential, perhaps even more so, to the affluent as to the poor.

The young people were all of high promise. The eldest, Charles, a youth of extraordinary ability, bringing up to the bar, was on the point of leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself greatly, and had recently been entered at the Temple. George, the second son, was in his father's office: and of the three daughters, Catherine, the elder, a girl of eighteen, was eminently pretty; Sarah, two years younger, and less handsome, had something of her brother Charles's talent; and little Barbara, the pet and plaything of the whole house, was that charming creature—a lively and good-humoured spoilt child.

One evening, in the beginning of July, this amiable family were assembled in their pretty drawing-room, fresh hung with India paper, where gorgeous birds were perched amongst gorgeous flowers, and Chinese processions, gorgeous and immoveable as the birds, stuck amidst gay pagodas and gilded temples—a bright but unmeaning pageant. The furniture consisted of French chairs and settees covered with blue damask, at once handsome and uncomfortable, with window curtains to match; a japan cabinet; a mahogany bureau, of which the top formed a small bookcase with glass doors; a harpsichord—for pianos were not yet in use; two large looking-glasses between the windows, and marble tables with gilt legs underneath them; a Pembroke table in the middle of the room, and a large fire-screen, with a stupendous bunch of flowers in embroidery, the elaborate work of the fair Catherine, in one corner.

Mr. Mordaunt was writing a letter at one table; his eldest daughter working, or, to use her brother's phrase, flourishing, an apron at another; the young men were lounging at the

windows ; and Bab (for the dignity of that aristocratic name so often seen in the peerage, and so seldom elsewhere, was in this young lady's case sadly pretermitted—the very house-maid who dressed her called her Miss Bab) was playing with her doll on the floor.

Sarah's employment was different from the rest. She was standing at the harpsichord, busied in arranging, in China vases, a quantity of flowers with which it was strewed, and which had just arrived from a small country house, which Mr. Mordaunt called his farm, on Enfield Chase. With intuitive taste Sarah had put the honeysuckles, so pretty by themselves and which mix so ill with gayer flowers, in a large jar on the centre of the mantle-piece, flanking it with a smaller pot filled with white Provence roses—so elegant and delicate amongst their own green leaves—on one side, and one of that rose called the maiden's blush on the other ; whilst the rest of the old-fashioned beau-pot, pinks, lilies, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and sweet-peas, she gathered together in a large China bowl, and deposited on the harpsichord between a pile of music-books and a guitar-case.

“How I wish these flowers had arrived before poor Mrs. Sullivan went away !” exclaimed Sarah, after standing before them for some minutes to survey and admire her own handy work. “She seemed so out of spirits—poor woman !—and some of these beautiful flowers would have comforted her and done her good ; at least,” added she, seeing her elder brother smile and shake his head, “I am sure they would always have cheered me, let me be as melancholy as I might ; and she is as fond of them as I am, and was always used to them in her father's fine garden.”

“Kindness must always do good under any form, my dear Sarah,” observed her father, looking up from his letter ;

“but I fear that poor Mrs. Sullivan’s depression is too deeply seated to be touched by your pretty remedy, and that any thing which reminds her of her father’s house is more likely to increase than to remove her dejection.”

“Mr. Darrell, then, continues implacable?” enquired Charles, with much interest.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Mordaunt, “and I fear will remain so. I am writing to him now in his daughter’s behalf, but I have no hope from the result. He sent for my partner yesterday to make his will, evidently to avoid my importunity in favour of these poor Sullivans. Her elopement was a most foolish act—a wrong, a foolish act; but ten years of penitence and suffering might have softened my old friend towards his only child, and one who, spoilt by his indulgence and her own position in society—a beauty and an heiress—can so ill support the penury and neglect under which she now languishes.”

“Was she beautiful?” asked Catherine: “I see no remains of former loveliness.”

“She is much changed,” answered Charles; “but even I can remember her a most splendid woman. She had the presence and air of a queen, or rather of a young lady’s notion of a queen. Fancy a stately and magnificent creature, with high features; a dark, clear, colourless complexion; a proud, curling lip; large black eyes—sometimes soft and languishing, but which could light up with a fire as bright as the glow of a furnace; a broad, smooth forehead; a dark, flexible brow; and a smile exquisitely sweet, and you will have some idea of Sophia Darrel before her imprudent and unfortunate marriage. Poverty and her father’s displeasure have wrought this change, and perhaps her husband’s death.”

“Chiefly want of money,” observed Mr. Mordaunt, sealing

and directing his letter. "She had pretty well got over the loss of Captain Sullivan. Want of money is the pressing evil."

"I wish I were as rich as Mr. Darrell!" cried Sarah; and then she blushed and stopped, adding, in a hesitating voice, "what a pity it is that good wishes can do no real good!"

"Except to the wisher, Sarah," replied her father: "the slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thought and noble feeling, as the sun and rain foster your favourite flowers. Cherish kind wishes, my children; for a time may come when you may be enabled to put them in practice. In the meantime," added he, in a gayer tone, "tell me, if you were all very rich, what you would wish for yourselves—for your own gratification, ladies and gentlemen?"

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Sarah, "a great library!"

"And I," said Miss Bab, from the floor, "I'd have a great doll."

"I'd go to Italy," said Charles.

"I to Oxford," cried his brother.

"And I to Ranelagh," said Catherine, laughing. "In the meantime," added she, as the footman—it being now six o'clock, for they had dined at the usual hour of three—brought in the tea equipage, followed by the silver kettle and lamp:—"in the meantime, we may as well go to tea, and afterwards take a walk in Gray's Inn Garden as we meant to do, for the evening is beautiful, and my new hat is just come home."

About two months after, the same party, with the exception of Mr. Mordaunt, were assembled at nearly the same hour in a very different scene. They were then passing

the long vacation at the farm, and, it being Bab's birthday, had adjourned to the root-house, a pretty rustic building at the end of the garden, to partake of fruit, and cakes, and a syllabub from the cow, which the enchanted little girl had been permitted to compound herself, under the direction and superintendence of the housekeeper. It was a scene beautiful in itself, and full of youthful enjoyment. The somewhat sombre root-house, with its Gothic painted windows, its projecting thatch, supported by rough pillars clothed with ivy, clematis, passion-flowers, and the virgin-in-the-bower, looked out on a garden, gay with hollyhocks, balsams, China asters, African marigolds, the rich scarlet geranium, and the sweet marvel of Peru. The evening sun gleamed brightly around, shining on the old farm house, whose casement windows peeped, through a clustering vine, on a small piece of water at the end of the garden, and the green common and forest beyond, with an effect of light and shadow, just, as Sarah observed, "like a real picture;" and the figures scattered about would have pleased a painter's eye almost as well as the landscape in which they were placed.

Catharine, radiant with innocent gaiety, blooming as Hebe, and airy as a sylph, stood catching, in a wicker basket, the large bunches of grapes which her younger brother, with one foot on a ladder, and one on the steep roof of the house, threw down to her and Charles, who was at once steadying the ladder and directing the steps of the adventurous gatherer. Little Bab, the heroine of the day, was marching in great state down a broad gravel walk, leading from the house to the root-house, preceding a procession consisting of John, the footman, with a tray of jingling glasses—the housekeeper bearing the famous syllabub, her own syllabub—and the housemaid, well-laden

with fruit and cakes. Sarah, faithful to her flowers, was collecting an autumn nosegay—cloves, jessamine, blossomed myrtle, mignonette, and the late musk-rose—partly as an offering to Miss Barbara—partly for her father, whose return from town, whither he had been summoned on business, was anxiously expected by them all.

Just as the young people were collected together in the root-house, Mr. Mordaunt arrived. He was in deep mourning, and although receiving with kindness Sarah's offering of flowers, and Bab's bustling presentation of a glass of syllabub, which the little lady of the day insisted on filling herself, was evidently serious, pre-occupied, almost agitated. He sat down without speaking, throwing his hat upon the table, and pushing away Catherine's guitar, which had been brought thither purposely to amuse him. He had even forgotten that it was poor Bab's birth-day, until reminded of it by the child herself, who clambered upon his knees, put her arms round his neck, and demanded clamorously that her dear papa should kiss her and wish her joy. He then kissed her tenderly, uttered a fervent benediction on her, and on all his children, and relapsed into his former silence and abstraction.

At length he said, "My sadness saddens you, my dear boys and girls, but I am just come from a very solemn scene, from Mr. Darrell's funeral."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Charles, with much emotion: "I did not even know that he was dead."

"Nor I, till I reached London yesterday," returned Mr. Mordaunt.

"Poor Mrs. Sullivan!" cried Sarah: "did her father forgive her before he died?"

"He sent her his forgiveness on his death-bed—an unspeakable comfort!—but still his angry will remains unre-

voked. She and her children are starving, whilst his immense fortune descends to one unconnected with him by blood or alliance, or any tie save that of an old friendship. After a few trifling legacies to friends and servants, I am left residuary legatee. The property is large, my children; larger, perhaps, than with your moderate views and limited expectations you can readily apprehend. You may be rich, even beyond the utmost grasp of your wishes, and Catherine may revel in innocent amusement, and Charles in tasteful travel; college with all its advantage is open to his brother; Sarah may have endless books, and Barbara countless dolls; luxury, splendour, gaiety, and ambition, are before ye—the trappings of grandeur, or the delights of lettered ease; ye may be rich, my children, beyond the dreams of avarice—or ye may resign these riches to the natural heir, and return to peaceful competence and honourable exertion, reaping no other fruit from this unsought-for legacy than a spotless reputation and a clear conscience. Choose, and choose freely. My little Sarah has, I think, already chosen. When, some weeks ago, she wished to be as rich as Mr. Darrell, I read her countenance ill, if the motive of that wish were not to enrich Mrs. Sullivan. Choose, my dear children, and choose freely!”

“Oh, my dear father, we have chosen! Could you think that we should hesitate? I answer for my brothers and sisters, as for myself. How could *your* children waver between wealth and honour?” And Charles, as he said this, threw himself into his father’s arms, the other young people clinging round them—even little Bab exclaiming, “Oh, dear papa, the money must *be all* for Mrs. Sullivan!”

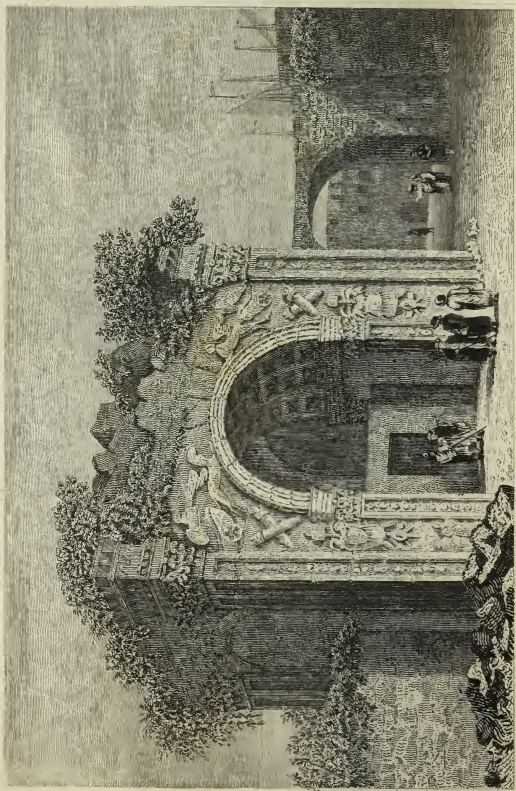
The relator of this true anecdote had the gratification of hearing it from one of the actors in the scene—the Sarah of her little story, who is now in a green old age, the delight

of her friends, and the admiration of her acquaintances. Her readers will probably be as glad to hear as she was, that the family, thus honourably self-deprived of enormous riches, has been eminently happy and prosperous in all its branches—that the firm distinguished by the virtues of its founder still continues one of the first in London—and that a grandson of Mr. Mordaunt's, no less remarkable for talent and integrity than his progenitor, is at the present time a partner in the house.

PELOPIDAS.

EPAMINONDAS and Pelopidas, remarkable for their inviolable friendship, accompanied each other to assist the Lacedæmonians and Thebans in their war against the Arcadians; and being posted in the Spartan wing, which was forced to give way, they resolved to prefer death to flight, and therefore opposed the enemy alone, until Pelopidas fell down among a crowd of the slain, covered with wounds. Epaminondas perceived this; and although he thought his friend had been killed, stepped before him, and with redoubled vigour defended his body and his armour, till he was also wounded in the body with a pike, and in the arm with a sword; when Agesipolis, King of Sparta, came in with the other wing, and rescued from death these two celebrated friends.

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VIEW IN SEVILLE.

THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE,

AND THE

TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

MY favourite haunt, while a student at Seville, was the *Alcázar*, the ancient abode of her kings, both Moors and Christians. It is a palace originally erected by the Arabs, at a short distance from the principal mosque, now the cathedral; and rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by Peter the Cruel, in 1360. The Spanish tyrant made it answer the double purpose of a mansion and a fortress, adding a wall, on the side of the town, which, though now concealed in many places by houses, shews, in its strength, how much he has to fear whom every body fears.

The gates in this inclosure marked to me the boundary between ancient and modern Seville,—I do not use the words ancient and modern in the precise sense of the antiquarian: with dates I neither had nor wished to have any thing to do,—they have plagued me through life, so readily do they glide off my memory. Of the books which contain the history of my native town, not one had then been in my hands; yet the *Alcázar* with its neighbourhood was more than history to me; for the traditional tales which I had heard from the dear lips that taught me Castillian, made it an enchanted spot, where, scarcely noticing the present inhabitants, I mixed with the shades of both Moors and Spaniards who had dwelt there in the ages of love and romance.

I should indeed pity that Andalusian youth, who, on a summer's day, could enter at the *Huntsmen's Gate*;* cast a look at the arabesque fretwork of the palace; pass in front of the grand saloons, which stretch on one side of the gardens; proceed to the King's Mews; and lastly, take shelter from the burning but enlivening heat of the sun in the labyrinth of Moorish streets at the back of the *Alcázar*, and be deaf the while to those sweet tales which language is too gross to translate from the whispers of fancy:—such as I heard from that ethereal babbler had a charm which time cannot destroy. When, descending fast into the vale of years, I strongly fix my mind's eye on those narrow, shady, silent streets, where I breathed the scented air which came rustling through the surrounding groves; where the footstep re-echoed from the clean, watered porches of the houses, and every object spoke of quiet and contentment,—of bare sufficiency of fortune enlarged by cheerfulness and moderation of wishes,—of modest gentility, supporting its claims to respect, not by riches and power, but by inherited nobleness and delicacy of feeling; the objects around me begin to fade into a mere delusion, and not only the thoughts but the external sensations which I then experienced revive with a reality that makes me shudder;—it has so much the character of a trance or vision! Alas! what is there left of the objects themselves but these mental traces, these deep and painful impressions, which, like unhealed wounds, must in the heart of many an exile bleed anew whenever they are examined!

The approach to the gardens of the *Alcázar* is through a long, low, narrow passage, whose darkness and confined dimensions add to the effect of light and space on passing the iron gate of the first parterre. An Englishman would

* Puerta de los Monteros.

find here little but the novelty of the scene to gratify him. Every thing, even the plants and flowers, bears an artificial look. The high myrtle hedges, inclosing the square plots into which the ground is divided, are kept in the most precise shape by the smoothing shears of the gardener. The thyme, lavender, and boxwood, are seen in rows, forming grotesque designs of animals, mottoes, and heraldic figures. The walks are paved with bricks; and iron railings separate the different portions, which go by the names of the Queen's, the Prince's, the Alcove, the Labyrinth, and the Ladies' Gardens. The centre of the last is occupied by two lines of dancers, cut out of the myrtle hedge on which they stand, all with heads and hands carved in wood; the rest of the body and dress formed of the living plant. A band of musicians, of the same vegetable growth, with harps, pipes, and tabors, is seen at one end; and two colossal savages, with maces of enormous dimensions, all connected by the same roots, and living on the same earth, stand sentinels at the entrance.

Such are the objects which might disgust the fastidious and unaccommodating taste of some travellers. But, oh! how different are the feelings of a native, taught by the climate and nature of his soil, not to expect *rural* pleasure within the walls of a town, forest scenery on thirsty plains, or soft turfs under a fierce sun, which would leave no traces of vegetable green, were it not for the hardness of some plants, and the artificial streams that water them! The inhabitant of the south looks in a garden for cool shade, and balmy breezes, and the refreshing murmurs of fountains; the intoxicating breath of the orange flowers in their season; the thick, though invisible, clouds of odours which rise from millions of roses; the sighs of the south wind; and, sweeter than they, the warblings of the nightingale. Such pleasures cannot be enjoyed in the cold open solitude of a park: but

how wonderfully are they enhanced by the privacy of a Moorish garden !

Lost in the sensations just described, I used to sit, hour after hour, in a favourite corner where I could hear the sound of a copious stream, which, from the mouth of a marble lion, gushed into a large reservoir ; and would not have exchanged the tall grey wall, incrustured with rustic work above, and clothed below with trained orange and lemon trees, for the finest park scenery which I have learnt to admire in England. There, with scarcely any one in view (for this place is frequented only three or four days in the year), and listening to the shears of the gardeners, which forced out the sweet cool scent of the box and myrtle, and awaked feelings not unlike the whetting of the scythe, where it announces the long-expected summer ; my fancy fluttered like a bird hatched in an aviary, beyond whose wire-work there is not a wish to tempt him. Had I not room enough for every dream of youthful happiness ? Did not those very limits seem to secure me from intrusion, that bane and blight of the hearts which early learn to shrink from the gaze of the petty tyrants who subdivide the oppressive power of church and state in those countries ! Oh no ! liberty never smiles there but within walls and gates. The monarchs themselves, who contrived these bowers, felt the necessity of guards and inclosures. As to myself, who derived my best pleasures from fancy, I never passed between the threatening maces of the green savages who stood at the entrance, without imagining that the blow which they suspended, as I chose to believe, out of pure good-will towards me, would fall upon the first intruder who should dare to break in upon my privacy.

The vegetable guards seemed, however, to be in collusion with many occasional visitors. Parties of strangers from the

country used, now and then, to visit the gardens ; but though their presence could not but disturb the enjoyment of my oriental reveries, they never staid long within view ; while, on the other hand, the play of the water-spouts which, upon such occasions, is invariably the consequence of a small fee given to the chief gardener, made me full amends by adding freshness and brilliancy to the scene.

The reader should indeed be informed, that the brick walks, and the rustic incrustation of the walls, with all the artificial coral and shell rocks of which the decorations of the fountains consist, are perforated with innumerable small apertures, communicating with leaden pipes, which convey a large body of water from a much higher level. Upon turning a cock, walls, walks, and rocks are bristled over with a crop of streamlets, rising to the height of eight or ten feet, and preserving in their directions the outline of the figures from which they issue. Those in the walks are so contrived, that, rising on both sides with a certain obliquity, arches of shining drops are formed, under which any one might walk without being exposed to more than a light spray. Hydraulic organs were formerly connected with these water-works, of which nothing remains but a figure blowing a trumpet. The sound it utters has a peculiar softness, and appears to proceed, not from the figure itself, but from a wind instrument behind the wall, or rather under ground. The quaintness of these contrivances, and the coolness produced by the rapid evaporation which follows the play of the diminutive fountains, are in perfect harmony with the character of the whole place : they certainly never failed to freshen my thoughts and invigorate my fancy

It was on one of these occasions that I made the acquaintance of an excellent man—one of the best specimens of the Sevillian gentry, at a period when Spanish manners were

making progress towards refinement, and just before the introduction of the affected ease and rude frankness, which now contrast so offensively with the remains of their ceremonious politeness. Don Antonio Montesdeoca was seldom seen in the modern French coat: his dress, except on a few church festivals, was the long Spanish cloak, of light-brown stuff, in summer, and of cloth of the same colour in winter. The hat was about ten inches broad in the brim, with a crown from three to four in height. His unshorn grey hairs were gathered into an oblong black silk net, with a string of tassels not unlike the tail of a paper kite, which hung over his back. He was tall, lean, and walked remarkably erect, bearing the left arm bent upon the breast, as if it still supported the long sword which, sixty years ago, all gentlemen carried about in the evening. I knew Don Antonio by name, and he knew me; yet, with the natural modesty of a boy, I used only to touch my hat to him, according to the good old style of Spanish civility, and pass on to my favourite seat. Both of us, however, being thus thrown daily together on the same spot, it was not long before the old gentleman, telling me that he had known my family many years, asked what brought me so often to the gardens. He was highly delighted with the similarity of our tastes at such distant periods of life. From that day we often met to converse under the shade of the same tree. He knew a great deal about the palace, and all the antiquities of the town. I listened with much interest to his accounts of days long past; and will try to repeat such parts of them as I believe to be worthy of attention, by their having left the deepest impression on my memory.

There is an object in the gardens which, from my earliest childhood, I had looked upon with a mixture of awe and curiosity: it is a dark, dismal, subterraneous hall, supported

by rows of double columns, and very scantily lighted from a few square apertures in the ceiling, secured by strong iron grates, as if they had been contrived for a keep or dungeon. In the middle of this hall is seen a large oblong tank of marble. The tank, at that time I am speaking of, was perfectly dry; though two large spouts, at the upper end, still shewed the purpose for which it was constructed. The recollection of its original use is preserved in the name which the place bears to this day, of the Baths of Donna Maria Padilla. This lady, who is generally believed to have been, from her earliest youth to her death, the mistress of Peter the Cruel, was the butt of the party who set on the throne the bastard Henry of Transtamare, the same that murdered the king, his brother, with his own hand, after the battle of Montiel. Such, however, were Maria's beauty, goodness of heart, and natural talents, that even the chronicles written during the reign of the successful usurper are forced to speak of her with respect; while, on the other hand, malice and calumny were employed in spreading the most shocking reports, which, in the shape of popular traditions, are still preserved among the Sevillians. I had once obtained admission to the baths, through the influence of my friend Don Antonio, when he asked me how many old gossips' stories of Donna Maria Padilla I had heard. I acknowledged that, like every other child in Seville, I had, in fact, heard the whole series: that I had often been frightened to bed by the nurserymaid's story of the coach of fire in which Donna Maria was said, on certain nights, to parade the town; and many other tales equally ridiculous and extravagant. "Absurd," interrupted my old friend, "very absurd and wicked! I cannot endure calumny even against those who have been many centuries among the dead. Maria Padilla, to tell you the truth, is one of my

historical favourites: she, from pure disinterested love of Peter, bore the reproach of being his mistress, though she was the true and lawful queen of Castille. The most indubitable proofs of the marriage were given to the Cortes at Seville soon after her death: and no man would now pretend to doubt the fact, had not such a doubt been necessary to justify the usurpation of Henry. Heaven, in mercy to her virtues and sufferings, spared her seeing the last years of Peter's reign, and saved her (whatever the Spanish ballads say to the contrary) the humiliation of falling at the feet of her husband's murderer. Peter himself scarcely deserves compassion; yet few tyrants could say more in extenuation of their crimes. Placed on the throne a mere boy, two powerful and violent parties strove to make him the tool of their ambition. His wicked mother harassed a naturally violent character into downright ferocity; and the crowd of Peter's brothers almost deserved the death which the enraged despot inflicted upon them: yet the amiable Padilla, whose enemies they were, exerted herself to the last to save them. The power of her charms must have been surprising, since they could bind through life a man of the most unbridled passions. But Peter, who, in the wantonness of youth, pampered by the unprincipled rivals of the Padilla family, tried often to break the spell which bound his heart to Maria's, returned to her as often, declaring that she was the loveliest of all women. Do you see that beautiful gallery of arches supported on groups of small columns, which runs over the city wall that terminates these gardens?" "Yes," said I; "it joins the *Alcázar* with the ancient tower called *del Oro*, which rises on the brink of the river."

"In that tower," continued my friend, "did Peter keep for some time one of the rivals whom the enemies of Maria

Padilla contrived to set up against her. The lady's name was Aldonza Coronél, a sister of Maria Coronél, the celebrated foundress of the convent of Santa Clara, in this town; who, to avoid the dangers which threatened her virtue, destroyed her charms in a manner too shocking to relate. You have, no doubt, seen her body, in a glazed coffin, occupying the seat of honour in the choir of that nunnery. Well; Aldonza, a frailer beauty, came to implore the king's forgiveness for her husband, Alvar Perez de Guzman, who had been declared a traitor. The king was struck with her beauty; and the enemies of Maria Padilla procured interviews which proved the ruin of Aldonza. Maria was deserted in the *Alcázar*, while the faithless wife of Alvar Perez drew the whole court to the tower *del Oro*. The triumph of Aldonza was, however of short duration. Maria's meek endurance of neglect soon rekindled affection in the heart of the king; and Aldonza had to bury her shame in the cloister which her sister had just erected, as a retreat for herself and such females as wished to secure their virtue from the violence and profligacy of the times. The ill treatment and death of Blanche of Bourbon, generally supposed the legitimate queen of Castille, have in modern times been attributed to the direct influence of Maria Padilla. That the ever returning affection of Peter for the woman of his first love was the occasion of that barbarous treatment cannot be doubted; but the real cause of Blanche's misfortunes was the intrigues of the queen dowager, who made her defence a pretext for her own ambitious purposes. Maria Padilla appears to have loved Peter with the purest attachment. The tone and temper of her mind may be inferred from the fact that, during a temporary coolness in the king, she obtained a bull for the foundation of a convent, of which she was appointed abbess by the Pope. Yet she

possessed towns and estates whither she might have retired, and maintained a splendid independence. But to return to the baths: they are to me in their present state an object of regret and vexation. I recollect them, when in my youth they preserved the original form which they received from the Moorish architect; for this place was the only unaltered remnant of the Mahometan palace. What you now behold a dismal dungeon, was an orange grove of the same dimensions as the square yard which now stands over it. The upper branches of the trees rose to the level of the palace. These rows of columns supported two corridors which, crossing at right angles, gave access to the grand saloon, and afforded a delightful walk on the sides of the four squares into which they divided the garden below. I cannot conceive any thing more delicious in our hot climate, than a large bath, shaded by luxuriant trees, perfumed by numerous flower-plots; open to light and air, and yet scooped like a grot in the centre of a palace."

I once asked Don Antonio's opinion of the real character of Peter. "Some have of late represented him," said my friend, "as a man of great severity of character, but not cruel by nature. That he was goaded into ferocity, I have already told you. But it cannot be denied that in the latter part of his reign he grew faithless and treacherous to his friends, and a blood-thirsty monster to his enemies. Even in his best years, he at times gave way to fierce anger; though there still appeared a mixture of candour and justice in his character. Every body in this town knows the bust of Peter the Cruel, which still marks the spot where he killed a man in a chance affray, while walking in the night alone and in disguise.

To believe the traditional story, the murderer would never have been suspected but for an old woman, who, hearing

the clash of swords looked out with a lamp from her window. She soon withdrew the lamp in great fright, without seeing the man who had slain his adversary. When questioned by the magistrates the next day, she declared her persuasion that the murderer was no other than the king himself, whom she had discovered by the well-known rattling of his knees. Peter heard the accusation with composure, and neither contradicted nor injured the poor woman. Unable, however, to remove the suspicion which lay at his door, he ordered his own bust to be fixed in a niche upon the spot, as the heads of malefactors are set up to mark the scene of their crimes. The name of the narrow street which opens in front of the bust, bears still, as we all know, the name of *Candilejo*, from the lamp said to have been brought out by the old woman.

“The state of public morals at that period, and the weakness of the law against the privileged orders, may be conceived from another traditional story which the annalists of Seville have preserved. A prebendary of the cathedral was, in the early part of Peter’s reign, trying to seduce a beautiful woman, the wife of a mechanic. The frequency of the lover’s visits roused the jealousy of the husband, and he desired the clergyman to desist from troubling the peace of his household. The prebendary, incensed at what he conceived to be an insult, waylaid and killed the man. He then took sanctuary in the cathedral, and was soon after set free by the archbishop under a very slight punishment. A son of the murdered man, who though young and poor possessed a high spirit, appeared before the king, in an open space with seats, built of stone, near one of the gates of the palace, where he used daily to hear the complaints and petitions of his subjects. The structure I allude to was pulled down so lately as the middle of the seventeenth

century. The orphan youth complained bitterly of the archbishop, who had allowed the murderer of his father to go unpunished. Peter heard the lad with great attention, and, taking him aside, asked him if he felt courage enough to avenge his father? The lad declared, he wished for nothing so ardently. 'Go, then,' said the king, 'and come to me for protection.' The heart-blood of the murderer dripped soon after from the orphan's dagger. He was hotly pursued to the palace, where, being given in charge to the crossbowmen, a day was appointed for the trial. Peter, in open court, heard the archbishop's counsel against the prisoner; and asked the sentence of the ecclesiastical judge against the prebendary. 'He was, please your highness,' answered the prosecutor, 'suspended a whole year from his office.' 'What is your trade or occupation, young man?' said the king. 'I am a shoemaker,' was the answer. 'Then, let it be recorded as the sentence of this court, that, for the space of a whole year, the prisoner shall not be allowed to make shoes.'

On another occasion I questioned Don Antonio concerning a report of a large serpent having once attacked Peter the Cruel. "You mistake the story, my young friend," said he. "The allusion you have heard is to a very grave charge of sorcery, preferred by some writers of the fourteenth century against Maria Padilla. They assert that Blanche of Bourbon gave Peter, at their wedding, a beautiful belt, with which he was highly pleased. Maria, if we believe these writers, fearing to lose the king's affection, put this belt into the hands of a Jew, a great magician; and replaced it in her lover's wardrobe, after having had it exposed to the influence of a powerful spell. In full court the next day, the king, wearing the belt, was receiving the homage of the grandees, who came to congratulate him

upon his marriage: suddenly a hideous serpent appeared coiled round the middle of his body. During the first alarm the monster glided rapidly out of sight: with it the king's belt, the gift of his bride, had disappeared. It is added, that from that moment Peter could not endure the sight of Blanche."

"It would be desirable," said I, "to have a collection of tales of enchantment, from the traditionary legends of this part of the country."—"It would, indeed," answered Don Antonio, "and this quarter of the town would, I am sure, furnish a considerable contribution. All the streets to the south-east of the *Alcázar* were, from the conquest of Seville, allotted to the Moors who wished to remain under the dominion of the Christians. There is another portion of the town, on the same side, which, as you know, is still called the Jewry. The superior knowledge possessed by these two classes of people, when the Spaniards were almost exclusively employed in the arts of war, exposed them to the suspicion of their ignorant neighbours. Medicine, I believe, was at one time practised in Spain by none but Jews and Moors; and, as this science is intimately connected with chemistry, the vials, alembics, and furnaces of a laboratory, could not fail to confirm the prejudices of the Christians on the score of magic. These prejudices were, besides, industriously kept alive and strengthened by impostors, who, finding themselves already suspected, were glad to derive some profit from popular fear and credulity. I recollect that in one of the plays of Lope de Rueda, (the first who introduced acting in Spain), a Moriscoe is consulted as the regular magician of the place. In latter times, when all the descendants of Spanish Moors were, with as much cruelty as impolicy, expelled from the country, the notion that they had left their money concealed and secured by

supernatural means became general. Stories of enchanted treasures are as common among us as in some parts of Germany. We are just in view of a house which, in my youth, I saw for a long time uninhabited, because it was said to be haunted by an unfortunate Moorish woman, whose ghost was bound in suffering to a concealed treasure.”—“I know the house very well,” said I, “but having heard it called *Casa del Duende*,* was led to believe that the supernatural story connected with it, belonged to the ludicrous part of the world of spectres.”—“By no means,” replied my friend, “the story, whether of itself, or from my having heard it when a child, has something melancholy and impressive to my mind. I will tell it you as we walk home.”

TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

“Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer who owned the house we speak of. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large *Zaguán*, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe, deeply versed in the secret arts.

“The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering

* The Goblin house.

his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of our country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details, as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

“When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to

commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication (*Plegúria*) followed for about two minutes. All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty, the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket-lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. "Now Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life," said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father."—"Mother," answered the tremulous girl, "I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop, the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!"

"The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. "There, take the basket, child,—quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels,—I must not move the lantern.—Well done, my love! Another basketful, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for—yet, the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five

minutes—Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, out, Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side!”

“A faint groan was heard. Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again; the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement, till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, “*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!*” The thick vault, through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

“On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, “*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!*”

THE VENTRILOQUIST

OF MARSEILLES.

What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred!

Young's Night Thoughts.

THE beauty of the evening, which succeeded to a very sultry day, tempted Colonel Kielholm to sit, surrounded by his little family, on the stone bench placed before the door of the noble mansion he had recently purchased. In order to become acquainted by degrees with his new tenants, he took pleasure in questioning on their occupations and conditions, the greater part of those who passed by; he alleviated their little sufferings by his advice as well as by his bounty. His family enjoyed particular pleasure in seeing the little inn situated in front of the *château*, which instead of presenting a disgusting object, as when the late owner lived there, became each succeeding day better and more orderly. Their pleasure was heightened from the circumstance that the new landlord who had been many years a servant in the family, was loud in praises of its amended condition, and delighted himself in his new calling, with the idea of the happy prospects it held forth to himself, his wife, and his children.

Formerly, though the road was greatly frequented, nobody ventured to pass a night at this inn; but now each day there was a succession of travellers; carriages were constantly

seen at the door or in the court yard ; and the air of general satisfaction of each party as they proceeded on their route, incontestably proved to the landlord (who always, hat in hand, was at the door of their carriages as they drove off,) that his efforts to please the various travellers were completely successful.

A moving scene of this nature had just disappeared, which furnished conversation for the moment, when a whimsical equipage, which arrived from another quarter, attracted the attention of the colonel and his family. A long carriage, loaded with trunks and all sorts of luggage, and drawn by two horses, whose form and colour presented the most grotesque contrast imaginable, but which in point of meagreness were an excellent match, was succeeded by a second long and large vehicle, which they had, most probably at the expense of the adjacent forest, converted into a travelling thicket. The four steeds which drew it, did not in any respect make a better appearance than the two preceding. But the colonel and his family were still more struck by the individuals who filled this second carriage : it was a strange medley of children and grown persons, closely wedged together ; but not one of their countenances bore the slightest mark of similarity of ideas. Discontent, aversion, and hatred, were legible in the face of each of these sun-burnt strangers. It was not a family, but a collection of individuals, which fear or necessity kept together without uniting.

The colonel's penetrating eye led him to discover thus much, though the distance was considerable. He at length saw descend from the back part of the carriage a man of better appearance than the others. At something which he said, the whole troop turned their eyes towards the inn ; they assumed an air of greater content, and appeared a little better satisfied.

The first carriage had already stopped at the door of the inn, while the second was passing the *château*; and the extremely humble salutations from the passengers in the latter, seemed to claim the good-will of the colonel and his family.

The second carriage had scarcely stopped, ere the troop were out of it, each appearing anxious to quit those next to whom they had been sitting with all possible speed. The spruce and agile manner in which they leaped out of the vehicle, left no doubt on the mind what their profession was,—they could be none other than rope-dancers.

The colonel remarked, that “notwithstanding the humble salutations they had made, he did not think they would exhibit in these parts; but according to appearances, they would proceed to the capital with all possible dispatch; as it was hardly to be expected that they would be delayed a single day, by the very trivial profit to be expected from exhibiting in a mere country village.

“We have,” said he, “seen the worst side of these gentry, without the probability of ascertaining whether they have any thing to recommend them to our notice.”

His wife was on the point of expressing her dislike to all those tricks which endanger the neck, when the person whom they had observed as being superior to the rest, advanced towards them, and after making a low bow, asked permission to remain there a few days. The colonel was unable to refuse this request, as he shewed him a passport properly signed.

“I beg you,” replied the colonel, “to declare most positively to your company, that every equivocal action is punished in my villages: as I am anxious to avoid all possibility of quarrels.”

“Do not in the least alarm yourself, monsieur; an

extremely severe discipline is kept up in my troop, which has in some respects the effect of a secret police among ourselves: all can answer for one, and one can answer for all. Each is bound to communicate any misconduct on the part of another to me, and is always rewarded for such communication; but on the contrary, if he omits so to do, he is severely punished."

The colonel's lady could not conceal her aversion to such a barbarous regulation; which the stranger perceiving, shrugged his shoulders.

"We must all accommodate our ideas to our condition. I have found that if persons of this stamp are not so treated, there is no possibility of governing them. And you may the more confidently rely on my vigilance, as I had the happiness of being born in this place, and, in consequence, feel a double obligation: first, to the place of my birth; secondly, to his worship."

"Were you born here?" demanded the colonel's wife, with surprise.

"Yes, my lady; my father was Schurster, the school-master, who died lately. But I call myself Calzolaro, finding that my profession succeeds better under an Italian than a German name.

This explanation redoubled the interest the colonel and his lady already felt for this man, who appeared to have received a tolerable education. They knew that the school-master, whose profession had been pretty lucrative, owing to the numerous population of the village, had died worth some considerable property, but that he had named a distant female relation as his sole heiress, leaving his only son an extremely scanty pittance.

"My father," continued Calzolaro, "did not behave to me as he ought: and I cannot but think I should be jus-

tified in availing myself of some important informalities in his will, and endeavouring to set it aside, which is my present intention. But excuse I pray you, my having tired your patience with relations to which the conversation has involuntarily given rise. I have still one more request to make: permit me to return you my best thanks for your gracious condescension, and to shew you some of the exercises for which my troop is famous."

The colonel acceded to Calzolaro's request, and a day was fixed for the performance.

Calzolaro went that very evening to the village pastor, and communicated to him his intentions relative to his father's will. The worthy minister condemned such a procedure, and endeavoured to convince Calzolaro, that his father's anger was just. "Picture to yourself, young man," said he, "a father who has grown old in an honest profession, and who rejoices in having a son to whom he can leave it: added to which, this son has great talent, a good understanding, and is well disposed. It was natural that the father should use every possible exertion to obtain for this son his own situation at his death. The son is in truth nominated to succeed him. The father, thinking himself secure from misfortune, feels quite happy. It was at this period that the son, enticed by hair-brained companions, gave up a certain and respectable, though not very brilliant provision. My dear Schurster, if, when shaking off the salutary yoke, and quitting your venerable father, to ramble over the world, you could lightly forget the misery it would occasion him, you ought at least in the present instance to behave differently; or, in plain terms I shall say you are a good-for-nothing fellow. Did not your father, even after this, do all he could to reclaim you? but you were deaf to his remonstrances.

“Because the connexion which I had formed imposed obligations on me, from which I could not free myself, as from a garment of which one is tired. For had I then been my own master, as I now am——”

“Here let us stop, if you please: I have only one request to make of you. You ought, from respect to your father’s memory, not to dispute his will.”

This conversation, and the venerable air of the pastor had a little shaken Calzolaro’s resolutions; but the next day they returned with double force; for he heard several persons say, that shortly before his death, his father was heard to speak of him with great bitterness.

This discourse rendered him so indignant, that he would not even accede to a proposal of accommodation with the heiress, made to him by the pastor.

The colonel tried equally, but without success, to become a mediator, and at length determined to let the matter take its course.

He however assisted at the rehearsals made by the troop; and took so much pleasure in the performances prepared for the amusement of himself and his family by Calzolaro, that he engaged him to act again, and invited several of his neighbours to witness them.

Calzolaro, said to him on this occasion: “You have as yet seen very trifling proofs of our abilities. But do not fancy that I am an idle spectator, and merely stand by to criticize; I, as well as each individual of my troop, have a sphere of action; and I reserve myself to give you, before we take our leave, some entertaining experiments in electricity and magnetism.”

The colonel then told him, that he had recently seen in the capital a man who exhibited experiments of that sort,

which had greatly delighted him; and above all, he had been singularly astonished by his powers of ventriloquism.

"It is precisely in that particular point," replied Calzolaro, "that I think myself equal to any one, be they whom they may."

"I am very glad of it," answered the colonel. "But what would produce the most astonishing effect on those who have never heard a ventriloquist, would be a dialogue between the actor and a death's head: the man of whom I made mention gave us one."

"If you command it, I can undertake it."

"Delightful!" exclaimed the Colonel. And Calzolaro having given some unequivocal proofs of his powers as a ventriloquist, the colonel added: "The horror of the scene must be augmented by every possible means: for instance, we must hang the room with black; the lights must be extinguished; we must fix on midnight. It will be a species of phantasmagoria dessert after supper; an unexpected spectacle. We must contrive to throw the audience into a cold perspiration, in order that when the explanation takes place they may have ample reason to laugh at their fears. For if all succeeds, no one will be exempt from a certain degree of terror."

Calzolaro entered into the project, and promised that nothing should be neglected to make it successful.—They unfurnished a closet, and hung it with black.

The colonel's wife was the only one admitted to their confidence, as they could rely on her discretion. Her husband had even a little altercation on the subject with her. She wished, that for the ventriloquist scene they should use the model of a head in plaster, which her son used to draw from; whereas the colonel maintained that they must have a real skull: "Otherwise," said he, "the spectators' illusion

will speedily be at an end; but after they have heard the death's head speak, we will cause it to be handed round, in order to convince them that it is in truth but a skull."

"And where can we procure this skull?" asked the colonel's wife.

"The sexton will undertake to provide us with it."

"And whose corpse will you thus disturb, for a frivolous amusement?"

"How sentimental you are!" replied Kielholm, who did not consider the matter in so serious a light: "We may easily see you are not accustomed to the field of battle, where no further respect is paid to the repose of the dead, than suits the convenience of the labourer in the fields where they are buried."

"God preserve me from such a spectacle!" exclaimed the colonel's lady in quitting them, when she perceived her husband was insensible to her representations.

According to the orders which he received, the sexton one night brought a skull in good preservation.

The morning of the day destined for the representation, Calzolaro went into the adjacent forest to rehearse the dialogue which he was to have with the death's head. He considered in what way to place the head, so as to avoid all suspicion of the answers given by it being uttered by a person concealed. In the mean while the pastor arrived at the spot from a neighbouring hamlet, where he had been called to attend a dying person: and believing that the interposition of Providence was visible in this accidental meeting, the good man stopped, in order once again to exhort Calzolaro to agree to an accommodation with the heiress.

"I yesterday," said he, "received a letter from her, in which she declares that, rather than any disrespect should

be paid to your father's last will and testament, she will give up to you half the inheritance to which she is thereby entitled. Ought you not to prefer this to a process at law, the issue of which is doubtful, and which at all events will never do you credit?"

Calzolaro persisted in declaring that the law should decide between him and the testator.—The poor young man was not in a state to see in a proper point of view his father's conduct towards him.—The pastor, finding all his representations and entreaties fruitless, left him. Calzolaro proceeded slowly to the inn, to assign to each of his band their particular part. He told them that he should not be with them; but notwithstanding he should have an eye over their conduct. He was not willing to appear as the manager of these mountebanks, to the party assembled at the colonel's thinking that if he appeared for the first time in the midnight scene, as an entire stranger, it would add still more to the marvellous.

The tumblers' tricks and rope-dancing were performed to admiration. And those of the spectators whose constant residence in the country prevented their having witnessed similar feats, were the most inclined to admire and praise the agility of the troop. The little children in particular were applauded. The compassion excited by their unhappy destiny, mingled with the approbation bestowed on them; and the ladies were subjects of envy, in giving birth to the satisfaction depicted in the countenances of these little wretches by their liberal donations.

The agility of the troop formed the subject of general conversation the whole afternoon. They were even speaking in their praise after supper,—when the master of the house said to the company assembled:

"I am rejoiced, my dear friends, to see the pleasure you

have received from the little spectacle that I have been enabled to give you. My joy is so much the greater, since I find you doubting the possibility of things which are very natural; for I have it in my power to submit for your examination something of a very incomprehensible nature. At this very moment I have in my house a person who entertains a most singular intercourse with the world of spirits, and who can compel the dead to answer his questions."

"O!" exclaimed a lady, smiling, "don't terrify us."

"You jest *now*," replied the colonel; "but I venture to affirm your mirth will be a little changed when the scene takes place."

"I accept the challenge," answered the incredulous fair one. All the party was of her opinion, and declared themselves so openly and so loudly against the truth of these terrific scenes, that the colonel began to be really apprehensive for the effects likely to be produced by those he had prepared. He would have even relinquished his project, if his guests, one and all, had not entreated him to the contrary. They even went further: they besought him not long to delay the wonderful things he promised. But the colonel, keeping his own counsel, feigned ignorance that they were laughing at him; and with a grave air declared that the experiment could not take place till midnight.

The clock at length struck twelve. The colonel gave his servants orders to place chairs facing the door of a closet which had been hitherto kept shut; he invited the company to sit down, and gave orders for all the lights to be put out. While these preparation were making, he thus addressed the company:

"I entreat you, my friends, to abstain from all idle curio-

sity." The grave and solemn tone in which he uttered these words made a deep impression on the party, whose incredulity was not a little lessened by the striking of the clock, and the putting out the lights one after the other. Presently they heard from the closet facing them the hoarse and singular sounds by which it is pretended spirits are conjured up; and which were interrupted at intervals by loud strokes of a hammer. All on a sudden the door of the closet opened: and as by slow degrees the cloud of incense which filled it evaporated, they gradually discovered the black trappings with which it was hung, and an altar in the middle also hung with black drapery. On this altar was placed a skull, which cast its terrifying regards on all the company present.

Meanwhile the spectators' breathing became more audible and difficult, and their embarrassment increased in proportion as the vapour gave place to a brilliant light issuing from an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling. Many of them indeed turned their heads away in alarm on hearing a noise behind them; which, however, they discovered simply proceeded from some of the servants, whom the colonel had given permission to be present during the exhibition, at a respectful distance.

After a moment of profound silence, Calzolaro entered. A long beard had so effectually altered his youthful appearance, that though several of the spectators had previously seen him, they could not possibly recognise him under this disguise. And his Oriental costume added so much to the deceit, that his entrance had an excellent effect.

In order that his art should impose the more, the colonel recommended to him a degree of haughtiness in addressing the company; and that he should not salute them according to any prescribed forms of politeness, but to announce him-

self in terms foreign from all ordinary modes of conversation. They both agreed that a mysterious jargon would best answer their purpose.

In consequence of such determination, Calzolaro assuming a deep sepulchral tone, thus began:—"After our present state of existence, we are swallowed up in the obscure abyss which we call death, in order that we may become incorporated in an entirely new and peaceful state. It is in order to emancipate the soul from this state, that the sublime arts are exercised; and to create among fools and weak persons the idea of its being impossible! The wise and learned pity them for their ignorance, in not knowing what is possible and impossible, true or false, light or dark; because they do not know, and cannot comprehend the exalted spirits, who from the silence of the vault and the grave, from the mouldering bones of the dead, speak to the living in a voice no less formidable than true. As to you, who are now here assembled, listen to a word of advice. Avoid provoking by any indiscreet question the vengeance of the spirit, who at my command will be invisibly stationed beneath this human skull. Endeavour to moderate your fear: listen to every thing with calmness and submission; for I take under my especial care all those who are obedient, and only leave the guilty as a prey to the destruction they merit."

The colonel remarked with secret satisfaction the impression produced on the company, hitherto so incredulous, by this pompous harangue.

"Every thing succeeds better than I could have hoped," said he, in an under tone to his wife, who was not at all amused by the performance, and who was only present to please her husband.

Meanwhile Calzolaro continued: "Look on this pitiful and neglected head: my magic art has removed the bolts of

the tomb to which it was consigned, and in which reposes a long line of princes. The owner of it is now actually there, rendering up to the spirits an exact account of the life he had led. Don't be alarmed, even though it should burst forth in terrible menaces against you : and against me his impotency will be manifest, as, spite of his former grandeur, he cannot resist the power I have over him, provided no culpable precipitation on your part interrupt the solemnity of my questions."

He then opened a door of the closet hitherto concealed from the company, brought a chafing dish filled with red-hot coals, threw thereon some incense, and walked three times round the altar, pronouncing at each circle a spell. He then drew from its scabbard a sword which hung in his girdle, plunged it in the smoke issuing from the incense, and making frightful contortions of his face and limbs, pretended to endeavour to cleave the head, which, however, he did not touch. At last he took the head up on the point of his sword, held it up in the air before him, and advanced towards the spectators a little moved.

"Who art thou, miserable dust, that I hold at the point of my sword?" demanded Calzolaro, with a confident air and a firm voice.—But scarcely had he uttered this question, when he turned pale ; his arm trembled ; his knees shook ; his haggard eyes, which were fixed on the head, were horror struck : he had hardly strength sufficient to place the head and the sword on the altar, ere he suddenly fell on the floor with every symptom of extreme terror.

The spectators, frightened out of their wits, looked at the master of the house, who in his turn looked at them. No one seemed to know whether this was to be considered part of the scene, nor whether it was possible to explain it. The curiosity of the audience was raised to its utmost pitch : they

waited still a considerable time, but no explanation took place. At length Calzolaro, half-raising himself, asked if his father's shadow had disappeared.

Stupefaction succeeded astonishment. The colonel was anxious to know whether he was still attempting to impose on the company by a pretended dialogue with the death's head?

Calzolaro answered that he would do any thing, and that he would willingly submit to any punishment they chose to inflict on him for his frightful crime: but he entreated they would instantly carry back the head to its place of repose.

His countenance had undergone a complete change, and only resumed its wonted appearance on the colonel's wife acquiescing in his wish; she ordered the head to be instantly conveyed to the church-yard, and to be replaced in the grave.

During this unexpected denouement, every eye was turned on Calzolaro; he, who not long ago was talking with so much emphasis and in such a lofty strain, could now scarcely draw his breath; and from time to time threw supplicating looks on the spectators, as if entreating them to wait patiently till he had recovered strength sufficient to continue his performance.

The colonel informed them in the meanwhile of the species of jest that he had projected to play on them, and for the failure of which he could not at that moment account. At last Calzolaro, with an abashed air, spoke as follows:—

“The spectacle which I designed to have given, has terminated in a terrible manner for me. But, happily for the honourable company present, I perceive they did not see the frightful apparition which caused me a temporary privation of my reason. Scarcely had I raised the death's head on

the point of my sword, and had begun to address it, than it appeared to me in my father's features ; and whether my ears deceived me or not, I am ignorant ; neither do I know how I was restored to my senses ; but I heard it say, ' Tremble, parricide, whom nothing can convert, and who wilt not turn to the path thou hast abandoned ! ' ”

The very recollection produced such horror on Calzolaro's mind as to stop his respiration and prevent his proceeding. The colonel briefly explained to the spectators what appeared to them mysterious in his words, and then said to the penitent juggler :

“ Since your imagination has played you so strange a trick, I exhort you in future to avoid all similar accidents, and to accept the arrangement proposed to you by the person whom your father has named as his heir.”

“ No, monsieur,” answered he, “ no agreement, no bargain ; else I shall only half fulfil my duty. Every thing shall belong to this heiress, and the law-suit shall be abandoned.”

He at the same time declared that he was weary of the mode of life he had adopted, and that every wish of his father's should be fulfilled.

The colonel told him that such a resolution compensated for what had failed in the evening's amusement.

The company however, did not cease making numberless inquiries of Calzolaro, many of which were very ludicrous. They were anxious to know, among other things, whether the head which had appeared to him, resembled that of a corpse or a living being.

“ It most probably belongs to a corpse,” he replied. “ I was so thunderstruck with the horrible effect of it, that I cannot remember minutiae. Imagine an only son, with the point of a sword which he holds in his hand, piercing his

father's skull ! The bare idea is sufficient to deprive one of one's senses."

"I did not believe," answered the colonel, after having for some time considered Calzolaro, "that the conscience of a man, who like you has rambled the world over, could still be so much overcome by the powers of imagination."

"What ! monsieur, do you still doubt the reality of the apparition, though I am ready to attest it by the most sacred oaths ?"

"Your assertion contradicts itself. We have also our eyes to see what really exists ; and nobody, excepting yourself, saw any other than a simple skull."

"That is what I cannot explain : but this I can add, that I am firmly persuaded, although even now I cannot account for my so thinking, that as sure as I exist, that head is actually and truly the head of my father : I am ready to attest it by my most solemn oath."

"To prevent your perjuring yourself, they shall instantly go to the sexton, and learn the truth."

Saying this, the colonel went out to give the necessary orders. He returned an instant afterwards, saying :—

"Here is another strange phenomenon. The sexton is in this house, but is not able to answer my questions. Anxious to enjoy the spectacle I was giving my friends, he mixed with some of my servants, who, possessing the same degree of curiosity, had softly opened the door through which the chafing-dish was conveyed. But at the moment of the conjuror falling on the floor, the same insensibility overcame the sexton ; who even now has not recovered his reason, although they have used every possible method to restore him."

One of the party said, that, being subject to fainting himself, he constantly carried about him a liquor, the effect of

which was wonderful in such cases, and that he would go and try it now on the sexton. They all followed him: but this did not succeed better than the methods previously resorted to.

"This man must indeed be dead," said the person who had used the liquor without effect on him.

The clock in the tower had just struck one, and every person thought of retiring; but slight symptoms of returning life being perceptible in the sexton, they still remained.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the sexton awaking; "he is at length restored to rest!"

"Who, old dad?" said the colonel.

"Our late schoolmaster."

"What then, that head was actually his?"

"Alas! if you will only promise not to be angry with me, I will confess——It was his."

The colonel then asked him how the idea of disturbing the schoolmaster's corpse in particular came into his head.

"Owing to a diabolical boldness. It is commonly believed, that when a child speaks to the head of its deceased parent at the midnight hour, the head comes to life again. I was anxious to prove the fact, but shall never recover from its effects; happily, however, the head is restored to rest."

They asked him how he knew it. He answered, that he had seen it all the while he was in a state of lethargy; that as the clock struck one, his wife had finished reintering the head in its grave. And he described in the most minute manner how she held it.

The curiosity of the company assembled was so much excited by witnessing these inexplicable events, that they awaited the return of the servant whom the colonel had dispatched to the sexton's wife. Every thing had happened

precisely as he described;—the clock struck one at the very moment the head was laid in the grave.

These events had produced to the spectators a night of much greater terrors than the colonel had prepared for them. Nay, even *his* imagination was raised to such a pitch, that the least breath of wind, or the slightest noise appeared to him as the forerunner to some disagreeable visitor from the world of spirits.

He was out of bed at dawn of day, to look out of his window and see the occasion of the noise which at that hour was heard at the inn-door. He saw the rope-dancers seated in the carriage, about to take their departure. Calzolaro was not with them, but presently afterwards came to the side of the vehicle, where he took leave of them: the children seemed to leave him behind with regret.

The carriage drove off; and the colonel made a signal to Calzolaro to come and speak to him.

“I apprehend,” said he to him, when he came in, “that you have taken entire leave of your troop.”

“Well, monsieur, ought I not so to do?”

“It appears to me a procedure in which you have acted with as little reflection as the one that tempted you first to join them. You ought rather to have availed yourself of some favourable occasion for withdrawing the little capital that you have in their funds.”

“Do you then, monsieur colonel, forget what has happened to me; that I could not have enjoyed another moment of repose in the society of persons who are only externally men? Every time I recall the scene of last night to my recollection, my very blood freezes in my veins. From this moment I must do all in my power to appease my father’s shade, which is now so justly incensed against me. Without much effort I have withdrawn myself from a

profession which never had any great charms for me. Reflect only on the misery of being chief of a troop, who, to earn a scanty morsel of bread, are compelled every moment to risk their lives!—and even this morsel of bread not always attainable. Moreover, I know that the clown belonging to the troop, who is a man devoid of all sentiment, has for a long while aspired to become chief: and I know that he has for some time been devising various means to remove me from this world; therefore it appears to me that I have not been precipitate in relinquishing my rights to him for a trifling sum of money. I only feel for the poor children; and would willingly have purchased them, to save them from so unhappy a career; but he would not take any price for them. I have only one consolation, which is, the hope that the inhuman treatment they will experience at his hands will induce them to make their escape, and follow a better course of life.”

“And what do you purpose doing yourself?”

“I have told you that I shall retire to some obscure corner of Germany, and follow the profession to which my father destined me.”

The colonel made him promise to wait a little; and, if possible, he would do something for him.

In the interim, the heiress to his father's property arrived, to have a conference on the subject with him. As soon as he had made known his intentions to her, she entreated him no longer to refuse half the inheritance, or at least to receive it as a voluntary gift on her part. The goodness, the sweetness of this young person (who was pretty also), so pleased Calzolaro, that a short time afterwards he asked her hand in marriage. She consented to give it to him. And the colonel then exerted himself more readily in behalf of this

man, who had already gained his favour. He fulfilled his wishes by sending him to a little property belonging to his wife, to follow the profession his father had fixed on for him.

Ere he set off, Calzolaro resumed his German name of Schurster. The good pastor, who had so recently felt indignant at his obstinacy, gave the nuptial benediction to the happy couple, in presence of the colonel and his family, who on this occasion gave an elegant entertainment at the *château*.

In the evening, a little after sunset, the bride and bridegroom were walking in the garden, at some little distance from the rest of the company, and appeared plunged in a deep reverie. All on a sudden they looked on each other, for it seemed to them that some one took a hand of each and united them. They declared, at least, that the idea of this action having taken place came to them both so instantaneously and so involuntary, that they were astonished at it themselves.

An instant afterwards, they distinctly heard these words:—

“May God bless your union!” pronounced by the voice of Calzolaro’s father.

The bridegroom told the colonel, some time afterwards, that without these consolatory words, the terrible apparition which he saw on the memorable night, would assuredly have haunted him all his life, and have poisoned his happiest moments.

THE SHIPWRECK.

“Hark! peals the thunder of the signal gun,” *Byron.*

THE day had been particularly fine, and I stood admiring the departure of the sun as he was rapidly retiring from the surface of the ocean, whose watery ridges were beautifully crimsoned with his parting beams, when my attention was attracted by a group of peasants, who were silently watching the appearance of something on the boundless deep, though its distance rendered it as yet scarcely discernible. I turned my eyes towards the object which had so firmly fixed their attention, and in a short time beheld a vessel sailing in gallant trim before the breeze, which filled her canvass. After observing it for a considerable time, I saw it stop suddenly in its course, and the sails, which but a minute before were swelled out by the wind, hang motionless, while the streaming pennon curled itself round the mast. From the conversation of some old men who stood by me, I found her situation was by no means enviable. One, who by his silver hairs and hoary look seemed to be the senior of the party, was remarking to his neighbour—

“Say what you will, Davy, but I like not the look of yon sky: those little clouds bode no good to the dweller on the salt seas; and, for my part, I’d rather pass a week of nights in St. Edmund’s turret, where the ghost of Esterling is for ever crying out, ‘Beware! Edmund, beware!’ than I would be now upon those sleepy waves.”

The person who stood next him, and whom I had con-

cluded to be a fisherman, from the old and tattered jacket which he wore, added to the foreboding remarks of the first speaker, "Ay, ay; I ween ye speak the truth, and may I never draw net again if some harm comes not to yon brig before midnight. I well remember when, forty years ago last March, the 'Bonny Gilderoy' struck in the same place. She little knew her danger, nor thought that rocks were there; but the first squall pitched her bows under, and in half an hour she was shivered plank from plank. I shall never forget that day, nor the song which mad Wilson, as he was called, made the same day. Hold now, you shall hear it, unless my memory be buried with him who made it.

The old fisherman proceeded to sing, in a tone by no means musical, yet suited well to the song itself, and to the scenery around:—

THE BONNY GILDEROY.

The winter's snow was on the ground,
The winds of March blew cold,
The gallant sun refused to shine,
To waste his beams of gold.
The sea look'd wild, the sky look'd dark,
Loud was the sea-gull's joy;
When from the west, on the billows breast
Came the Bonny Gilderoy,

Anon the slumb'ring winds arose
And swept the briny sea,
The waves that long lay still and dead,
Now danced right merrily;
They beat against the rugged rocks,
Aye threat'ning to destroy,
But careless still, of good or ill,
Sailed the Bonny Gilderoy.

The thunders shook the murky sky,
The forked lightnings flashed,
While loud the sparkling billows roar'd
That o'er the Swiskers* dashed.
The danger bids all hands aloft,
And finds them full employ,
For the lightning past, and struck the mast,
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

And then the piercing shriek was heard,
Mix'd with the ocean's roar,
For all was lost; and the gallant ship
Shall plough the waves no more.
Full many a corse was cast on shore,
The ravens to decoy,
Which hovering flew round the lifeless crew
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

The song was scarcely ended, when a rough-looking sailor, who had been all along gazing from the heavens to the sea, and then to the ship, exclaimed aloud, "Hold your tongue, Tom, we shall have enough noise presently, for there goes the cormorant and the gull; and if the black clouds deceive me not, we shall soon hear the cries of man mixed with their cursed croaking, and the roar of the dashing breakers; so bear a hand, let's down and make safe the skiffs; there's no time to lose with so wild a sky above, and so still a sea below us." With that he bounded off, followed by his companion, and they were soon lost amidst the winding of the rocks.

This seemed a signal for the whole to depart, and in a short time I was the only one left, except, indeed, a young

* The name of a chain of hidden rocks, where the scene of the present narrative is laid.

man, who till now had escaped my observation, and who was leaning against an old wall a short way off, with his arms folded and apparently regardless of every thing, save the vessel, upon which he had fixed his eyes immoveably. But the darkness of the night, which now came on apace, concealed him from me, and I fancied he had, following the example of the rest, retired to his home. The moon now rose, but the scud which swept wildly over the horizon, only permitted it to be seen at intervals, while the largeness and the paleness of the halo with which it was surrounded, evidently indicated the approach of a storm; which was confirmed by the awful stillness which reigned on earth. The few withered leaves which clung to the branches, rustled with a fearful motion; while the waves came slowly to the shore, and sent forth a low and hollow sound as they beat against the cliffs, or flowed over the shells and pebbles of the coast.

Darkness now asserted her power uncontroled. No object could be discerned, save here and there a faint glimmer which shone through the window of the cottager, and even that was hardly distinguishable; for the inmates had well nigh excluded all light, by crowding round its source, where they sat either silently gazing at each other, or else relating some doleful narrative, of itself sufficient to terrify the superstitious peasants, without the assistance of the portending elements. Many a tale of most terrifying description had already been told, when that but half related was deprived of its conclusion, and cut short on the verge of its melancholy catastrophe by a loud blast of wind, which threatened destruction to half the village, and forcing open the doors, announced to those within the arrival of the storm they had been fearfully expecting. The rain, at the same time, began to descend; at first in a few large drops

which pattered mournfully against the windows, but increasing in a minute to the tempest shower; the lightning flashed faintly along, and the rumbling of the thunder was heard at a distance, though every flash grew more vivid than that which had preceded it, and every peal became louder and louder; while the interval between each was filled up with the whistling of the wind, and the roar of the breakers, which had now risen to considerable violence.

Nothing could well be greater than the contrast which at this time existed between the tumult without, and the stillness within doors! for each sat silent and motionless as a statue; or if any one ventured to speak, it was done in so subdued a tone, that it sounded but as a whisper; and even then the speaker seemed afraid of infringing upon the rights of the maddened elements. But this lethargy was not doomed to last long, for we were soon roused by the thrilling report of the signal gun, which broke upon the ear with an awful echo, and seemed possessed of an electric power—again, once—twice—thrice, the signals were heard in rapid succession; and now the idea of fellow-beings in danger roused all from the stupor which the first report cast them into. Each forgot for a while the tempest which a few minutes before had filled them with fear, and rushed toward the shore. By the time I had reached it, the beach was covered with those who, being better acquainted with the ways, had got there before me. But no one could do more than express his feelings in sudden ejaculations, as the lightning, or the flashes from the guns, which now kept up an incessant firing, revealed the vessel to his view, where she might be seen struggling between two sharp rocks, which rose upon each side of her, and against which the angry breakers beating caused the surf to cover the ship every minute. The people on the shore either stood motionless

with fear, or ran madly from place to place along the rocks to catch a glimpse if possible, of the stranger vessel, for, to render her any assistance in her present situation was altogether impossible. However, to do all that might be done, two small boats were brought forward, and a liberal reward offered to any who would be hardy enough to risk their lives for the preservation of others. Instantly, one of them was occupied by a young man whom, by the glare of the torch, I recognized to be the same that I had seen at nightfall gazing so attentively on the vessel. The boat darted over a wave, and was lost from sight in a moment. By the flash of guns we could still distinguish the brig whenever the surf, which now rose to a tremendous height, presented a clear passage; but the little skiff seemed to have disappeared forever, and it was given up for lost by most persons. However, after working in painful suspense for several minutes, it was again observed wearing to its object, and a shout from the vessel announced that the crew had recognised the intrepid hero who had come to their assistance. But fate seemed determined to thwart all human efforts, for a heavy swell, accompanied with a resistless squall of wind, forced the ill-fated vessel against one of the rocks she had so long avoided; and, from the confused noise which ensued, we understood, alas! too well, that she was wrecked—that all was past!

Darkness now completely veiled every object from our sight, and the next flash of lightning shewed us the ship, though still together, yet laid completely on her beam-ends, and washed by every wave.

About an hour after, the storm began to abate, and the moon peeped through the clouds at intervals. We still continued on the beach, in hopes of being able every minute to gain some information concerning the wreck; but we waited

in vain; the vessel still remained immoveable; and the fragments which floated ashore had nothing on them from which we might learn her name or place of destination. Midnight arrived, and we were well repaid for all our anxiety by the appearance of our little skiff, emerging from the waves with its gallant charge and two other persons. We hailed it with all our might, but our joy was considerably damped on receiving no answer. A minute brought it to where we stood, but its cargo was inanimate; one had ceased to breath,—the generous youth, indeed was still alive, but the power of utterance was gone, and ere morning he was also a corpse; while the third, the maid he loved, and whom he had rescued from a watery grave at the expense of his own life, survived but a week, and now rests beside him in the churchyard of St. D—.

SCHOOL BOY FRIENDSHIP.

EARL Stanhope, Secretary of State to George the First, was educated at Eton school with one of the Scotch noblemen, who was afterwards condemned for participating in the rebellion of 1715. The earl, while the Privy Council were deliberating upon signing the warrant of execution of these unfortunate noblemen, requested the life of his school fellow, whom he had never seen since they left Eton. His request was refused, till he threatened to give up his place if the council did not grant it. This menace procured him the life of his associate in early life, to whom he afterwards sent a handsome sum of money.

MISCHIEFS OF A SARCASTIC TEMPER.

Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast :
 If he may have his jest, he never cares
 At whose expense ; nor friend nor patron spares.

Francis.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE laws of social benevolence require that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when custom first gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the sprightly, the fearless, and the gay ; to all whose ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their designs, and imprudent declaration of their opinions ; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or examine the distant consequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the usual juvenile ambition, and desired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I considered as below my care ; for I saw such multitudes grow rich without understanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquisition easy to industry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aside

as a secondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wish should be satisfied, and my claim to intellectual excellence universally acknowledged.

It was not long before I fitted myself with a set of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was necessary than the power of striking out a jest. Among those I fixed my residence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of disturbing the neighbours every night, with the obstreperous applause which my sallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increased, and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new solicitations for admission into our society.

I can scarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been so far deluded with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets of trust, and to expose the levities of frankness, to waylay the walks of the cautious, and surprise the security of the thoughtless. Yet it is certain that, for many years, I heard nothing but with design to tell it; and saw nothing with any other curiosity than after some failure that might furnish out a jest.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity or interested insidiousness. I had no other purpose than to heighten the pleasure of laughter by communication, nor ever raised any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakness and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myself with their perplexities and distresses; and violated every law of friendship with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of smartness and waggery.

I would not be understood to charge myself with any crimes of the atrocious or destructive kind. My delight was only in petty mischief and momentary vexations, and acute-

ness was employed not upon fraud and oppression which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmless ignorance or absurdity, prejudice or mistake.

This inquiry I pursued with so much diligence and sagacity that I was able to relate, of every man whom I knew, some blunder or miscarriage; to betray the most circumpect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant passion; or expose him to contempt, by placing him in circumstances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been possessed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my custom to let any arts of jocularly remain unemployed. My impatience of applause brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I seldom failed to lay a scheme with the small knot that first gathered around me, by which some of those whom we expected might be made subservient to our sport. Every man has some favourite topic of conversation, on which, by a feigned seriousness of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has some habitual contortion of body, or established mode of expression, which never fails to raise mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By premonitions of these particularities, I secured our pleasantry. Our companion entered with his usual gaiety, and began to partake of our noisy cheerfulness, when the conversation was imperceptibly diverted to a subject which pressed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected shrug, the customary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burst from all that were admitted to the stratagem. Our mirth was often increased by the triumph of him that occasioned it: for as we do not hastily form

conclusions against ourselves, seldom any one suspected that he had exhilarated us otherwise than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe with very little surprise, that by this conduct I had in a short time united mankind against me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I soon perceived myself regarded with malevolence or distrust, but wondered what had been discovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of those attempts which provoke the jealousy of ambition or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who caressed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined that he, who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would consider, in a cooler hour, that the same trick might be played against himself; or that, even where there is no sense of danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who by general censures lays claim to general superiority.

I was convinced, by a total desertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found silence and dejection, coolness and terror. No one would venture to speak, lest he should lay himself open to unfavourable representations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance, upon various pretences; and if I retired, to avoid the shame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If those whom I had thus offended could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by reciprocation of sarcasms, then they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But

these wounds, which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm, which they spread by their solicitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure. I am condemned to pass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man suspected of infection is refused admission into cities; and must linger in obscurity, till my conduct shall convince the world that I may be approached without hazard—

RAMBLER.

THE TRUCE OF VIRTUE.

AN emperor of Japan had secretly put to death a meritorious officer, who had a very fine wife. Some days afterwards the prince visited the lady, and wished to compel her to live in the palace. "I ought to rejoice and esteem myself happy," said she, "that you have judged me worthy of your friendship. I receive this favour as I ought; but I venture to take the liberty of asking an interval of thirty days, to mourn the death of my husband. Permit me this; and after the delay, I shall be able to assemble his parents, and to feast them in one of the towers of your castle." The emperor acceded to her prayers. The day of the feast arrived and it was given with the greatest sumptuousness. The emperor drank to excess. The lady profited by the moment; and saying she would take the air on one of the balconies of the tower, she rather than dishonour the memory of her husband, precipitated herself from the top to the bottom.

THE RUNAWAY,

A JUVENILE REMINISCENCE.

It was on the 5th of November, one thousand seven hundred and ninety——, when I wanted two months of completing my fifteenth year, that being seriously in love with six ladies (four in their teens, one a widow of thirty, and the other a bouncing lass of two-and-twenty,) I made my election, and ran away from home to follow the last, who had gone down to Nottinghamshire to reside with her mother. But though Fanny (that was the dear creature's name) had played the very deuce with my heart, I do not think I should have deserted the other five, had she not possessed one charm which all the rest wanted. She could perform in tragedy as well as in courtship, and we made love in acting, before love made me commit the rash act of running away. She was my *Juliet* and my *Desdemona*, my *Belvidera* and my *Calista*. The glowing language and impassioned sentiments of Shakespeare, Otway, and Rowe, had breathed from my lips in mimic rapture; I had sighed and languished, sued and swore, in ten-syllable heroics; she had done the same except the swearing; and when, at last, I “threw off my disguise and appeared myself,” she did the same too. Then it was we both vowed eternal fidelity: and in the cruel moment of separation she promised to fly with me and take to the stage, if I would take the stage and fly to her.

I did so: but I was three weeks getting ready. First, I

had to collect my travelling wardrobe, which, as I was not old enough to have the care of my own things, required due circumspection. I had to abstract from the family chest of drawers what I wanted, at convenient opportunities, and without exciting suspicion. However, by the end of three weeks, I collected two shirts, one pocket handkerchief, a best waistcoat, and three pairs of stockings. These, with what I knew I should have upon my back, would be sufficient, I thought; they were deposited in a trunk, big enough to hold them and myself too, which I had concealed behind the water-butt in the back kitchen. The next thing was money. I had pocket-money to be sure; but it would have taken a year to save enough out of eighteen pence a week for my journey; so (with shame and contrition I write it) I paid a visit one morning to a corner drawer in my father's bureau, where, finding five bank-notes, of ten pounds each, lying neglected as it were, and confined in a silk purse, I took pity upon one of the captives and released him.

Now I was equipped; and now I only wanted every body out of the way, that I might get out of the way myself. A favourable opportunity occurred. I seized it. With my trunk on my shoulder, and dressed in indigo blue silk stockings, nankeen fyfor-shames, a white dimity waistcoat, a snuff-coloured jacket, and a hat quite good enough for travelling in the dark (and that is the most I can say for it), I sallied forth about eight o'clock in the evening, on the 5th of November, running as fast as two short legs would carry me, to the George and Blue Boar in Holborn. I was in the very nick of time. The coach was just setting off. My luggage was thrown into the basket; I paid my fare; took my seat on the roof; and in five minutes was fairly on the road to my fair.

It was a bitter cold night; something between a bleak

misle and a black frost. At first, I was in good spirits and chattered to the coachman: but before we had gone ten miles, my teeth chattered so, that I could not chatter myself, and the coachman advised me to take some spirits where we changed horses. I tossed off a glass of brandy, like one who had been used to it; and though it set my throat on fire, it brought plenty of water into my eyes to quench it. It had this good effect, however, that I grew warm to the tips of my toes and fingers. But nankeen, silk, and dimity, are not adapted for outside travelling in winter. I was soon as cold again all over as a greyhound's nose; and the next time we stopped to change horses, which was at the Crown at St. Alban's, I changed half-a-crown for another glass of brandy. I tossed it off like the former. It must have been *capital*; for it got into my head, and had nearly been the cause of tossing me off the coach. However, I kept my seat, though the state of the *poll* was decidedly against me; and though during the rest of my journey, I got no rest myself, save a few nods, which like angels' visits were few and far between.

Until this moment I had never been further from London than a rural excursion to Putney on Sunday, or a visit to Greenwich Hill on Easter Monday. Judge, then, what my sensations were when the coachman told me, at three o'clock in the morning, that St. Paul's was sixty miles behind us! I shall not attempt to describe them. I believe Columbus himself (or Dr. Robertson for him) has told us what *he* felt when he first saw the shores of the new world. They were very like what *I* felt when I first saw a milestone sixty miles from London.

I arrived at my journey's end about nine o'clock the next morning; and having enquired the road to where my Fanny lived, I flew, not only on the wings of love, but in a pair of

new top boots, which I bought before I set out from the inn to seek her. We met! Ah Fanny! your form was *not* moulded by the graces, I confess: for of the three geometrical properties essential to all solids, nature had been more prodigal of breadth and thickness. And you had a developement of head, Fanny, with a circumference of throat, which could *not* be called symmetrical. These are things I now *remember*. I saw them not then. But what I did see, and what I still recollect with emotion, was that you had your hair screwed up in whity-brown paper. No woman, not if she were cinctured with the cestus of Venus herself, should ever let her lover see her head barked with crackers, and the roots of her hair straining from the skin, as if imploring relief from the twisted torture. It is particularly ugly; and therefore to be particularly avoided. As to husbands, I do not see how the danger can be averted. So it must be left to take its chance, along with all the other dangers which menace love after it has been to church.

We met. Such a meeting! And we talked. "Oh ye gods, how we talked!" With a delighted ear, Fanny listened to all the perils I had encountered in my daring enterprise, which I took especial care to magnify, that she might have a sufficiently exalted notion of what it was I *would* dare for her sake. A *man* may not be a hero to his valet de chambre; but a *school-boy* has a right to be considered one by his mistress, when he runs away from home to run after her. I claimed her promise; and I told her the gods were propitious to our purpose: for the theatre at—— was then open, and we should be able to get an engagement immediately. I had no more doubt of the perfect truth of what I said, than I had that, though both Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were extraordinary persons, two other persons were then conversing together infinitely surpassing either.

Upon me devolved the task of astonishing the manager. I resolved, however, before I let him know what a golden harvest Fortune was preparing for him, to witness what he was capable of doing with the company he had; so I repaired that same evening to the theatre. The play announced for representation was *Othello*; but how it would have been represented I was not fortunate enough to ascertain. Yet I had an excellent seat, in the centre of the pit; and it was my own fault, if there was a better one, that I did not occupy it, for I had the whole pit to myself. Indeed, except myself, three fiddlers in the orchestra (who played "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "Hearts of Oak," backwards and forwards for about an hour), and a boy in a smock-frock who enjoyed the same undisturbed monopoly of the gallery which I did of the pit, not another human being was visible. I waited patiently. At length *Othello* came to me, his face and hands ready blacked, and something which looked marvellously like a pillow-case on his head for a turban; but his nether man displayed dirty leather-breeches, and boots still dirtier. With a polite bow he tendered me the shilling I had paid, and then addressing the rest of the audience, said "put out the candles, Jem: we shan't *hact* to-night." I quitted the theatre with a prophetic consciousness swelling at my heart, that ere long they would have to refuse, not to return money, and wish that days were nights, for the sake of double receipts at the doors.

The next morning I was to breakfast with the future partner of my histrionic glory, and be introduced to her mother. Mine, however, were no "obedient slumbers that could wake and weep." Quite the reverse. I was very much in love; that is a point no man shall dispute with me and have the best of argument, except it be in his own

opinion. But I had an arrear of sleep to settle, and I was still busy with the account when, at noon, and not before, the chambermaid rapped at my bed-room door, to announce that it was twelve o'clock. Minute circumstances are often the sources whence flow, the obstructions that turn awry, the currents of a man's life. Sir William Jones ascribed his ardour for knowledge to an accident that befel him while at Harrow; which, preventing him for many months from participating in the sports of his school-fellows, threw him upon himself for amusement, and books were the means. I once knew a man, too, who died immensely rich, who traced all his good fortune to a rusty nail, which he preserved with a sort of pious veneration. The links between what he was and what he had been, he concatenated thus.

He *had* been a small carpenter; and being employed upon a small job at a gentleman's house, when he had completed it, he received his money and went about his business. But he had not proceeded far on his way home, ere he recollected that he had forgotten to draw a large crooked nail which protruded very awkwardly, and he returned to remove it. Just as he was approaching the door, he heard a loud scream. Looking up, he saw the infant and only child of the gentleman falling from one of the attic windows, where the nursery-maid had been carelessly playing with it, when by a sudden spring it escaped from her grasp. With equal presence of mind and dexterity, he received the child in his arms, broke the shock of its descent, and saved it from being dashed to pieces. The grateful father requited the invaluable service (for he doated on the babe, because it was the sole memorial of the dead mother who bore it) by a munificent sum of money, which enabled him to embark largely in his business, and thus lay the foundation of the great wealth he afterwards accumulated. But he always main-

tained that it was the rusty nail which, in reality, made his fortune.

And so, I opine, it was entirely owing to the chambermaid at the Spread Eagle at ——, leaving me to sleep till twelve o'clock in the day, not only that I and Fanny never met again, but that I, in my own individual person, never eclipsed the fame of Garrick. For, alas! when I returned to the abode of my beloved, at dinner instead of breakfast time, I was met by her mother, a tall, thin, stately old lady, in a mob-cap, and a green silk gown, (I think I see her now!) who conducted me into a closet where she kept her best china and crockery. She bade me sit down. I had an awful presentiment of what was coming; or, rather, I knew something was coming, and I felt in such a twitter—I got into such a cold sweat, down to my very fingers' ends, that she might have tied me hand and foot where I was, had she been so disposed, and sent me back to London by the waggon, like a two-year-old fatted calf.

My conscience-stricken apprehensions were soon realized. The old lady drew a letter from her pocket. I had no manner of doubt it was all over with me. I had no manner of doubt it was a hue-and-cry after a certain person who devoutly wished himself at that moment in another country. What a disarming thing guilt is! I can well remember I felt *afraid* of this old woman; of one whom I had never seen before, who had no sort of control over me, and of whom, but that I was consciously a criminal, I should have stood in no more fear, than of a finger-post.

My calamity was complete. It was overwhelming. People should never keep love-letters. After they have once read them, and wept or smiled, kissed or crumpled them up, according as the nature of their contents may require, the very next moment they should be consigned to Vulcan, and

suffered to flit up the chimney as parsons, clerks, and regiments of soldiers. He is the only safe *custos* of such records. Dilaceration leaves behind it a potentiality of discovery which may become a positive *esse*, by the aid of gum and curiosity. The world is full of instances of unlucky proofs, supplied by that tender indiscretion which hoards bits of paper, because they express in ink, what has been said in words a hundred and a hundred times before. Love's tablet should be the heart. It has "ample room and verge enough" for as much as would fill a ream of gilt-edged vellum Bath letter paper; and all other, save that invisible writing, should be treated as the ancient philosopher advised us to treat our best friends; like something that may one day become our worst enemy. In short the very best of Bramah's patent locks, are as patent as the doors of the Freemasons' Tavern compared with the inflammatory process of combustion. Burn—burn—burn, I say to every discreet lover; as to indiscreet lovers, who can pity them, when they sometimes burn their own fingers by neglecting to burn their love-letters?

I was the victim of this neglect, and I "own the soft impeachment." Three letters of Fanny's, "warm from the heart and faithful to its fires," which I had concealed, as I hoped, in the bottom of a punchbowl, never used except at christenings (and it was not likely to be so used again), were discovered. How, I know not; any more than I know how I came to leave them behind me. These letters betrayed my plans, my retreat, and the immediate object of my flight; and the letter which the old lady drew from her pocket, and which was no *billet-doux*, was from my father! One side of it was addressed to Fanny's mother: the other to Fanny's culprit sweetheart; which was torn off and put into my hands. I can suppose a criminal at the Old Bailey,

when he sees the only witness step into the box who can hang him, must feel very much as I did at that moment. The end of the matter was, I looked very sheepish while the old lady read me a lecture upon filial obedience, and all that; very disconsolate when I heard my sentence, which was, never to return to the house in the expectation of seeing Fanny again; and very foolish as I sidled out of the crockery-closet, with "sweet reluctant amorous delay," and sauntered back to the Spread Eagle.

Behold me then—I was going to say, like our first parents, driven forth from Paradise:—but *I* was worse off; for *they* had each other, and *I* had nobody with me but myself. *They* went "hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow;" *I* "took my solitary way" alone. The only points of resemblance between us were, that *they* "dropp'd some natural tears, but wiped them soon;" (and so did I, for I could not help snivelling); and that I, like them, had all

"The world before me, where to choose
My place of rest."

My first choice, however, was soon made. I returned to the Spread Eagle, dejected, miserable, almost heart-broken, and as ravenous as a wolf. Boys at fifteen are not apt to be satisfied, like *Octavian* in the *Mountaineers*, with "drinking huge draughts of sorrow down, and banqueting on tears." Their appetites are their masters, and keep company with grief in a very amicable sort of way. So I ordered a duck and pancakes for dinner, and then sighed and meditated till it was ready. "What is life without a friend?" says Goldsmith's sentimental cobbler; and what is a lover without his mistress? occurred naturally to me, in my then forlorn condition. I thought if I could have seen Fanny, instead of that

hard-hearted old woman in the mob-cap, and green silk gown, I might have persuaded her, like another *Belvidera*, to "share our wayward fate together;" and I reflected that I *should* have seen Fanny, instead of the green dragon (as I called her in my soliloquies, to sooth my mortification), if my love had been of the Macbeth quality, and "murdered sleep." Then I mused upon the five other loves I had left behind me in London; upon home; upon what was once ten pounds, but now reduced to the skirts of four; and I was fast yielding to that penitence, which the perspective of a pennyless pocket so feelingly awakens. Heaven only knows, however, whether all or any one of these considerations would have led me back to the parental hearth, if I had not fallen into better hands than my own.

The landlady of the Spread Eagle, a mother herself, and a kind, benevolent, good-hearted woman into the bargain, had penetrated my secret. Not that I mean to say it required any extraordinary sagacity to suspect, from my extreme youth, and to discover from my utter ignorance of the world and its ways, that I had not been *sent* on my travels, to a place where I knew nobody, and where, since the affair at the green dragon, I seemed to have nothing to do. On the following morning, therefore, after I had breakfasted, she came into my room, and taking hold of my hand, "Young gentleman," said she, "I am sure you have run away from home." This sudden accusation produced all the confession she required; the mantling blood in my cheeks, and a confused denial from my tongue. She then sat down, and reached the inmost depths of my heart, as she tenderly, but earnestly, besought me to return. For a long time I listened to her persuasions, in abashed and involuntary, rather than wilful silence, till at last she seemed so like my own mother, entreating me to my good, that with tears in my eyes, and a

faltering voice, I acknowledged the truth of her assertion, and consented to follow her advice. Pleased with her success, the good woman next strove to cheer my spirits; and finished by telling me that a coach for London would pass through in the evening, and that she would book me a place inside. And she did so: nor did she suffer me to be once out of her sight, during the rest of the day; but made me dine with her own family, and remain with them, till the hour when the coach arrived, and I set off in it.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when I reached London. The inn at which we stopped was somewhere in the city, and the passengers were shown into a large room which had the appearance of a kitchen, where there was a blazing fire, candles lighted, and breakfast ready for those who cared to take it. I did not; I had other cares on my mind; and, above all, I was anxious to reach home before daylight, that my return might not be witnessed by the neighbours. I was ashamed to bid any one go for a coach; but a gentleman and lady, who had been my fellow passengers, ordered one. In a few minutes the porter came back and announced that the coach was ready. But they were not: they were getting their luggage together, settling for the fare, and finishing a glass of boiling-hot brandy and water by sips. It was the thought of a moment. I took up my box, walked down the yard, stepped into the coach that was waiting, and gave the man his directions where to drive. It was within one street of my own. There I got out; and just as the dawn of a chill November morning was breaking I stood at the threshold of my home!

All the windows were closed. I had not courage to knock; yet it could hardly be called fear that withheld me. It is true, my father was a stern and austere man; but I had passed the age at which I dreaded him as a child, and

had not arrived at those years when my reason would have taught me to respect the displeasure I had so unjustly provoked.

At length I resolved to wait till some one should be stirring, and I seated myself at the door, upon my box, shivering with cold, and a little perhaps with agitation, I can well remember the strange satisfaction it seemed to give me at that moment, to think I had not destroyed the rest of those from whom I had so wantonly fled. The profound stillness within was a consolation, as it were, to my sense of transgression.

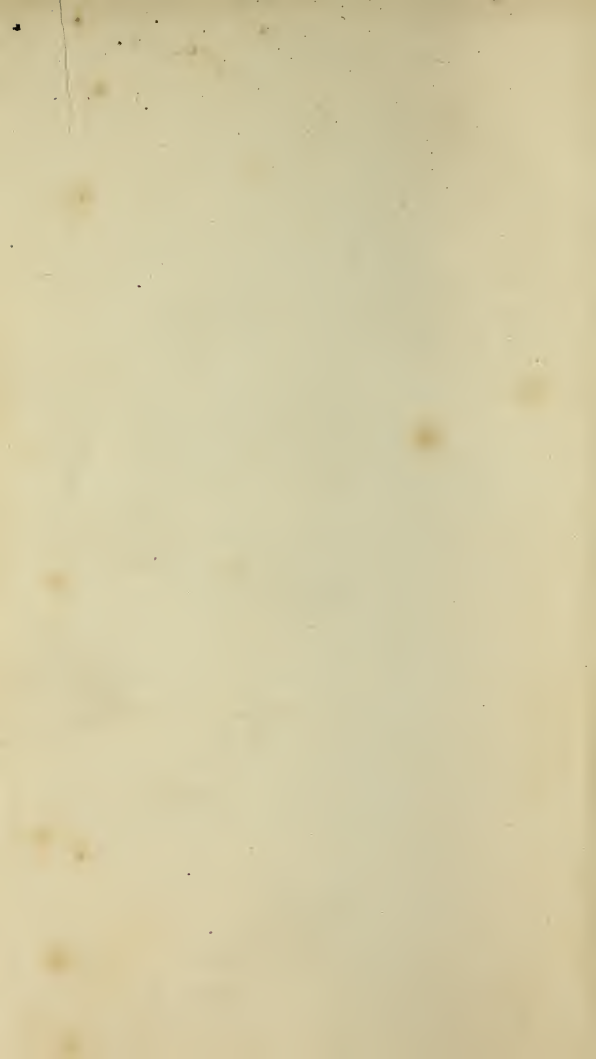
Oh! but there *was* one who both watched and wept. It was my mother! *She* had passed sleepless nights, and anxious days during the absence of her wayward son. She had sought no bed *that* night; and heard, or thought she heard, sounds that told her of his return. Gently the door unclosed; and pale and care-worn, my mother stood before me. The smile that brightened her pallid features was my welcome and my pardon. She folded me in her arms, and wept for very joy. Nor then, nor ever, did an upbraiding word fall from her lips: but then, and ever, my own heart smote me and as you may judge there was the end of my rambling and the beginning of my reformation.

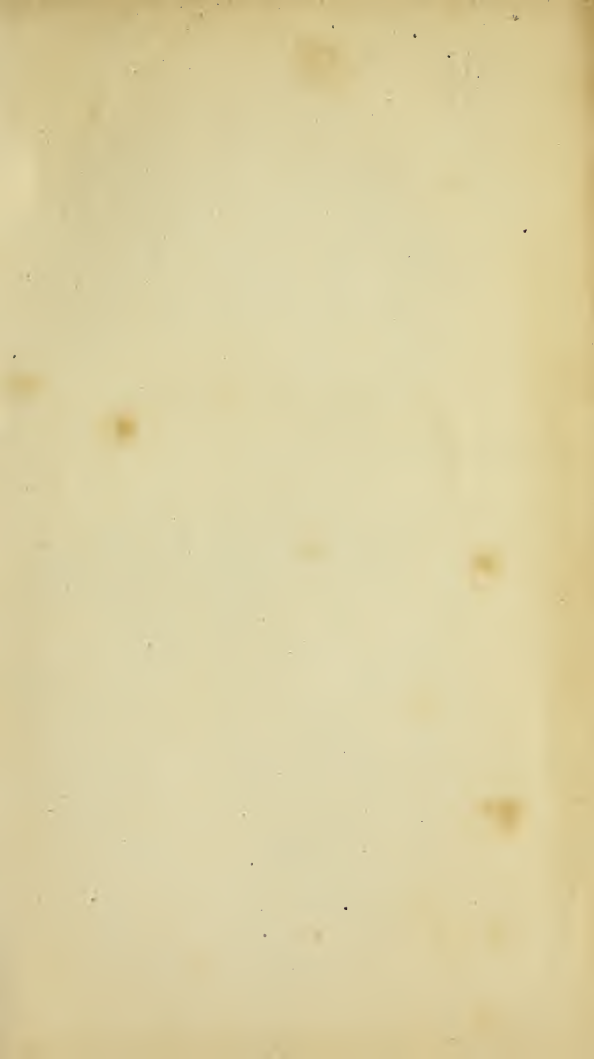
ABERNETHY.

IN the year 1818, Lieutenant D—— fell from his horse in a paved street in London, and fractured his skull and arm, whilst his horse trod on his thigh, and grievously injured the limb. Mr. Abernethy was the surgeon nearest to the young man's lodgings; he was sent for: he came and attended

daily. After the lapse of months convalescence took place, amidst great weakness, when Abernethy enjoined the adoption of shell-fish diet at Margate. His grateful patient requested information as to the amount of his pecuniary debt for professional aid and care. Abernethy smiled, and said, "Who is that young woman?"—"She is my wife." "What is your rank in the army?"—"I am a half-pay lieutenant." "Oh! very well, when you are a general come and see me, and we'll talk about it."—"Pray Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for the gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon six-pence a day—and earn it:" was the pithy answer. On another occasion, this eminent surgeon was highly amused with the course pursued by a lady who was aware of his detestation of ignorant loquacity and silly affectation. Abruptly entering his consulting-room, without uttering a word, she thrust towards him her finger, which he dressed; and the fair patient instantly and silently withdrew. In a few days she called again, and again protruded the affected part.—"Better?" asked Mr. Abernethy; "Better," answered the lady; again the finger was dressed, and again the lady left the apartment. After several similar visits, at length she held out her finger free from all bandages, and in fact healed. "Well?" enquired Mr. Abernethy:—"Well," echoed the lady.—"Upon my soul. Madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "you are the most rational woman I ever met with!"—











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